

Waiting For Another Hit

Cool Hand Luke

A man came up from anywhere
And cut the edge so close
That it could not be ignored
The people gasped and grabbed their hearts
The sky--it danced and shook the dark
and everywhere the people wanted more
Changed the history of the scene
Hit it like a bomb if you know what i mean
He was the next beethoven or the next Van Gogh
A brand new edgar allan poe
Anticipation was rising for the second work
To give their existence another needed perk (and they were)

Waiting for another hit
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The critics hated it
They chewed it up and spat it out
Some called it high art
Some said it wasn't high enough
So, what do you say?
So, do what yo say.
Meanwhile
Some found the true meaning or art
That lay not in the perception
But deep within the heart
The spit will dry on their faces
and they will be all the better for it
What do you say?
Do what you say.
Don't wait for this.