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Gimmie A Chance

Bydellae E Jones

no matter what I do, no matter what I say,
could make my bad rap, fade and go away.
I'm a nice guy, but my record speaks for itself,
everytime they see me, they run and yell for help.
say that's all I know how to do, is pull out a match,
get some gasoline, then watch firemen put out that.
They say "I'm a showboat," and I like to be seen,
I admit I was, when engine 2 pulled up to the scene.
Not knowing that me and my son, will soon be departed,
all because of that, damn fire I started.

no matter where I stay, no matter where I go,
I have to register as a arsonist, just to let you know.
I feel that's absurd! to get known by the police chief,
I paid my debt to the state, why add to my grief?
I'll be on parole, already got me on a leash
waiting for me to slip, but you won't get me
traveling to another state, leaving cali the hell alone,
because with 1 more strike, I won't be going home.
so despite my bad rap, I'll be something great,
not let anything stop me, not biting the bait.
"Hey it's the firebug, the Pyro, better watch that guy.
I'm no longer him, I've changed! just gimme a try."