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Wanna Get Away

By Delta E Four © 2013

The only time I leave this prison, is only in my dreams,
being on the street, and not around these negative things.
I drift off to sleep, I run off and escape
and I don't need help, getting across barbwire gates.
I don't get cut up, and I don't cut my clothes,
it is pain free, and it starts when I doze.

I don't need no permission, from any of these guards
who get paid to babysit us, and talk about cars.

I lay on my bed, pray then I close my eyes
starting thinking about a wife, and I start to fantasize.
Want to make her happy, its hard behind the walls
when I can't touch her, but only give her phone calls.
At times when I dream good, my heart rate increase,
because I have visions, of being on the streets.

But on the other times, I toss and turn all night,
I sweat in my sleep, there's no happiness in sight.
most of my dreams are bad, could it be my demons?
the ones who chase me, everytime I'm dreaming.
If its hard to sleep, the music helps me meditate,
it sooths my soul and mind, and I leave people who hate.
At times I can't take it, wish I could sleep it off,
dream about things I know I can't have, which only pisses me off.
Don't need no type of cuff key, don't care what anyone say,
I do my own program and sleep when I wanna get away.