

My Window

Wax Tailor

In my window
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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

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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

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