

Cruising

Cruising on the mean streets through the
bad neighborhood
Searching for my god of choice that makes
it all feel good
Take the kiss that makes me well, what
could be the harm
Black and blue and yellow tracks running
up my arm
I know what's good I know what's right
but how to save the day
Searching for my god of choice, no map
to find my way
Soldiers born and soldiers die, no chance
to pick their war
Mother's pride and mother's cry, wounded
to the core
Fathers hide and fathers die and who's
to show the way
Cruising on the mean streets and you
know the boy will pay.

Terrence Michael Wall