

## ***WHAT IS SAID IN HATE CANNOT BE WITHDRAWN***

You brought me words  
Because the ones I'd been using before  
were ragged and  
lifeless—  
spilled on blank canvas  
without direction  
black and lacking

You sent me far away  
Scattered across all dimensions  
You said, do what you must  
And I did, did i?  
But I returned  
altered  
Yet filled with a storm

You let me rage against you  
As turbulent winds grew  
within my fleshy interiors  
I let the levee break  
shouting my own ego as yours-  
a crazed goat  
howling down the hillside  
without regard to the fall  
and my own thin weak legs

When I came to  
I was alone in my own  
waters—gasping and crying  
you'd taken the rescue boat  
sent me no letters  
I knew you were gone  
and that was for the best  
but I was lost without the words  
the ones you'd inspired first and foremost  
and I without them  
I was just another man—  
guileless and fleeting...

—

## ***IF IT MATTERED THEN IT DOESN'T NOW***

I was afraid to lose you

if it mattered then, it doesn't now

I was trying to replace you  
if it mattered then, it doesn't now

I thought I was too young for love  
if it mattered then, it doesn't now

I tried to put you in a box you couldn't keep to  
if it mattered then, it doesn't now

I fought with myself and lost every time  
if it mattered then, it doesn't now

I folded my edges in an attempt to refine  
if it mattered then, it doesn't now

I told you that age had made you vain  
if it mattered then, it doesn't now

I cried every night on your sofa  
waiting for words you couldn't give  
that weren't ours for having  
and when nothing worked out  
I filled my holes with fingers  
and stopped listening...

-

loops

-

### ***FROM THE SOFA CAME A NIGHTMARE***

the voices buzz on in my ear  
making the smallest of talk  
opinionated grey watchers  
all people i don't know  
all children i'll never meet

the dog drools on the floor  
the fire licks the wood hot  
i'm sprawled across the sofa  
an indifferent gargoyle  
all ears, all eyes, all silence

all the problems of the room  
sit heavy in the air, suffocating  
my eyes dry and meditative  
“i once took a laughter mediation class”  
i’m the sighing absent critic

the days pass on a rotoscope  
white picket home tombs  
grey skies and looming storms  
i dream of a bird on a string  
singing as it crashes against the ground.

-

### ***YOU WERE MINE***

oh, it was a few weeks past  
when you swore it was me  
that the feelings you felt  
were for none but i  
when you sent me your thoughts  
wrapped in sweet words  
and i could smile in my sleep  
knowing you were mine

oh it was a couple months past  
when i first saw your face  
and we spoke late in the night  
i breathed in your green eyes  
and you heard my sorrows  
you said i’d be better to you  
i’d treat you oh so kind  
if you were mine

oh, this last week came quick  
you said you’d be busy  
red out in the vineyard  
and i took your word for true  
i kept to myself and waited  
but your calls never came  
and i sat in my bed alone wonderin’  
were you still mine?

oh, yesterday i had a call  
you said you’d never meant strongly  
but i had all the words you wrote  
and there was no misconception

it must've seemed a nice idea  
naturally, life alone gets lonely  
so i can't blame you too hard  
but you'll never be mine

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### ***THE DAY IS GONE***

it wasn't so long ago  
when i longed for you  
every moment of the day

when i first awoke  
checking my phone  
to see what you were thinking

you haunted my day  
my thoughts filled  
with only the ghost of you

in my morning coffee  
in the songs i was dreaming

-

### ***BETTER HIDE***

better hide my love away  
cause it seems you learned the game  
of acting like i'm asking so much  
when i'm just not asking for pain  
so i better hide my love away  
cause it seems you've done the same  
when i say you're looking' fine  
you text me back haha ok

i used to have you texting me  
most every morn  
but now that you've caught on to me  
i feel i've earned your scorn  
i used to have your sweetnesses  
when i first awoke  
but now i have your silence  
oh how it makes me wanna smoke

so better hide my love away

cause it seems you're pretty smart  
it doesn't look like this will work  
when we're busy and far apart  
better hide my love away  
or else you'll break me tiny heart  
and once you've gone and lost me  
there's no way i can restart

i used to get your pictures  
of your smiling pretty face  
but now i'm left cleaning up  
my minds all over the place  
i used to have your ear around  
when i was feelin down  
but now i get your voicemail  
and it makes me wanna drown

better hide my love away  
isn't that how these things go  
where at first things were fun  
now the laughs are just for show  
so i better hide my love away  
or else i just don't know  
what i'll do with my spare time  
til you come snooping 'round once more

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### ***MISSED CALL BLUES***

well i woke up this morning  
was in my neighbors bed  
when i woke up this morning  
second time it was you in my head  
i wanted to sleep  
but just not alone  
so once again this morning  
wasn't in mine own home

sometimes when it's early  
my thoughts are clear  
sometimes when it's early  
i can see myself in a mirror  
this morning when i rubbed my eyes  
and squinted them close  
could almost imagine  
it was your hand round my throat

when i woke up this morning  
there wasn't no kissing  
when i woke up this morning  
second day it was you i was missing  
i hoped to patch my pain  
with the skin of a stranger  
so once again last night  
put my baby in their manger

sometimes when it's early  
my mouth tastes like dirt  
sometimes when it's early  
my lips so dry they hurt  
well i went downstairs  
filled a glass with ice  
and though the drink was empty  
i thought it tasted nice

well though i was lonely  
i knew it was time to get gone  
though i was still lonely  
the morning was moving along  
"better get going before i call the cops"  
i put on my clothes n said "thanks a lot"  
"anything for a neighbor" they said gazing off  
and i ran out the backdoor as the front door knocked

well i made my way home  
listening to the talk radio  
when i made my way home  
they were talking bout a tornado  
it'd blown right through a town  
and made rubble of the school  
seven bodies were still missing  
five dead they'd ruled

well i made my way home  
calmly listening to the blues  
when i made my way home  
it was sadness all over the news  
i thought of my troubles  
i thought sweetly of you  
i thought of your silence  
and how our call was past due...

### ***WATCH THE STORM***

From my seat  
in the quiet of the night  
the darkness seems a veil

From my seat  
in the absence of the light  
my mind a curtain so pale

In the distance  
I see the spark  
of a distant lightning strike

It fills the air  
and for a second might  
be enough to clear the rain

But in a moment  
it's swallowed by the ground  
lost once more

I could look for the sun  
But it's better to watch the storm  
Could search for a lighthouse  
Bright on the horizon  
But it feels better to watch the storm

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### ***IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO LAST***

baby don't feel so sad  
like all things  
it was never meant to last

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### ***MOVE ON MOVE ON***

I've done something bad  
or that's just what you told me  
a kiss on the neck  
you made me feel so ugly

move on, move on

it's past the savin'  
what's done is done  
the clouds keep on sayin'

i hope in time  
the memories will fade  
and all the hurt that i hold inside  
will pass like a cold

-

### ***TWO MONTHS TIL JUNE***

I want ya  
I need ya  
But I've got to keep in question why  
are you here with me

am I just  
too dumb  
to find out the answers as to why  
i keep this going

well i've gotta relax  
and have a smoke  
take some time  
to water my seed

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**\$\$\$\$\$\$\$**

If you want it  
you better take it from your friends  
if they don't have it  
you better make some new friends

if you got it  
you better stash that shit away  
because they want it  
and they're gonna tax your pay

we all want money  
it ain't funny

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## ***THAT BAD***

Well it started with a bark  
but it ended with a shout  
i asked you to see me in the eye  
you said what's this all about

i said i'm not a tool  
i know what i'm worth  
but you squinted me a blank look  
and then you gave me a burp

but it's alright  
you could never hurt me  
that bad

When you were acting down  
i lent you my useless time  
but when i was on my knees  
you said that suited me just fine

i said it's all your ego  
you're still only one man  
but you found yourself a golden mirror  
and said you didn't understand

but it's alright  
i never wanted you  
that bad

now every time i see you around  
you're preaching bout who's who  
quoting the business bible  
acting like you've broken through

but this is just one city  
and there's thousands more at that  
you'll soon show yourself for what you are  
they'll see you're full of crap

but it's alright  
you've always wanted to feel  
that bad

i can't get any rest  
so now i gotta skip outta town  
thought you'd sense the good of it

but instead you're a living frown

now all your friends is laughing  
and you think it's cause they're green  
when all our doors were open  
you thought we were poachin'

but it's alright  
we never wanted in  
that bad

so now you'll take your money  
and you'll build up a new fort  
you'll fill a moat with crocodiles  
and hold a bell bottom court

you'll instagram yourself  
alone on your bed  
acting like you're so hip  
but your pics scream loser instead

but it's alright  
none of us truly cared  
that bad

now i see your future  
you're clearly bald, drunk and alone  
you'll have nobody to talk to  
you might as well lose your phone

you thought you were social climbing  
but you were digging yourself so deep  
and everyone in your network  
sees you as a long haired creep

but it's alright  
you'd always wanted life to be  
that bad

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### ***BEFORE IT IS OVER***

Before it's over  
make amends they said

before it's over

before you're dead

but time keeps passing  
and still the thoughts remain

time keeps passing  
yet it'll always be the same

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### **ORIGINAL BUMBS BIO**

*The Bumbs began when Merc convinced his brother and his friends to drop out of school, quit their jobs and play in a rock and roll band with him. Their sound is vintage urban buskin' blues, polished to a soulful sheen and played with a cheery smile by a handful of disgruntled and tongue-in-cheek millennial sky grazers.*

*Eli had been studying farm art at UNT and was only a freshman, so he was chill with that. He'd grown up down the hall from Merc and had made music with him since babehood; it made sense to hang around and see what went down.*

*Zach was selling garage doors when Merc asked him to join. Zach was quickly becoming renown for his negotiation tactics, but he decided to pursue his true life goal of becoming Keef Richards. He and Merc had known each other since high school Biology, when they'd shoved textbooks down each others pants and talked the merits of 60's blues bliss. It wasn't a hard decision for him either.*

*Johnny Pots n Pans had been slaving away makin' burgers in Nashville for a couple years, but in his spare time he played drums for some Nashville bands and led a small group of political banditos he called "Las Pequeñas Cosas Rojas". They called him Cap'n John. He met Merc rollin' a stoney and the two quickly formed a jam bond. It wasn't long before he was bumbin' down to TX to join up with the rest of the crew...*

*After a solid week of practice, The Bumbs got kicked out of their house in Dallas, and ended up moving to Nashville, where Merc n John had been living prior to Dallas. They returned to their Diesel Frat House living and kept rockin'.*

*Zach got a job making tacos downtown, which is where he met Kevin. Kevin was a thoroughbred Nashville Honky, full on with the young adult blues. He'd been spending time in a few bands singing n writing n guitarin' n drumming. The boys had a jammy jam with him after a show and learned of his remarkable singing and percussive talents. Sure enough, it wasn't long before he was part of the roadshow.*

*Lastly came Brandon. Brandon had been spending time between Indiana and Nashville trying to make it as a John Mayer impersonator. He'd been writing his own songs and trying to pen them as Mayer, but it wasn't going so hot. After a month of opening for The Bumbs at their weekly gig at Phat Bites, it hit the boys that Brandon was actually quite talented at laughing. So they had a little jammy jam late one nite and it was decided to*

*give Brandon a go. Sure enough, the shoe fit and the final member of the Bumbs fell into place.*

*And now, you have it, The Unedited History of The Bumbs.*

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### **NO BOTHER**

It's no bother  
That you're rarely around  
Cause when I hear your voice  
I fall in love with the sound

It's no bother  
When at night I feel cold  
Cause I can feel you with me  
It's your body I hold

People ask me  
Does it get you down?  
To not have someone  
Who's always around

And I tell them  
Sometimes it's true  
But the way that I'm feeling  
Is not up to you

It's on me  
and clearly, It's no bother  
Cause I love you  
it's no bother to do

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### **Sept 24.**

Record tracks w/ minimal vox

1. Silent Treatment
2. Like Like Like
3. I'm A Zombie
4. I Killed The Magic
5. Do You Love Me Baby?
6. Changes
7. Wilted Flowers

8. Let Me Through
9. 12 Past 2
9. Please Don't Move On
10. It Happens All The Time
11. Out Of My Sight
13. The Breaking Time

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### ***WAY PASSED THAT***

Well this time around  
That bird has flown  
My hands been shown  
My names been blown

No time to back down  
I'm way past that

You try to mislead me  
Try to feed me sand  
Say watch my eyes  
But I don't see your hands

I know you're misguided  
You don't have a plan  
But it's as simple as sayin'  
I know that I can

well this time around  
i've been here before

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### ***INFINITE SHAM***

sleeping with creeps  
just to peep a stolen ID  
satan was sold in a pawn shop  
to an old man with a young mexican  
asking questions with no answers  
spreading cancer decked in black feathers  
like a panther pushing poison leather  
we're all taking chances  
romancing romances  
slipping into something  
just because nothing  
makes our pasts come across clean

i'm no alien  
i'm only a scary scaly monkey  
as i'm scaling the heights  
i'm here conquering my frights  
i'll never launder my ideals  
washing them through the laundry  
meshing blacks with whites  
while i'm peeling through my feels  
like i'm losing my chill  
a car loosing it's wheels  
on a highway of high heels

whose the one  
who looks dumb  
as he's dying  
i ain't lying flat  
i've been there  
i've done that  
there's only the immortal unknown  
and there's what we pretend to know

wipe it clean  
i mean, find the chlorine  
chemically cleansing  
my engine as i'm tending  
my friends with my loose cannon  
sharing truths in the booth  
i'm not staring at my shoes  
i'm lurking in your souls  
deeper than the whole  
holes that nobody ever dug  
hugs that were never full of love  
doves flying from my chest  
when i rest i'll know i never shrugged

whose the one  
who looks dumb  
as he's crying  
we're all flying high  
we've been there  
we've all tried  
there's wind through the trees  
and heaven in your mind

pack your life  
steep it full of strife

push the knife through your spine  
every crime against yourself  
store on a shelf to later examine  
the man who plays the lamb  
feeds the famine and blows  
their nose in the silence  
every sign is a signal  
and every line is a lie  
living the illusion  
keeping intrusions  
from breaking your mind

now i'm steeped  
i thought i'd made a leap  
heaviest man on the street  
carrying the weight  
i thought i'd outsmarted  
i started off in the grey house  
blue grouch and fat pout  
ended up in strouse with a little clout  
and black tape over my mouth  
how's that speak to a quiet shout  
held up a gun to a mouses snout

i was peeking through a pinhole  
looking for lifes about 'bout  
instead i found out  
i'm the one  
looking dumb  
fingers to my thumbs  
yet empty handed  
and surely branded  
God of the stranded  
had man of the badlands  
big star of the frozen sands  
chosen one of the infinite sham

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### ***BIG IN SPACE***

Lately some  
Obsession with saving  
Batting Big  
eyes on lame guys  
Begging loudly  
Make me, maybe

the next big thing  
but ain't nobody that's  
that big in space

if it was in you  
you'd keep yourself low  
hold your breath underwater  
let nobody know  
assassins laughin' in shadows  
huffing' snuff lightly  
it gets tough  
so best to act like life's too rough  
say what they want  
taunt when they flaunt  
shut up  
play your part  
pay your dues  
find your tax bracket  
stay in line  
if you don't wanna die  
you better be wise  
and tie your ties  
suit up  
have a strut  
bust your nut  
that's enough

(is it in you?  
you better hope you hold up  
is it your truth//do you speak truth?  
that keeps you choked up/or does it...  
—best believe what you breathe  
before opportunity leaves  
and disdain consumes you  
bet on yourself now or you'll  
be locked lost and let loose)

if it comes with ease  
please take these  
words to heart  
the part is paved  
at the start of the ticker  
you can stick or  
you can slide  
all those who act snide  
and all knowing  
there's never showing



who holds the power  
everyone has gotten wet  
in the shower  
there are those who cower  
when cold and alone  
i have no bone to pick  
just a lick to trick  
rich bitches to prick  
into believing  
that poor men can be kings  
and diamond rings don't last forever  
they're only dulling in the ether

Lately some  
Obsession with saving  
Batting Big  
eyes on lame guys  
Begging loudly  
Make me, maybe  
the next big thing  
but ain't nobody that's  
big in space  
ain't nobody big in space

you're all in race with time  
i'm in pace with rhyme  
so kindly step back  
and let me dance  
no crime to move your feet  
if they put that on a sheet  
you better call it shit  
your bodies the moment  
your art is the movement  
recruitment is the tool  
the apathetic is the fool  
shut up  
play your part  
pay your dues  
find your tax bracket  
stay in line  
if you don't wanna die  
you better be wise  
tie your ties  
suit up  
stress your strut  
bust your nut  
that's enough

the man paves the plan  
and you just eat from his hands

ain't nobody that's  
big in space  
not even the human race  
ain't nobody that's  
big in space  
so shut the fuck up  
and save your face  
for yo mama

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### ***HOW HIGH U WANT ME?***

if you told me  
How high you want me  
I'll jump  
if you told me  
How bad you want me  
I'll front  
If you told me go up  
and go down  
I'd do what you say  
With a smile  
and a frown

It's said love makes clowns of princes  
and poverty of riches  
and turned sweeties to bitches  
I know it's made me mad  
it's had me had  
never been as sad  
as when i've felt the broken beat  
of my heart  
cause you said the words  
that you wanted me on mute  
you didn't find it cute  
when I took you for a prostitute  
the messed up part is i'd play pretend  
call you lover and friend  
if you begged me back again  
(you can call me a lonely faggot  
or a horny rabbit  
but damn i've had it  
and i don't ever wanna lose your touch again)

if you told me  
How high you want me  
I'll jump  
if you told me  
How bad you want me  
I'll front  
If you told me go up  
and go down  
I'd do what you say  
With a smile  
and a frown

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### ***TAKE YER SEAT***

i've been preaching to preachers  
i've been teaching to teachers  
the words of deceivers  
spoken through recievers  
there's no right line  
to walk the white line  
there's no single way  
to meditate or pray  
*there's* the universes sway  
and there's the passing of our days

you can hold an edge  
to a babies throat  
sing the highest note  
at the end of an old quote  
did you write it  
i don't think so  
you don't even know the men  
that you hold so close  
i never chose  
i was never told  
what was what  
i was shut off  
to the words that were sold  
maybe it was all for the best  
i had a bullet proof vest  
to what all your books invested  
my whole life was tested  
against your prophets unknown

how can a grown up  
not grow up and suck it  
everything should be put into question  
no need to mention all the pornographic pretension  
as the religious tension  
surrounding priests with bad intentions  
i'm not a pervert  
no convert  
i'm a subvert  
submissively taking it  
send down and i'll read up  
i'm here to learn it  
free fall and suspend  
false knowledge  
there's truth within truth  
there's gold in youth  
if you're looking for the proof  
best stay aloof

may have me sleeping with fishes  
or drowned in stones  
but a sharks mindset is all i've ever known  
all i've ever been shown  
wasn't loaned but homegrown  
so if you gotta blame anyone  
blame the bloody throne  
i have no red hands  
only a gift of understanding man  
and the coils of corporate brands  
so don't take the demons treats  
they're filled with fleas  
sometimes even angels  
hold jokers up their sleeves  
we're all inherently fine  
only limited by time  
and the smallest of minds  
there are no bigger balls  
only open walls  
workers in overalls  
and leaders posed as know it alls

i've been preaching to preachers  
i've been teaching to teachers  
the words of deceivers  
are spoken through recievers  
there's no right line  
to walk the white line

there's no single way  
to meditate or pray  
there's the universes sway  
and there's the passing of our days

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### ***MAKE MY BED***

When I'm gone  
clean my room  
and make my bed  
I won't mind a bad work spoken  
i've said one or two myself  
but it'd hurt to know you didn't take the time  
to make my sheets align  
and say goodbye by a

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### ***BLONDE GRITS***

These are the things worth talking about  
spitting venom back south  
no cotton balls in my mouth  
little bit of clout  
up my big rough snout

gonna sell the truth flat  
til it comes back fat  
top hat on curly mat  
no shoes, no shirt  
whipped back, how's that?

so you think you're untouchable  
cause you a big rich man  
in a gold bricked tower  
high on a cloud  
but even a man of peace  
can choke on a flower  
and dogs of war  
can melt in nuclear showers

i've seen you watch the gate for leppers  
lightly stepping through the back door  
avoiding giving answers and money to the needy  
i've seen you 'round drunk men and clowns

kissing their cheeks and groping their wives  
you've got advice for the poorest  
it's get a damn job  
but you ignore even the simplest of facts  
whats the wealth if not to spread around  
as though being a man about town  
is worth all the millions mr brown?

well your daddy must've told you well  
stick to the silver chute  
you got wet shoes  
better not trust ladders  
anyone fatter than old man mcdonalds  
is nobody to be trusted  
so when you got old  
you salted your lawn with snow  
made mildew from mushrooms  
and turned high hopes low  
it gets me down how you'll  
probably never know  
what happiness is  
or the sadness you're bringing  
with your closed circle of friends

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### ***BACK POCKETS***

feed the cows skittles  
til their bones are brittle  
save a couple dollars  
selling empty bottles  
tempt hot hippy chicks  
with silver lips  
long haired jesus  
risen from his stoned crypt  
no alarm to the charm  
only one dagger written  
in on his ink arms

it's not my fault  
if you spilled the salt  
he had rocks in his snot  
and back pockets full of fools gold

one small drip  
packed the ocean full of water

if we could stop the traps  
and drift from the set tracks  
maybe we could gap  
the big wigs and riff raff  
even in the eye of a hot sun  
there's shade to be found on a long run  
if it's peace you seek  
better passion than meek  
or shepard than sheep

it's not my fault  
if you spilled the salt  
he had psalms in his palms  
and back pockets full of fools gold

in the garden of eden  
the sap of greed and ale  
has tipped the scales uneven  
heed the present if the futures to last  
too many eyes are high  
or wise to a herrings cry  
there's no need to read  
the dust of tea leaves  
fate's a bad tease  
like a creeping sneeze  
it's on you then it's gone

it's not my fault  
if you spilled the salt  
his crystal was cloudy  
and h8s back pockets were full of fools gold

it's not my fault  
if you spilled the salt  
you had rocks in your snot  
and back pockets full of fools gold  
it's not my fault  
if you spilled the salt  
you had psalms in your palms  
and back pockets full of fools gold  
it's not my fault  
if you spilled the salt  
your crystal was cloudy  
and your back pockets were holey.

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given up the blues  
head out of the noose  
looser than the truth  
that i heard through the news  
i was tuned in  
to turning out  
forgetting my clout  
and letting my fears  
clot my dreams

used to smell dirty  
now i'm smelling like chanel  
i used to channel slouching  
but now i turn off the TV  
channel who?  
do I really wanna be the high eye?  
paid by and supported  
after being contorted  
by some big pig  
looking to stuff one more green back  
in his overstuffed bank

who's in control  
who is you  
is it them in your head  
or is it you  
i'll tell it true  
there can't be two

what is your definition  
significant in reminiscing  
trespassers pressing seeds

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*Tomorrow's Been A Long Time A Comin'*

so in the city though now the streets might be quiet  
listen closely and you'll hear a growing roar  
they may try to hide it beneath all them sirens  
well you can see the waves building at the shore lines  
that there's five hundred thousand of us waiting at the platform  
but a voice up above keeps saying be patient  
there's a train just one stop ahead at a station  
there's no need to go and get anxious  
but there's a growing impatience among all our faces



and i'm counting the minutes in my head  
and when people get restless their feet start moving  
and when feet start moving it sets the ground shaking  
and when the ground starts shaking you can hear the levees moaning  
and when the levees moan you'll see the cracks a growing  
and they'll keep on growing like one stitching thread  
and when that levee looks like one giant web  
the water it'll come on rushing in  
and all the streets and parks and schools will go on flooding  
and it'll be six billion eyes looking in on every station  
and one million lives left without a home  
and the ones who couldn't do the swimming  
will have to feed the hungry with their bodies  
cause we'll turn into pigs when left alone and hungry  
so though tomorrows been a long time comin'  
nothing can stay in one place for too long  
cause this earth it just goes on spinning  
and the ice it'll keep on melting more and more  
and all those people left down at the station  
will be the first forgotten when the city starts flooding

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### *The Lonesome Death of Eric Garner*

Pantaleo and Damico killed poor Eric Garner  
on the broken sidewalk of lost Staten Island  
with their hands and their fists they forced him to silence  
as he cried and he pleaded saying, I haven't hurt no one  
but they decided his words weren't worth any mind in'  
so they jumped him like a carcass and they swarmed him like buzzards  
as the people crowded 'round saying' he ain't done nothin'

But you who philosophize on race  
and criticize all fears  
Pull the rag away from your face,  
now ain't the time for your tears

Pantaleo and Damico killed poor Eric Garner  
cause he had the bad luck of being born darker  
a pack of bored wolves just lookin' to bother  
a father of six cause he was bigger and taller  
cause at 300 pounds you make an easy target  
and when you give men guns they'll turn into hunters  
and what's a dove to do in the mouth of a tiger

But you who philosophize on race

and criticize all fears  
Pull the rag away from your face,  
now ain't the time for your tears

Pantaleo and Damico killed poor Eric Garner  
as he gasped and he choked saying I ain't breathin'  
but the men, his protectors, aren't paid to be thinkin'  
and the hands of the law are too keen for the stranglin'  
cause the cops won't get paid if they don't keep arrestin'  
even if it's all staged and they're abusin' and entrappin'  
any man who doesn't look like a white man

And you who philosophize on race  
and criticize all fears  
Pull the rag away from your face,  
now ain't the time for your tears

Pantaleo and Damico killed poor Eric Garner  
but you only know cause they got it on camera  
and all the dead souls who could've kept livin'  
if they'd only stood silent and known there's no stoppin'  
the hunger of pigs when left in the slop  
and the anger of men who choose to go coppin'

But you who philosophize on race  
and criticize all fears  
Pull the rag away from your face,  
now ain't the time for your tears

Pantaleo and Damico killed poor Eric Garner  
so now they'll be on desk duty til the news stops its cryin'  
then they're back on the force as if they hadn't done nothin'  
as if they're fit to be out there watchin' our children  
like they mean to keep the peace and could ever listen to reason  
so what's to keep a man from killing if he's sedated his feelings...

So you who philosophize on race  
and criticize all fears  
bury the rag into your face,  
now is the time for your tears.

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suckling our mothers tit  
til the sun warms us no longer  
RIP space pioneers,

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the suburbs are plastered in truth  
nothing is on my mind  
oh, but he likes my bed  
and is private on my toilet  
forever stuck in 2008  
lucy in the internet  
oh but plato was one cool dude

sometimes i claim to know a way  
to find somebody to love  
cash, hugs, and drugs  
the highway is paved in gold  
the green eyed toddler  
takes over my shoes  
hemingway and his hands  
join my window today  
you'll die, like jesus didn't  
one man can never auto tune his eyes  
he looked from the hot summer months

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i found god in the fan on my ceiling  
stirring the winds with its wide white wings  
though always somehow going unseen  
counting the time in revolutions of three

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you think you know me  
well fuck that  
you know speak some truth  
well fuck that

survival