

Not While I'm Around

Jamie Cullum

Uggh!
A pump A pump Wuh!
Come on!
Uggh!
Solo, I'm a soloist
on a solo list
All live, never on a floppy disk
Inka, inka, bottle of ink
Paintings of rebellion
Drawn up by the thoughts I think Yeah!
Come on!
The militant poet in once again, check it
It's set up like a deck of cards
They're sending us to early graves
For all the diamonds
They'll use a pair of clubs to beat the spades
With poetry I paint the pictures that hit
More like the murals that fit
Don't turn away
Get in front of it Brotha, did ya forget ya name?
Did ya lose it on the wall
Playin' tic-tac-toe? Yo, check the diagonal
Three brothers gone
Come on
Doesn't that make it three in a row? [Your anger is a gift]
Come on!
Uggh! Drop back!
Uggh!
Come on
Yeah
Uggh Brotha, did ya forget ya name?
Did ya lose it on the wall
Playin' tic-tac-toe? Yo, check the diagonal
Three million gone
Come on
'Cause ya know they're counting backwards to zero Environment
The environment exceeding on the level
Of our unconsciousness
For example
What does the billboard say
Come and play, come and play
Forget about the movement [Your anger is a gift] Yeeaaaahhhh!

Uggh!
Awww, bring that shit in!
Uggh!
Hey!Freedom... yea...
Freedom... yea right...
Freedom... yeeaaaahhh!
Freedom!
Yea!
Freedom!
Yea right!
Freedom!
Yea!
Freedom!
Yea!
Right!

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