# Fourth Corner

**Trixie Whitley**

It hits me, at the junction…
Where, the roads lead south..
Because when the clock hits full..
And the players strike again…
Perhaps we'll find a name to this Shame…
I patiently, waited my turn
I wielded a shield too not get burned..
Condemned in the eye of a sleeping min…
Where we are without the window of time…
Gotta go, gotta find my home
Gonna walk through the boarder, of the fourth corner…
Gotta go, gotta find my home
Gonna walk through the boarder, of the fourth corner…
Conflicted by the West, Challenged by the East…
I've always been a Town-Dog, belonging to these…
A Town-Dog from these concrete streets…
I wish I had a chance…
To hold my Grandmothers hands…

Soak into the nights..
With fumes of our bloodline…
Gotta go, gotta find my home..
Gonna walk through the boarder, of the fourth corner…
Gotta go, gotta find my home…
Gonna walk through the boarder, of the fourth corner…
Gotta go, gotta find my home…
Gonna walk through the boarder, of the fourth corner…
Gotta go, gotta find my home…
Gonna walk through the boarder, of the fourth corner…
I, I gotta go, gonna find myself home..
Gonna walk through the boarder, of the fourth corner…
I gotta oow go ahh, find myself home..
Gonna walk through the boarder, of the fourth corner…

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