

Confessions from a Parkdale Basement

Cuff the Duke

In the cities in the gutters
where our burdens are surrendered
to the pressures of poor weather
the pressures of one another
on the sidelines of the city
where the buildings block the light
the hours tend to linger
as the winter discounts the light
and the hopelessness of our decent
pressures under which we went
are buried in the shadows
of a Parkdale basement
i see history repeat itself
but stutter from the lies
use war for distraction
while the politicians cash in
now emotions grow in rows and rows
regurgitate the TV shows
the the understatements that they sell
confuse the youth who guide themselves
weakened by the loss of faith
their vision blurs while they concentrate
discard all your feelings
killing time while you wait
for life
to pass you by
for life
to pass you by