

# Dialectical Kid

Yello

Blue eyes  
Black hair  
Fast  
And dangerous

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Black hair  
Fast  
And dangerous

Hold your breath, I'm coming in  
I hear your lungs, they drum and fear  
Your straw is tied to weeds and springs  
I feel your heart your blood and veins

Shivers  
You given me the creeps  
Whispers  
Say it all

He was a male and the men around town  
Some said a dialectical clown  
I say whatever he did  
He definitely was a dialectical kid

Living in the street, he was fast  
Dialectical beat, could it last  
Night is at day and the day is at night  
Whenever they got him he was out of sight

Left him by I held his hand  
A hush of dust embraced the land  
I stole your honor, killed your pride  
I hate your freedom late at night

Thunder  
Preasure  
I hear you  
Lush

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