

The Pike

Ugly Duckling

A trapper folder hold a myth
When set adrift down to the doldrums
Known as Skinny Bones Jones by my lonesome
I couldn't seem to stick with the clique that was in
And I assumed you where suppose to be a friend of them (Then again)
The Pulitzer Prize wasn't awarded for the binding on the book
So I took an in depth look
And the walls came crumbling down as they would bask
In the sunlamp light of love wearing a smiling mask
It seemed this mislead being, I came to the conclusion
You've got to be hollow to follow a cool illusion
When your a tag along too long you become a vagabond
Singing an Elton John sad song
So I choose to be Ugly, regardless
Of what the people in the Pike wanted me to be
Cause it carries over when your spirit is never sober
You can't get off the ground like Super Grover
I see rappers with cash stacks, gats, and pimp hats
Wearing shiny matching outfits with the logo on their chain
Overweight to muscular, stripper, hustler
Marketing schemes with b-ball teams to street gangs
Where's the ref? This is WWF
An act, a charade they perform to get paid
But they're sure to keep their mouth Listerine clean
When they talk to Mean Gene on the television screen scene
In a small stream we splish splash and won't sustain whiplash!
While crowding into the main lane where many strain to gain fame
Shifting like a solar panel, changing with the Weather Channel
Hop in the train, but reach the last stop
And some become poltergeist (Nowhere to be seen)
That's why I trust only in Christ
I'm not trekking at the treadmill pace
Running mile after mile ending up in the same place
It's time to move over, leaving behind the grind
And the setbacks, I let tracks be my jet packs
Believe it or not, I'm walking on air
If I'm called weird and not cheered I don't care
I take flight (Take flight) I take flight (Alright)

The ship's finished!

"Let's hear it for the goods guys! " "Let's hear it for the bad guys! " [Boos and jeers]