Penitentiary ~ Poem's

Ann ~ Dreams

Rhyme ~ Schemes

And

Things.
IT SHALL BE BY HIS GRACE
ONE DAY I SHALL LEAVE THIS PLACE
HOLD MY HEAD HIGH
AS SO MUCH TIME HAS GONE BY

IT SHALL BE BY HIS GRACE
ONE DAY LOOK MY LOVED ONES IN
THE FACE
EXPLAIN TO THEM THAT I STILL CARE
EVEN THOUGH I WAS NOT THERE

IT SHALL BE BY HIS GRACE
THEY SHALL GAZE UPON MY FACE
AND SEE THAT I HAVE PAID THE COST
FOR THE LIFE THAT WAS LOST

FOR THIS WILL BE THEIR SIGN
LETTING THEM KNOW I AM NO
LONGER BLIND
BY ALL THAT GLITTERS AND SHINES

HIS GRACE HAS BROUGHT ME
A MIGHTY LONG WAY
AND HIS GRACE WILL SEE ME
THROUGH THESE DAYS

I'LL STAND STRAIGHT WITHIN
THAT GRACE SHINING FROM ABOVE
FINALLY REALIZING
IT IS NOT SO MUCH THE GRACE
AS THE LOVE.
WHERE COULD ALL THE HERO'S BE
EVERY MORNING I LOOK IN THE MIRROR
WHO DO I SEE?
IS THAT WHERE THE HERO'S BE

I DON'T SELL DOPE ARE DRIVE CADILLAC'S
NO LONGER DO I HAVE THE WEED SACKS
NO WOMAN WITH LONG NAIL'S ARE
FRESH PERM'S
WITH MY LIFE I AM A BIT MORE
CONCERNED

AT 53 YEARS OLD FOR 7 YEARS
I WAS DENIED PAROLE
WHICH MEANS I'LL GO BACK AT 60
AT THAT AGE THINGS CAN
GET TRICKY

DON'T KNOW IF I CAN MAKE IT THAT LONG
DONE GOT TIRED OF STAYING STRONG
SEEN TOO MANY OF MY PEOPLE DIE
WHILE I JUST STAND BY

TALKING ABOUT 'WHAT'S FOR CHOW'?
CAN I EAT IT?
I DON'T SEE HOW
DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER
I CAN MAKE IT
GOT TIRED OF TRYING TO FAKE IT

GOING TO THE LAW LIBRARY
WAITING ON THE COURT
THEY WONT EVEN CUT THAT
WAIT SHORT

THEY'LL MAKE YOU WAIT A YEAR
FOR A ONE PAGE DENIAL
ASK YOU "WHY DIDN'T YOU
BRING THAT UP IN TRIAL"?

KNOWING IGNORANCE OF THE LAW
IS NO EXCUSE
SO THEY CAN CONTINUE WITH
THE LEGAL ABUSE

THEN THEY COME AT YOU WITH
THE ANTI-TERRORIST ACT
WE ALL KNOW THAT'S ANOTHER FACT
THEY MADE WITH THE DEVIL

SO THEY CAN SEND YOU TO GROUP
TELL YOU "KEEP YOUR HEAD
LEVEL"
WHAT IF THE SKIES WERE NOT BLUE
COULD WE FIND A LOVE THAT IS TRUE
WITH OUT WHICH WOULD YOU STILL BE YOU
WHAT IF THE BIRD'S DID NOT SING
AND THE WINTER'S DID NOT TURN TO SPRING
WHAT IF THE SUN DID NOT SHINE
MAKING ALL OUR DAYS EVER SO BLIND
WHAT IF THERE WAS NO MORE CRIME
A SOCIETY WHERE WE ALL SEEM TO SHINE
EVEN IF THERE WERE NO MORE WAR'S
WHAT WOULD WE FIGHT FOR
WHO WOULD BE OUR ENEMY
HANGING AROUND JUST TO SEE
WHAT IF THERE WERE NO MORE POLITICIANS
PREACHING LOVE WHILE PROPAGATING MEL- NEMOTION
WHAT IF A NEW WORLD ORDER
STRUCK DOWN IMMIGRATION
AND SPREAD ACROSS THE NATION
WHAT IF PEOPLE WERE NO LONGER
DIVIDED BY THE LANGUAGE THEY SPOKE
OR BY THE BOOKS THEY WROTE
WHAT IF THERE WAS ONLY THE
ONE GOD WHO DIDN'T HAVE BLONDE HAIR
WOULD YOU EVEN CARE
ALL THESE WHAT IF'S ARE POSSIBILITIES
AS LONG AS WE STRIVE WE CAN
MAKE THEM REALITIES
It's sun down and I walk
the track
Times like these my
mind slip's back.
It slips back to times past
Moments like these seem to last.
Slipping back to people that are gone.
The very people I thought so strong.
These people I consider
kept me going for they were no quitter.
It is for this very reason I walk this track
No matter where I start
I always walk back.

The track goes around and around
One often wonders if his thoughts are sound
to the point one can be thought crazy
Acknowledging the fact over time memories get hazy.
I have this flower
I call my little lotus
It has a beauty that
Only I notice

For it came up thru the muck
And the mire
But it is the one my heart desire
The peddles don't stand tall
In fact it appears small

If thru the pond you could see
Just how deep the roots be
You'd see the peddles reaching
For the sun
You'd see the roots at the bottom
Of the pond

Thru the trials and tribulation's
It has come
We can only appreciate the job
Nature has done

In order to appreciate it in it's true glory
You would have to know
The whole story
ON TOP OF THE POND
IT HAS A BEAUTY FOR
OUR EYE'S TO BEHOLD

ON THE BOTTOM OF THE POND
OUT OF THE MURK AND MIRE
IT GROWS
In my mind I built this wall
It separates me from you
You don't see me, and I don't see you
But I know this ain't true
Keep telling myself it don't matter
What I do
As long as I don't bother you
But this also ain't true
Because it does matter what I do
My very thought's could effect you
Even thought's has power
could manifest at any hour
Got to try to keep my mind clean
Stop looking so mean
That could bring trouble
Some body could burst your bubble
Back to the point
I ain't trying to stay in this joint
I got to tear down that wall
I got to talk to you
Not to every body
That would make me kind of shoddy
I can pick my people
Don't have to yell from the tallest steeple
Doing time it's easier to get along
Get your mind tight body strong
To get out of this joint I got to work
On my weak points
Excuse me I got to pause for a commercial
This is starting to sound like a parole board rehearsal
Some times I wish I had done
More to mark my passing
But the rate I was going there
Was no lasting

One day Denover the next Detroit
My whole life pretty much
Null and void

No strings, no ties, when the
Going got tough
I broke wide

Now I am getting old my life story
I won't told

But there is nobody around that
Saw the movie
At my age that ain't groovy

What was hipped has now become
Square
If I need help ain't nobody there

But I won't cry and damn sure
Won't beg
I'll stay strong on this journey
Down to the very last
Leg
THE NEXT POEM I'LL WRITE
I'LL WRITE FOR THE BLIND
WHO HAVE NO SIGHT
HOPING THESE WORDS
WILL BE THEIR LIGHT

I'LL WRITE FOR THE TIMES
PEOPLE SIMPLY LOST THEIR MINDS
MAYBE FOR THE HOMELESS
IN NEED OF SHELTER
THINKING THIS SHOPPING CART
MAKES THING'S HEALTHIER

OR MAYBE JUST TO FILL A NEED
I'LL WRITE FOR OUR LEADER'S
WHO ARE LOST IN GREED

MAYBE FOR THE CRACK ADDICTED
MOTHER
WITH TO MANY MOUTH'S TO FEED
KNOWING THESE YOUNG ONE'S
ARE HER SEED

I'LL WRITE FOR THE GUN
WITH THE POOL BEHIND THE TRIGGER
OR MAYBE FOR THE SOUL IT WILL
MAKE NO BIGGER
How about the dope
who needs another hit
maybe his victim that
can’t take another lick
what about the baby
that was born high
or maybe his mother
to sober up she didn’t
even try

I guess I’ll keep writing
until my time has come
keep writing until I
won’t see another
sun
Here I go at it again writing
poems from this pen
Had told myself I would stop
But like doing a life sentence
They won't every drop

I work facility 4 yard crew
But picking up paper
Aint all I do

At about 6:30 is when I start
I don't work long and it
Sure aint hard
After I eat breakfast I'll pick
Up the paper off the yard
I never feel like it but
It's how I start

Then I have to wait for the C Hall to close
Waiting on the C/O's I start
to doze
So often I ask "For a shot of coffee"
It's not unusual for them
to deny me
Go back to my cart find a seat
While I wait for them to meet and greet
They act like they ain't seen each other before
As they talk in front of the door
They know I am waiting on tools
But they look at me like I am the fool
It ain't a whole lot I can say
go back to my cell and call it "a day"
TIRED OF WRITING HOME WITH NO RESPONSE
MY NAME BACK THERE IS JUST A HAUNT
THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD I AM THINKING
I’LL STOP WRITING
MY NAME BACK THERE THEY JUST AIN’T BITTING

WHEN MAMA WAS ALIVE I’D WRITE
ONCE A WEEK
JUST TO LET HER KNOW MY OUTLOOK
WAS NOT SO BLEAK
SHE’D WRITE BACK SOME TIMES
BE THE FIRST TO LET ME KNOW IF
I PUSHED A LINE

WHEN A FAMILY MEMBER DIE MY
BROTHER WILL SEND AN OBITUARY
OR PICTURES OF A FUNERAL
BUT THAT IS WORSE THAN THE DRUG
ABUSURAL

GET’S YOU DIZZY BUT NOT HIGH
MAKES WONT TO END THIS POEM
STRAIGHT GOOD BYE
I THOUGHT YOU COULD USE SOME
CHEERING UP
LIFE FOR YOU RIGHT NOW MIGHT
BE KIND OF ROUGH
KNOWING RIGHT NOW YOU ARE
PACKING AND MOVING
AND SUCH
THE NEIGHBORHOOD WILL MISS YOU
EVER SO MUCH
RIGHT NOW THERE IS A LOT
ON YOUR MIND
AFTER LIVING IN THE SAME SPOT
FOR 30 YEAR'S
MOVING CAN ALMOST BRING YOU
TO TEARS
IT'S HARD TO STAY IN ONE SPOT
FOR SO LONG
AND ONE DAY REALIZE YOUR GONE
BUT PEOPLE LIKE YOU, WITH A GOOD HEART
CAN GO ANY WHERE AND MAKE A
NEW START
TAKE THAT FROM SOME ONE WHO CARE'S
SEARCH INSIDE YOUR HEART
YOU'LL FIND ME THERE
You told me you liked my poem's
I thought I'd tell you how
They are formed
For they always start with
A thought
A thought which your nice
Letter brought

Thinking of you as a cool
Summer breeze
Blowing through my hair
Sit's my mind at ease

The flower's that bloom
In my mind I always
Leave room

The simple song of a bird
Could be your voice
I heard

Like you they motivate
Me to write
For this helps me make through
The long hot night's

over
YOU ARE THE WIND BENEATH
MY SAIL'S
MY SALVATION WHEN ALL
ELSE FAILS
SITTING HERE THINKING OF A
POEM FOR YOU TO WRITE
NOTHING SPECIAL JUST TO
MAKE YOU FACE A LIGHT

JUST A POEM TO HELP ME
SEAL OUR DEAL
A POEM TO LET YOU KNOW
THESE FEELING’S ARE REAL

FOR YOU SEEM TO LIKE MY POEM’S
I HAVE TO LET YOU KNOW HOW THEY ARE FORMED
IT TAKES A PERSON LIKE YOU TO MAKE ME START
GOING FROM THERE THE REST AIN’T HARD

FOR YOU ARE MY SOURCE MY MOTIVATION
BUT THE REST IS UP TO ME PURE CONTEMPLATION
AS LONG AS WE HAVE BEEN WRITING THIS
AIN’T HARD
BUT WRITING UNTIL YOU PLACE ME IN
YOUR HEART
A grown man walked into an elementary school
completely ignored all societies rules
for when he left thru out the world much was said
because he left 26 dead
20 children 20 adults
we are left wondering who is at fault

Gun control, change the law
this don't change what we saw
killed his own mother before
he even got to school
makes one think "This is no ordinary fool"

20 elementary school children
has parted
their lives over before
they even got started
REALIZING YOUR HOME ALONE
I THOUGHT I MIGHT SEND
THIS POEM
ALSO ADDED THIS CARD
TO SHOW YOU WHERE
IS MY HEART

WHEN THE THOUGHT HIT ME
I HAD TO CONSIDER
THIS TIME OF THE YEAR
YOU MIGHT BE BITTER

YOUR LAST LETTER I RE-READ
THINKING SOME THINGS
NEED'S TO BE SAID

YOU HAVE IMPRESSED UPON ME
IN MANY A FASHION
STARTING YOUR OWN BUSINESS
IS YOUR REAL PASSION

IN THIS AREA I'D LIKE TO HELP
BUT ALL I CAN ADD IS
MY SELF

MAILING THIS CARD IS A SIMPLE ACT
JUST AN INDICATION OF WHERE
MY HEART IS AT

FOR IT IS THAT TIME OF YEAR
WE REACH OUT TO THE ONES
WE HOLD DEAR
WHEN I STARTED THIS POEM I 
SAID IT WOULDN'T BE 
LONG 
AS YOU CAN SEE I WAS 
WRONG 
THIS POEM HAS TURNED INTO 
A LETTER 
AT LEAST I HOPE IT MAKES 
YOU FEEL BETTER
If I could write a poem
Some thing that would
Be nice
Once the thought hit me
I didn't think
twice

I picked up some paper
and found a pen
Thought of some words for
you to send
It all started at work today
Nah! I could go back
Further it be safe
to say

For I've seen you come
And go before
Your style of dress I
even started to
adore

Got up some nerve to
comment
Knowing it's against
the rules
But I am not a young man
And this ain't high school
So I started calling you
"Snappy Dresser"
Your smile let me know
I could address
Yah!

But not always some times
You seem kind of mad
Those days could be all bad
Well it's another night and
I can't sleep
Visions of darkness don't
even creep

I turn the t.v. on and I turn
the t.v. off
My thoughts are to a loft

I lay in the dark looking out
the window
Watching the grass as the
wind blow

Listening to the radio
It stays on the oldies
station
The old song's seem to fit my
situation

Never no future always
living in the past
Just how long can this
system last

Every day this system gets
a little closer to
broke
In these thought's us lifer's
find hope
Every day it get's tougher
to hide
the number's just aint on their side

But to many of us have
already died
waiting for the parole board
to decide

Are we suitable or just
send us back to our
cubicle
with another denial
irregardless of what
the judge sentenced
us to during
trial
Men or monster I'll let you decide

How can a man take so many young lives

From Columbine to Frankenstein
From Sandy Hook to Learning to Read a Book

From Virginia Tech to Connecticut

How much worse can the publicity get

Can some body tell me where are we going

Our humanity really aint showing

Over who is right we squabble and fight
But during our struggle we lost the light

If you have to wonder what light I refer
Then you to are being deturred

Right now we are killing our kids
This is something we never did

At least in this case he knew he needed help
For he turned his gun on himself
IT'S LATE AT NIGHT
BUT MY MIND IS
SHINING BRIGHT

TO ME IT'S NOT REALLY
CLEAR
AS TO WHAT I AM DOING
HERE

LYING HERE IN MY BUNK
MEMORIES MY MIND
THEY HAUNT
VISIONS OF THE PAST, GLIMPSE
OF THE FUTURE
TRYING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER
LIKE A SURGEON AND
A SUTURE

KEEP LOOKING INSIDE MYSELF
TRYING TO FIND THE GOOD
JUST TO MANY THINGS MISUNDERSTOOD

WHOM IS A BAD GUY, WHO IS A
GOOD GUY
WHO AM I TO JUDGE
TO MANY PEOPLE SIMPLY NEED
A HUG

WE ALL MAKE CHOICES WE ALL
CALL SHOTS
SOMETIMES THEY RESULT TO
A LOCK AND A SOCK
JUST THOUGHTS RUNNING THROUGH
MY HEAD
AS I LAY SILENTLY IN MY
BED
SITTING ON MY BUNK
MARKING TIME
TRYING TO FIGURE OUT
MY OWN MIND

I'VE PRAYED, PREACHED AND MEDITATED
TRYING TO CONVINCE MYSELF
IT WAS NOT ME I HATED

25 YEARS IN PRISON SOME THINGS I
HAVE FIGURED OUT
THE WAY I LIVED OUT THERE
I MUST HAVE HAD DOUBTS

I SLEPT WITH MONEY, DOPE AND GUNS
DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE WITH NO WOMAN
THAT WOULD SPOIL MY FUN

BRUGEN, SLANGEN, AND PEEPING GAME
NOT ALWAYS FOR MONEY, SOME TIMES
MATERIAL THANG'S

LIKE THE NIGHT MARVIN GAYE
BIT THE SAND
PEOPLE CAME BY TRYING TO SALE
HIS BABY GRAND

OVER
I saw you today the first time in a while
I had all but forgotten the way of your smile

It prompted me to write this very poem
Knowing I can't give it to you or even let you read
You'd give it to the police with God speed

No no this will never be the case
So with these few words you will never be laced

With that thought in mind I figured I could come up with some lines
I am trying to remember how I got on your line
I've been here for a while I've been here some time
YOU WALKED BY AS I WAS CUTTING WEEPS
I WANTED TO SPEAK JUST TO FILL A NEED
YOU STOPPED AND SAID "HELLO"
THEN YOU TURNED AND STARTED TO GO
I REALIZED WITH YOUR NAME I COULD MAKE A JOKE
NOTHING SPECIAL A SMILE TO PUT ON YOUR FACE I WOULD HOPE
SO I CAME BY ABOUT NOON AND DROPPED IT ON YOU
FROM ACROSS THE ROOM
STRANGE LOOKS I GOT FROM YOUR CO-WORKER'S THEY ACTED LIKE IT WAS A REAL TEAR JERKER
I COME OUT EVERYDAY AND EXERCISE
Do 1000 push ups but my chest don't get wide

I'LL DO 200 DIPS BUT KIND OF SLOW
But my arms just won't grow

RUN THE TRACK FOR 30 MINUTES
Even though my heart just ain't in it

Use to do pull ups on a Marine Corp trip
But now day's my right hand just won't grip

GETTING OLD JUST HATE TO CONFESS IT
Still I won't sit around and stress it

I got to go to the yard and do what I do
Don't watch me and I won't watch you
It's not the watching
that I really don't
mind

But when people post up
during this time

Even that wouldn't be
so bad

If they wouldn't comment
I would be glad

You don't go down far enough
You don't come up all the
way

No matter what you do
They will have some thing
to say

I guess it's up to me to
learn
to work thru it until I
feel burn

And when I look in the mirror
at night
I'll sleep better knowing
I got it tight
HEARD YOU COULD USE SOME
CHEERING UP
THE GOING FOR YOU NOW MIGHT
BE KIND OF ROUGH
JUST A FEW LINES FOR THE LIFE
THAT WAS LOST
LIKE MOST DEATH’S THERE WAS
A COST
A MISCARRIAGE FOR SOME
MAYBE NO BIG DEAL
BUT THE LOSS I KNOW YOU
FEEL
SPENDING SO MUCH TIME BUYING
BABY CLOTHES
EVEN CONSIDERING WIPPING
RUNNY NOSE
RIGHT NOW IS HARD LIVING
THRU THE LOST
ALMOST LIKE BEING DOUBLE
CROSSED
PINK FOR GIRLS BLUE IF
IT’S A BOY
THE BAD NEW’S WAS LIKE
STOLEN JOY
BUT LIFE MOVES ON AND
GOD IS ETERNAL
THE TIME WILL COME WHEN
YOU WILL BE MATERNAL
Here is a poem about Thanksgiving
25 years in prison, thankful I am
Still living

This time of the year I am reminded
Of what I saw
Mama is always the first on the list
This goes with out a twist
For she loved to cook and bake
This made the holiday's come out great

She was born about a week before
Thanksgiving
On her birthday she had them turn
The machine off!
Straight tired of living

Lost sister Rose February the
Next year
All the crying for mama I didn't
Have a tear

Almost forgot about my oldest brother
He was the first to go
What he was doing in that dope house
I think we all know
Then there was Sister B.B.  
who died about Halloween  
in her mind she was the  
4th supreme

Maybe I ought to write home  
and wish those left a happy  
thanksgiving  
and pray they are still living
WE THE PEOPLE BLUER THAN BLUE
AIN'T TALKING BOUT ME
AIN'T TALKING BOUT YOU

A LOT OF SWEAT AND BARE HAND'S
WE CLEARED AND LOWED THIS LAND

WE DIDN'T COME HERE AS A VOLUNTEER
LET ME MAKE THIS PERFECTLY CLEAR

THEY CAME TO AFRICA WITH CROSS AND BIBLE
THEY NEEDED FREE LABOR FOR THEIR VERY SURVIVAL

WE WORKED FOR 4 GENERATION'S
THEY HAD US BUILD THIS VERY NATION

ONE DAY JUST AS SURE AS WE'D COME
OUR WORK WAS FINALLY DONE

SOME CALL IT EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
IS THAT WHAT THEY CALL IT TO BUILD A NATION

FOR SURE I REALLY CANT DONT KNOW
AT ANY RATE WE WERE FREE TO GO
BUT TO WHERE I REALLY CANT SAY
THAT'S THE PROBLEM WE HAVE TODAY
Tic Toc Goes The Clock As
He sits and silently watch
Today is his last day for he
did not get the stay

Turned down the big meal
For food can never fill

The wholes of a broken soul
Of the life they are
About to steal

He's been sentenced to die
By a system that don't try
to determine his innocence
Or guilt never mattered

As the crowd gathered for
It is a killing they have come to view
After he is dead much will be said

And there will be little left to do

His life is over his fate sealed
Should God only have the right to kill
DURING THE COURSE OF OUR 
HUMAN ENDEAVOR 
WE DO THINGS WE THINK ARE 
Clever 
FROM RIDING OUR BIKES TO 
B.B. GUNS 
SHOOTING BIRDS JUST FOR 
FUN 
STEALING TOMATOES AND 
FRESH FRUIT 
NOT FOR FOOD BUT JUST FOR 
THE LOOT 

AS WE GROW OLDER WE REALIZE 
LIFE IS MORE THAN TAKE 
THE PRIZE 

THE OLDER WE GET AND THE 
MORE WE GROW 
CERTAIN THINGS WE COME 
TO KNOW 

THERE IS MORE TO LIFE THAN 
GETTING AWAY 

WHEN THE DAMAGE IS DONE WHO 
WILL PAY 

APologies ARE NOT ALWAYS ENOUGH 
FOR OUR WORD'S PEOPLE NO 
LONGER TRUST
There are few situations that I can conceive where I can't write the words for you to read from the darkest night to the sunnest of day's writing the words that describe my ways writing for the tragedies of our times writing for the moments we are truly blind writing for the moments spent quiet and forgotten mostly for the people I thought so rotten or maybe FC, the time I felt my most joy like when I played with my new baby boy.
SOME TIMES I WRITE FOR
SOME THING TO DO
BUT MOSTLY FOR THE LOST LOVE
I THOUGHT WAS TRUE
SITTING IN THE LAW LIBRARY
KILLING TIME
NOT TRYING TO HURT NOBODY
JUST TRYING TO EASE
MY MIND

I BROUGHT ENOUGH MATERIAL
TO STUDY
THIS WAY I DON'T HAVE TO
TALK TO MY BODY

IT'S NOT THAT HE IS A BAD DUDE
BUT TALKING IN THE LAW LIBRARY
COULD BE RUDE

MAYBE I COME HERE FOR THE
WRONG REASON
BECAUSE TRYING TO GET HOME
IS THE SEASON

I MEAN IT'S WHAT BRINGS ME
HERE

BUT MY SITUATION IS NOT CLEAR

YOU SEE IN 09 I WENT TO
THE BOARD
LOOKING FOR A DATE TO GET
PAROLED
IS THE STORY I WONT
TOLD
They told me to get more
"Self Help"
For there are secrets
I won't kept
For 7 years they gave me
A denial
So I filled out the paper work
To take that to trial

How can they deny me 7 years
Calling my crime "atrocious"
I tried to explain it, they
Called it "braggadocious"

At this point I have to let the
Federal Court's decide
If I keep coming to these law
Libraries or when can I
Break wide
SOME TIMES I WISH I HAD LEFT
MORE BEHIND
AS I LAY HERE DOING TIME
PLANT A TREE WRITE A BOOK
ANY THING TO MAKE PEOPLE
TAKE A LOOK

SO I WAS HERE THEY CAN KNOW
MORE THAN SOME PICTURE
SOME BODY WILL SHOW

SOME THING THEY WILL SAY
"I CONTRIBUTED WHILE
I WAS ALIVE"

NOT JUST SOME BODY STANDING AROUND
TALKING JIVE

I DON'T MEAN LIKE CLIMB THE
TALLEST MOUNTAIN
OR SAIL THE SEVEN SEA'S

BUT SOME THING FOR THE WORLD
TO SEE
THIS WAS ME

IT WOULD BE SOME THING IF
THE WORLD I COULD FEED
WIPE OUT FAMINE WITH A
SINGLE SEED
OR FROM A SINGLE GOAT
MAKE EVERYBODY A WARM COAT

MAYBE SINGLE-HANDED WITHOUT A TOOL
MAKE LITTLE KIDS BRAND NEW SHOE'S

ALL THAT MAY NOT BE THE LEGACY
I COULD LEAVE
IT COULD BE THESE FEW WORD'S FOR YOU TO READ
A FRIEND IS SENDING
SOME PEOPLE MY WAY
ABOUT THIS THERE ARE
THINGS I'D LIKE TO SAY

EVEN THOUGH I'VE BEEN
LOCKED UP A WHILE
I COULD APPRECIATE
A GOOD SMILE

MY HOPES ARE TO FORGE
A RELATIONSHIP THAT WILL LAST
NOT JUST SOME THING FOR
TIME TO PASS

HAVING BEEN DOWN THIS ROAD
BEFORE
FULL OF HOPES AND PROMISES
WE BOTH ADORE

BUT DO NOT MISUNDERSTAND ME
I BEG YOU PLEASE
FOR I AM NOT THE KIND OF MAN
WHO LETS LIFE BRING HIM TO
HIS KNEES
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS
I'LL STILL STAND TALL
STANDING ON MY WORD'S
AND ALL
LOOK YOU IN YOUR EYE
WON'T EVEN FLINCH
WALK A MILE BEFORE
I GIVE AN INCH

THERE IS SO MUCH I
WON'T YOU TO KNOW
BUT UNTIL YOU GET HERE
I'LL WONDER IF YOUR FACE
STILL HAS THAT GLOW
All is quiet thru the night
As he lay in a stage of fright
Sounds of tables and chairs
In the next room

These are the tools
Of his doom
From his cell he could see
On one table layed an I-vee

It starts to get kind of scary
As he thought about the itinerary
About 12:00 o'clock they would come
Thinking his time was finally done

About 12:01 they check the cathode
To make sure the chemical's freely flowed
About 12:02, make sure his heart beat
Is stable
As they strap him to the table

He don't cry he don't beg
As they strap down his leg's
He means them no harm
as they strap down his arms
He don't bat an eye don't
even flinch
as they insert the needle
about an inch

Toward the spectator's he roll's
his eye's as if to say
"Are you a better man today?"
ALL IS QUIET THIS NIGHT
SO I GRAB MY PEN AND START TO WRITE
THE PEN EXPLODES ACROSS THE PAPER
LEAVING NO ROOM FOR EVE A VAPOR
IT SEEMS TO MOVE BY IT'S SELF
FROM ME NEEDING LITTLE HELP
IT WRITES OF TIMES I FELT STRONG
IT WRITES OF NIGHT'S SPENT COLD AND ALONE
IT WRITES OF TIMES PAST
IT WRITES OF LOVE THAT DIDN'T LAST
IT WRITE FOR THE FUTURE
FOR TIMES YET TO COME
IT WRITES OF LIVES THAT HAVE COME UNDONE
THROUGH THE PASSAGE OF TIME
IT WRITES
WHEN MY FUTURE DONT SEEM BRIGHT
IT WRITES
MY PEN WRITES OF BOOKS
I NEVER READ
IT WRITES OF WORDS NEVER SAID
THE PEN WRITES SO MUCH I
BECOME SCARD
I PUT THAT PEN DOWN AND
GO BACK TO BED
IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING
AND I AWAKEN TO THE
SCREAM'S
IS THIS REALITY OR JUST
ANOTHER DREAM

AT MY AGE IT GET'S HARD
TO TELL
SOME TIMES MY MIND
FAIL

SOUNDS OF BOOT'S AND KEY'S
UP AND DOWN THE
CORRIDOR
IS THAT A SIGN OF SOMETHING
I JUST AINT SURE

EVERY NOW AND AGAIN THE
FLICKER OF A
LIGHT
CAN SEE NO FACE IT AINT
THAT BRIGHT

LAY BACK DOWN TRY TO REST
GETTING BACK TO SLEEP
IS THE REAL TEST
IF I AM LUCKY I'LL PROBABLY
GET A NO
ABOUT THEN TIME THE
SCREAM'S START

BUT MY MIND REELED
AS REALITY
REVEALED
ALL THE SHOUT'S ALL THE
SCREAMS
JUST APART OF ANOTHER
DREAM
WITH YOU BY MY SIDE I CAN
STOP FOLLOWING AND
START TO GUIDE

I WILL NO LONGER GET INTO
PEOPLE CAR AND START
TO RIDE

I CAN NOW SET THE PATH FOR
ALL TO FOLLOW
AND IT ALL STARTED FROM THIS
PRISON LIFE I THOUGHT
SO HOLLOW

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE
I'LL BLAZE A TRAIL SO TRUE
IT WILL BE EASY TO FOLLOW
WITH A WOMAN LIKE YOU

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE
I CAN TURN A MOUNTAIN INTO
A MOLE HILL

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE
I CAN TAKE THE DEVIL TO HEAVEN
MAKE HIM SIGN A DEAL
NO MORE INNOCENT SOUL'S WILL
HE STEAL

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE
I'LL GO TO CONGRESS HAVE THE
SIGN A PACT
THEY WILL NO LONGER RUSH
INTO IRAQ