

Publicerad 2010-11-04 16:23 av Johan Lazer

### **Small-timer nebula**

nostalgic look took  
back rockstars bending over guitarrs  
in an explosion of light  
colors of nebula  
dying stars  
to the inner isles of sight  
ones colors revealed indeed  
as he stole the coke and smoked the dope  
staggering debts to dirty scales  
a little lady snitch and an o.d.  
three years down under the apex  
of what I dream and will to be  
you is a doctor that diagnose only what's on yer mind  
never taking care of real business  
going at it like a punk thinking  
"I'ma fucking smile"  
making 'em calm n' all that  
so they don't go rapidly, happily sniffing were ye once sat  
speed is time, running late  
luck used up, ran out of risks to insufflate  
grenades, goldchains and guns  
fencing goods in pawn shops, damn deal done  
harsh times and I'm a small timer  
perhaps be doing time but for now hash is some peace of mind  
go figure! born star, die a rhymer

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