



HOW NICE -- TO FEEL NOTHING, AND STILL GET FULL CREDIT FOR BEING ALIVE.

Pimping in my convos
 Bubbles in my champagne
 Let it be some jazz playing
 Top floor motel suite twisting my cigars
 Floor model TV with the VCR
 Got rubies in my damn chain
 Whip ain't got no gas tank
 But it still got wood grain
 Got your girl working for me
 Hit the strip and my bills paid
 That keep my bills paid
 Hit the strip and my bills paid
 Keep a n****bills paid
 She's working at the pyramid tonight

We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be.
 If you want to really hurt your parents, and you don't have the nerve to be gay, the least you can do is go into the arts. I'm not kidding. The arts are not a way to make a living. They are a very human way of making life more bearable. Practicing an art, no matter how well or badly, is a way to make your soul grow, for heaven's sake. Sing in the shower. Dance to the radio. Tell stories. Write a poem to a friend, even a lousy poem. Do it as well as you possible can. You will get an enormous reward. You will have created something.

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