

# My Window

Wax Tailor

In my window  
In my window  
In my window  
In my window

Yeah  
I put on my headphones as I plan to escape  
That's when I start to see sounds, understanding the shapes  
'Cause when life get's bananas in this planet of apes  
I'm in my window like the nosey old man in the drapes

Cut it out like an unwanted hand in the safe  
Through my blinds, every man glimpse and tamper with fate  
Tune the world out, shiftshape phantom of space  
Random thoughts on my canvas hold your orbit in place

In my window I keep it crack open just a little so the wind blow  
To carry me to places I ain't never been like Indo-nesia  
So at my leisure I can float above the leaning tower of Pisa  
Without a visa, with this procedure  
Rob from always on the run dot net is so bad and copy paste is a sin  
Wild out on instrumentals  
Summer down now  
Heavy mental take me away  
The calgon route  
Roam the mind of memories lost  
And saw my grandchild  
In a future window waiting for a moment like now

In my window  
In my window  
In my window  
In my window

I paint myself blacker  
Queen of Sheba  
African treasures  
My laughter a sax line  
Coltrane's Naima  
Paint the past and present  
Rapped in flatted sevenths  
On a blues scale stepping  
Stairway to heaven

See myself living my dreams with my eyes open  
Far from Gods hope and who never tries coping  
It only ties ropes into nooses  
Feeling useless when they high sloping  
Analyse scoping  
So when I

Dash to the window  
My pace the same tempo  
Of an old love song  
Strumming the pain of the banjo  
Potted plants and candles  
Peep and get cancelled

Willow trees weep on the streets  
And frame scandals

Then I start writing bars  
Lighting cigars of planet Mars  
Dumping ashes that look like falling stars  
While the chain that I'm wearing hangs over me  
Dips down to sun so when it hangs  
It's like a solar eclipse in my window

In my window  
In my window  
In my window  
In my window