

## Listen Close

MC Frontalot

Frontalot is on appointment  
To rock the microphone with a style that's got  
Disjointment.  
Some point went out the window, got lost.  
This MC is unwilling to absorb the cost. I foster  
Indignation,  
Don't care if my lyrics are obtuse and yo I'm losing my  
Hair.  
And you don't stare at the man on the bus who's got the  
Voices in his head.  
If he led a life of reason, yo you know he would have  
Said:

Listen close, listen close, listen close to the sound:  
I don't wanna be down, I don't wanna be down.

I know what you're thinking, you could sink into this  
State.  
I suggest you plug—yes—your ears and concentrate.  
Fate of the man who paid too much attention was the  
Depths he plumbed.  
Some dumb fate it was too, the way he succumbed.

Might have, um, imagined a world without despair,  
And for that matter, I could keep my hair. But beware:  
Some thoughts are fantasies and others cold hard facts.  
Once you've given your attention, you can't take it  
Back.

And Frontalot comes talking in the oddest of ways  
On the record that plays. Never meant to order stays  
Of execution for the speedily dispatched.  
Now the man on the bus repeating like a record with a  
Scratch  
His name and number, number, name and number, number  
Name.  
Suspect that if you ask him again he'll tell you the  
Same.  
To the casual ear the words I say and sense do not  
Endure an intersection.  
To such a sentiment I stake objection.