

If It Ain't Been in a Pawn Shop, Then It Can't Play the Blues

Qwel

I'm havin' dreams of seeing Jesus on the Wilson stop
Crying' his eyes out, soaking the there t-shirt that he rocks
As the tears drop and mix with the blood from his palms
I compared his crown to yours and I began to scream psalms like
Soups open soul, soups open soul the non-stop
Unfold so he can roll and get his cross back from the pawn shop
Shocked no one can see him through his money green fog
And just then he disappeared from two kids with seeing eye dogs
They asked me who he was?
Well how should I know just a wino
Well we saw him in Border's tearing price tags off bibles
In this game of survival of the save souls
Until I know for sure I'll keep flyin' my tags with halos
He can't breath because my brother's yellin' "fuck your soul"
'Cause in this lustful world righteousness ain't never taxed deductibles
So fold your food stamps and go collect your plate
Hoping that heaven's open Sunday as she shakes from hunger rates
Mistakes these bullshit lessons her preachers stressing'
But never once questioned how many blessings he paid for his new Lexus
Profession, heaven's a million miles from Chicago
We only see the stars when we're tippin' back a bottle
Only see the stars when we're tippin' back a bottle
He only sees the stars when he's tippin' back a bottle
Why try to sleep? We don't dream as much as yesterday
All our prayers infested and stress and rent to pay
But ain't nobody hiring' on desire alone
Try to find his way home but this silence is cold
Like the Vietnam vet with the tires in his throne
Eyes turned to stone holding' wild Irish roads
With the time freezes froze he realizes it's his breath
In a foggy bottle, To remind him he's dead
Left to get worthless in this bus terminal
He puffs an answer to his cancer, but the circle grows
And echos in the subway "who's gonna save us"
Sleeping under the newspaper, obituaries face up
God bless you for your pennies collect your spoils of war
Spoils himself with a meal he paid a quarter for
He's sorta short on... Can't afford a conversation
Sure the cloud is chasin' in the place his legs went
It's gonna take a whole village to drown this witch
But she floats over dreams, foams when he sips
He misses his children witnesses the buildings drop
Disgusted with this rusted anchor called the Wilson stop
Disgusted with this fuckin' rusted anchor
Disgusted with this fuckin' rusted anchor called the Wilson stop
Yo, if it ain't been in the pawn shop, then it can't play the blues
If it ain't been in a pawn shop, then it can't play the blues
If it ain't been in a pawn shop, then it can't play the blues
If it ain't been in a pawn shop, then it can't play the blues
Now can it?
I guess we can all play the blues