

birds, bees

Fousheeé

I see you moving 'round this town
Like I'm not frequently up and down
Wonder if you'll collide with me
Or just dance around these streets

We see in tunnel vision
Maybe a tab for the fun
I see them whispering in the sun
While I parlay in the shade
I take it easy these days
See that as little a mess is made

You're still the one reminding me
That the birds and bees got history
We wrap around like dancing feet
That down bad soliloquy

I seen you in the old café
Scribbling on a journal page
First time I called it serendipity
But today we'll call it fate

We see in tunnel vision
Maybe a tab for the fun
I see them whispering in the sun
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I take it easy these days
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Big respect to all the elders
Malu, Uncle Pointy