

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
Pressure
I hear you
Lush

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