

# InSiDe

*by* Tim G. Young

dreaming in my cartoon life  
the car lifts its legs  
a hundred feet in the air  
while jet propulsion  
lifts me up and over  
all the pokes in front of me

i'm able to pop out from behind  
the wheel laughing like a banshee  
taking the corners at speeds  
beyond belief incredibly  
sharp turns  
hanging on my head  
where the hair used to be

locked in the locomotion  
dancing with little eva  
twisitng the night away  
hungry for the pizza  
in imported shoes  
with the laces on the side  
black and white  
no racial divide

shaking all night  
only to get away from  
the pressures of the day some  
left their imprints so deep  
inside a shattered soul

looking inside where the birds sleep

waiting to hear one little peep  
knowing the song lies ever so deep  
inside some rhyme  
i just can't keep from myself

and it's true it's so lonely out here  
out there where science  
touches the stars  
out here where a beat so bold  
can break  
into a vision even television  
can't lift to its lips and sell you  
for nineteen and ninety-five

no no it's a heartbreak  
an achy ache  
impossible to scratch or  
reach for the painkillers  
like the hours that will wither  
like the winter begins the shivers  
reaching for the hot water  
boiling like jack flash  
in the rocking pan  
in the heart of man

how clever when i find you  
melting inside your igloo  
wearing every blanket  
every garment grandmother ever sewed  
covering each and every toe  
and all the joy there was to know

but inside there lies the beauty  
the rapture and the cutie  
bubbling spicy in the mirror

like laughter called to duty  
cracking all over thin ice  
never allowed to repeat more than twice

living in the heartbreak hotel  
moving whiskey to the well  
sharing every trip  
that went to hell  
never mind the cat and the bell  
never looking to buy or sell  
only dipping into time  
which will someday tell  
the truth

