## **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 themselv

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
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