

## Little Platoons (my Neighbourhood)

### The Pursuit Of Happiness

My neighbours in the real world  
Are like the people in my dreams  
The numb walk with the wicked  
And I walk in between  
They're really hard to talk to  
But they've always something to say  
It's either thick and incoherent  
Or undercut with rage  
Things out here can get a little crazy  
People are aimless - not so smart - a bit lazy  
Things in my neighbourhood can get a little rough  
But that's where my room is, that's where I keep my stuff  
Women around here don't fare all too well  
There's usually a comment or a taunt from some loser who smells  
The ones who get married or shack up don't last too long  
Their men like to fight - sometimes with guns  
Things out here can get a little crazy  
People are aimless - not so smart - a bit lazy  
Things in my neighbourhood can get a little rough  
But that's where my room is, that's where I keep my stuff  
Some of the old ones have lived here for years  
They keep their places nice in spite of everything  
Once they had a meal for the lonely and downtrodden  
Now they lock their doors tight - those days are forgotten  
At night there's a lot of yelling at each other and to themselves  
I hope I never hear somebody's final cry for help  
There's a lot of hate out there so I keep my head down  
Past the 7-11, down my dark street till I get home  
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