

Only the Poets

Marc E. Bassy

What we might get at this evening, if we are lucky. If the mic doesn't fail; if my voice holds out; if you ask me questions... is what the importance of this effort is. It would seem to me, that, however that this may sound, I want to suggest that the poets - in which I mean all artists...are finally the only people who know the truth about us. Soldiers don't, statesmen don't, priest don't, union leaders don't. Only the poets

Enough Fortune 500, that's some shit that could plummet
Wallstreet, that's some shit that'll flood soon
And I know they say that greed is a man being a man
But really that's just the costume
Real us it's justice, no court room
And the real us it's joyous, but we mourn too
And real us shake hands and make plans and make bread
And real us just dance and fist fight till we dead so

If it's only for survival, guess you dead on arrival [x5]

You know them colors, they don't run
But girl you sexy in them
You don't know nothing like you Miss America
And you know I like to stay out late, drinking with the fellas
Maybe I'll see you there and I'll take care of ya
The real us, we share lighters and secrets to
The real us, is medicine, get each other through
The real us, remind the world you got a give in
At some point, to the things that you love to do

If it's only for survival, guess you dead on arrival [x5]