

The 14th White Egret

Poker-faced demon
Who wasn't meant to appear
Sits atop a cloud

San Pablo Avenue Mustang

Cartwheels to the piers in our disco glam
Pink loft party fever, Oakland-Amsterdam
Some may say the light show blinds your mind
And dries it up in vain like Sonoma wine

He's posted at the door like a temple guard
Wasting nights in Berkeley since he lost his stars
Sucking grape icees on the boulevard
He said to me "survival never gets less hard"

This is why he left the girls at home
3AM in the driveway, he'll shut the door alone
If they wake up now, even then they wouldn't know
About the kerosene trail of midnight fires he stole

The first round of shots is on him
Riding in his blue mustang, Miss Gwendolyne
We'll break into the cargo port on shaking limbs
He'll kiss me on the crane and I'll fall from it again

Why would we bleed the throttle out till then
Take me 120 miles on 80, gentleman
He would ponder on his losses and hold me up instead
Cuz the rap game he played never won him Benjamins

His dream was to pop up on the radio
Possessing Soundcloud fantasizer afterglow
He clutched my frame tight, as if someday I'd know
He's the thunder on San Pablo and his verses, the roar

The eyes of the articulate Alameda stallion
Dripping with folk tales, haunting like carrion
His temptation was a glove that could lift me in the air
On the crane, he's aggressive, but you'd see me up there

Gwendolyn the mustang, you see how I'm too trusting
We may die tonight, or we might just get busted
The second round of shots is on him, he's so lusty
Twirling on the streets in Oakland-Amsterdam, fucking

I feel so alive, don't dare close your eyes
Tattoos guns write out the name of our gospel drive
Save the inclines, we're not too scared to die
We'll get to the top of Mount Oak-lympus tonight

We saw 14 white egrets pass the Richmond islands
Glossing through the air like the long bridge's nightmen
Do they hear his grand thunder, too?
Would they dance on the bar to it, like I do?