

Writings From The Belly Of The Beast;

Pieces Of My Soul.

By A.D. McCoy

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PRISON IS . . .

Prison is like a fiery furnace
Where the mettle of a man's soul
Is either refined or consumed.
And the quality of a man's character
Determines the kind of "metal" he possesses.
Rare are there souls of platinum, gold, or even silver.
But tin, aluminum, and copper far outnumber iron and steel.
I myself am steel, steadily mixing with gold,
As I endeavor to be a better man than yesterday.
And if I don't make it,
It won't be because I didn't try . . .

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DEATH ROW

I got a homie on death row.
He was accused and convicted of a murder/robbery.
He's been on the row fifteen years.
The clock is now ticking and his time is running out.
Sometimes I think of how it would be if I were on death row.
How would I do my time there?
I would stay to myself for the most part.
I would do a lot of reading and a lot of working out.
Working out would seem futile because I'm condemned. A dead man walking.
I guess I'd just end up a physically fit corpse.
Would I let my teenage daughter come to see me?
Why not — I'm living in my last days.
But what would I tell her when she asks what went wrong?
Should I blame my ordeal on a racist so-called "justice" system?
Should I downplay my own role in my situation?
I do know that I wouldn't lie to her.
And when my number came up, and they asked me what I want for my last meal,
I would be like, "What?! You clowns are about to murder me, and you expect me
to have an appetite?! All right — bring me some gumbo, banana pudding,
and a cherry Coke."
And when the goon squad comes, led by a prison chaplain,
Administering last rites with total indifference in his eyes,
Would I take him seriously?
Should I repent?
And when they break out the shackles and chains,
Should I go out peacefully, or the "hard way"?
I would like to think that I'd go with my head up and my back straight.
And after I'm strapped down, with I.V.'s in my arms to pump poison into me,
Would I have any last words?
Should I say something funny like, "Kids, don't try this at home!"?
Should I say something venomous like, "Fuck all y'all! I'll see you all in hell!"?
Should I be Christiike and say, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what
they do."?
Would I back down and cry out, "I don't wanna die!"
Maybe my mouth would become so dry that it would become sealed shut,
And silence is all I could produce.
Yea, the homie's on death row, and all I can do for him is pray . . .

A.D. McCoy

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

My young homie got at me in the prison yard.
He approached with pep in his step.
"Say, Big Homie, today is my birthday — bless me!"
Customarily, prison birthdays are acknowledged and celebrated
By smoking weed and getting drunk on pruno.
But to hell with customs. I have had over ten birthdays in prison so far,
And I never felt like celebrating the lost years I can never get back!
My mother stopped giving me gifts when I turned 14.
She switched lessons on me,
Psychology in the place of poverty.
"You're too old for gifts now. You're almost a man.
It's time for you to start giving *me* gifts."
But I did have a "gift" for the young homie.
I told him to close his eyes and give me his hand.
He smiled and complied.
I reached into my waistband and produced a long, flat piece of sharpened steel,
A "bone crusher."
I placed it in his hand.
He opened his eyes and saw the knife in his hand.
His eyes got wider.
His smile melted into a deep frown.
His hand trembled.
I told him that this piece of steel could be his best friend in the pen
"Don't leave your cell without it!"
He stuttered something about it not being that serious.
He gave the "piece" back and walked away,
In search of his customary high. . .
Happy Birthday, young homie.

THE CONCRETE JUNGLE

In prison, ill will, hostility, fear, and hate comes abundantly cheap. Yet Love and Compassion is extremely expensive. It is a luxury that only very few can afford. And even then, one cannot and should not "splurge." Because Love and Compassion becomes the chink in a Man's armor. Especially in an environment where poison & flaming arrows fly constantly... Even as the prison sleeps, the mind stays active... it still spews volcanically. And the dark thoughts of the living feed the dark spirits that dwell loyally on prison grounds, as would sharks at a feeding frenzy!! This is the devil's stomping ground-- his "garden" where pus filled seeds are sown and the harvest is rich...

Love and Compassion is seen as a weakness, and in the same way a Wolf sees a fat, fluffy rabbit, it is targeted for consumption... God, however, also dwells in prison, but only by sincere invitation. Many embrace God & Religion as a situational crutch or shield in an attempt to be disqualified from the "politrix" of the food chain, when in reality, they are watched even more closely. And in this man-made contraption of stone & steel, it is the mentality that transforms such a place into a "Concrete Jungle."

Those that gossip, back bite, hate, betray, and stir up, though never confront, are likened unto the cowardly signifying monkey up in the tree, slinging shit and is congratulated by his kind for his handy work... and they are numerous. Moreso than the Lions, Tigers, Bears, and Gorillas. Why is this? It is because the Strong is shunned and feared and often becomes a trophy, safely tucked away in madness-inducing, high-tech dungeons... neutralized. And those Warriors who still manage to dwell among the main populace, they must navigate wisely... because the "signifiers", the "haters", are always on the lookout to sling more shit!!!

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I had a dream. Four hyenas who hadn't eaten in four days were hungry and desperate. They came across a full-grown Silverback Gorilla. He weighed four hundred and fifty pounds.

They sized him up. If taken down, he would make one hell of a meal for the hyenas. They knew, though, that just one blow from this massive primate would snap their backs in two. But if successful, they would get their ultimate grub on.

They looked at each other. Together, they have taken down full-grown zebras and wildebeest, and even a baby elephant weighing three hundred pounds. Hell, they were Super-Predators!

The four of them were enough to take down that Silverback---right?

They convinced themselves that they could do it. Hunger gave them heart, but not good sense.

The Silverback was lounging in a nest of leaves he made under a large tree. His belly was full and he was content. He knew the hyenas were there. Not only could he smell them, but the birds in the trees sounded the alarm.

He smiled to himself. The only real enemy the gorilla had was man.

Now, here comes these four stinking scavengers, out of bounds, in his domain, seeking to make a meal out of him???! What was the jungle coming to???!

The plan of the hyenas was to surround the Silverback and close in on him.

The jungle went silent. The hyenas got into position and moved in. They crept under the cover of the jungle foliage. They lost sight of the gorilla but knew where he lay.

They made it to the site of the gorilla's nest. He wasn't there.

He suddenly appeared behind the lead hyena. He charged with amazing speed. The lead hyena looked back. It was too late to react. The Silverback was on that hyena's stinking ass!

With one downward, crushing blow, the gorilla hit the hyena in the middle of his back. The hyena's back snapped loudly.

He yelped and hit the ground, bouncing. He started bleeding internally.

The other hyenas saw this and froze up.

The gorilla growled, piercing the highly sensitive ears of the hyenas.

He pounded his massive chest. It sounded like a bass drum being beaten rapidly.

The hyenas tucked their tails and ran off.

The gorilla dragged the now dead hyena to a clearing, where he knew other predators and scavengers would dine on him.

He lay back in the comfort of his nest, turned on his side, closed his eyes, and slept like a baby...

MARY HAD A LITTLE BOY

Mary had a little boy
Cute and cocoa brown
Her heart was filled with so much joy
Her tears would touch the ground
And everywhere that Mary went
The boy was sure to go
And every year that came and went
The boy was quick to grow.
One day the boy asked Mary,
"Mama, where's my Dad?"
Mary looked into his big brown eyes
Not hiding she was sad.
"My precious son, please be strong,
Your Daddy ran away
And I do not know where he is
Even to this day."
The boy grew up without a man
To show him how to be
He found a gang to call his own
Extended family.
One day Mary got a call
From her son in county jail.
"Mama, they say I killed two men.
And will not give me bail!"
Mary's heart was torn apart
Her dear, sweet son was through.
She cried and prayed and prayed and cried
For this was all she could do.
She took the stand on his behalf
And pleaded with the court
"Please give me back my precious son."
But his trial was quick and short.
Convicted and given double life
Another soul goes to the pen
Doomed to dwell in a living hell
Surrounded by treacherous men.
Mary came to visit her son one day
And saw he had a black eye
He said he got it playing basketball
But she knew this was a lie.
One night he got into a fight
With a cellmate big and strong
He tried to rape Mary's boy
But Mary's boy held on.

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As time went by, Mary's son
Developed a heart stone cold
He kept his back against the wall
With eyes so fierce and bold
He established a reputation
For skill at hand to hand
And in times of strife, with fists or knife
He was quick to take off on a man.
Mary noticed this change in her son
Through visits and letters he wrote
It hurt her heart to see her son
So hardened and remote.
One day Mary went to church
And asked the congregation for their prayers
Her son was in prison, a troubled soul
And his trial was so wrong and unfair.
After church she met a beautiful girl
With dimples and sparkling eyes
She told Mary her father was an attorney
Highly respected, successful, and wise.
Her name was Karen, a student of law
And was touched by what Mary revealed.
"I will get my father to help your son,
He's known best for his work on appeals."
Mary told her son the good news
She was happy, but he had his doubts
"Why would someone come to our aid,
We have no money and carry no clout?"
"My son, God is the Master of all things,
And faith is the only clout we need.
He sent Karen and her father to us,
Read the signs, dear son, and take heed!"
Mary brought Karen to visit one day
And it was true love at first sight
Mary's son and Karen talked and laughed
And Mary cried tears of delight.
How long had it been since she saw her son smile?
It seemed so far away in time and space
"But now, just look at my beautiful son
With such a dazzling smile on his face!"
Karen and her father worked hard on his case
And found the key witness had lied
Mary's son was somewhere else
When those two men had brutally died.
Mary's son was finally freed
With his faith in God renewed

And he wasn't bitter, just relieved
That his hell was finally subdued.
He married Karen, they had a big wedding
And had two kids of their own
Mary's joy is now complete
With grandbabies and her son back home . . .

HANDS

I look at my hands — strong hands
A man's hands
Hands with history
They have pulled triggers, wielded knives
And bats and bumper jacks
They have removed stitches from my own body
They have carried caskets belonging to loved ones
And homies
They have busted up concrete
While slinging a sledgehammer
Like Big John Henry
On a construction job
They have held dumbbells and barbells
To help build my muscles
Into a mass of physical power
They have carefully held and burped babies
And changed diapers
They have tenderly held and explored
The body of woman
In the name of Black Passion
They have even brought me pleasure — solo
On lonely prison nights
They have saved my life a few times
When they didn't fail me in urban battles
They have cradled the head of a dying comrade
With a fatal chest wound — R.I.P.
They have shaken the hand of Jim Jones himself
As my grandmother was a member of People's Temple
They have prepared delicious meals
They have turned all the pages of the Bible
And Qu'ran, and hundreds of other books
For my mental and spiritual digestion
Even now, they write and aid me
In composing words to convey my thoughts
I love my hands
Even though they have gotten me into trouble
A number of times
People take ~~hands~~ hands for granted
Imagine what life would be without them
Hands have touched eyes and made the blind see
They have touched bodies and healed afflictions
The laying of hands
A mother says, "Wash your hands!"
The jacker says, "Hand it over!"

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The hooker says, "Hand me the money first!"
The cops say, "Hand me your driver's license — slowly!"
Or "Show me some hands, stupid!"
Or "Hands on top of your head — now!"
And just like words
Hands can build up or tear down
They can hurt or heal
They can cut deep or stitch up
When I look at my hands
I see joy and pain
But also, I see enormous potential . . .

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SCARS

I have a scar on my left bicep.
It came from a jealous girlfriend
She stuck me with a pocket knife

I have a scar on the top of my head
It came from my own sister
We had an argument one day and she grabbed a big knife from the
kitchen drawer
And chased me with it
I slipped and fell
She struck me on top of my head
And I bled immediately — five stitches.

I also have a long scar on the back of my leg.
It came from my baby's mama
She mistakenly believed I was cheating on her
She threatened to cut my nuts off
I called her bluff and turned my back on her — silly me
She cut me with the same straight razor
I had given her for her 18th birthday
She had a lot of gangsta in her
That was part of my attraction to her
I ended up with 12 stitches
We made hot, passionate love that night
I believe that was the night she became my baby's mama

Scars are yet another way to document personal history
I have scars on my knees and elbows
From crashing big wheels and skateboards
I have a small scar on my back from being whooped with an extension cord
Or, in Ebonics, a "stention cord"
I got caught stealing at Safeway when I was 8.
The police brought me home
Mama tore my ass up!
I also have a scar over my right eye
It documents my first encounter with
"The Element of Surprise"
I was in the 10th grade
Some brotha sold me a bunk joint
I threatened to kick his ass after school
He didn't wait.
When the bell rang, he got up,
Walked past my desk

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Then turned in a blur and commenced to lobbing lefts and rights straight to
my dome

I got up and started swinging in response

But it became hard to fight with stinging blood in my eye.

The nigga got the best of me,

Plus left me with a scar to remember it by — damn!

UNCLE EARL

I saw my Uncle Earl cut a man's throat
From ear to ear with a hook knife.
I was ten years old.
I always knew Uncle Earl to be a peaceful, kind and loving man.
We were at a barbecue
Al Green's "Let's stay Together" was blaring
On the hi-fi. The adults were dancing,
Finger-popping, and drinking.
Us kids were being kids,
Laughing at how the grownups danced,
Running around with greasy fingers and faces,
Sneaking sips out of neglected beer cans.
Mr. Willie was drunk
And propositioning most of the women there,
Many of whom were married or attached.
I guess Mr. Willie got tired, maybe even angry,
At continually being rejected.
He propositioned my Aunt Mae Mae,
Uncle Earl's wife.
She "screamed" on him.
She verbally assaulted him with a hot and bitter tongue.
He hauled off and slapped her wig crooked.
Uncle Earl saw what happened
He rushed up behind Mr. Willie,
Put his left hand on Mr. Willie's forehead and
Brought the hook knife up and firmly across Mr. Willie's neck with his right hand.
I never saw so much blood come out of a person.
Mr. Willie grabbed his neck in a futile attempt to stop the blood flow.
It just seeped through his fingers.
Mr. Willie didn't die. His being so drunk
Kept him from panicking or going into shock.
They got him to the hospital where he got a lot of stitches
The police came, but he didn't press charges
He knew he was wrong
Uncle Earl is still a peaceful, kind and loving man
But then, every man has his limits.

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A COLD THANG

What does it take for a man to kill his own brother?
I once witnessed a sibling rivalry turn deadly between two brothers.
It was a cold scene.
The younger brother owed the older brother a hundred dollars.
The older brother dissed him at a dice game, under a streetlight, at 2 a.m.,
In front of everybody.
The older brother slapped the younger brother — Pow!
It sounded off and echoed throughout the projects.
Everyone responded with oohs and aahs.
The younger brother reached into his pocket
And pulled out a .380.
Everyone scattered.
The younger brother screamed,
"Nigga, I ain't no punk!"
He pointed the gun at his brother's chest
And fired four times — Pak Pak Pak Pak
The older brother stumbled back, then fell.
He got back up quickly and yelled to his younger brother,
"Nigga, you cain't kill me!"
He fell again.
This time he didn't get back up.
He coughed up blood.
He took one deep breath, then exhaled for the last time. He died.
Everyone was in shock.
The younger brother gazed at his now dead brother lying on the cold concrete,
In his own blood.
The younger brother had no expression on his face.
He dropped the gun.
Through the crowd, a pregnant sista appeared.
She saw her baby's daddy on the ground, lifeless.
She ran to him, screaming.
She got down and cradled him.
She told him to wake up.
She pleaded with him through tear-filled eyes.
She shook him — no response.
She looked down at her pregnant belly.
It was stained with his blood.
She reached hysteria.
She slapped him, commanding him to wake up.
She had to be pulled off him.
The younger brother was a juvenile, so he didn't do much time.
The baby was born. It was a boy.
He's a junior, with no daddy . . .
A cold thang.

PAC AND BIGGIE

When Tupac died, I didn't cry, but I did feel a great pain in my heart
That brotha was truly a rare breed,
A chosen seed
He put "THUG LIFE" on the map —
Worldwide
Who could fade him lyrically?
He did more than rap — he chanted
But unfortunately, he caught the attention of those dark spirits
That roam the earth seeking to devour
Seeking to destroy
There is a flip side to this rap game
Words are instruments of power
They can build up or tear down
They can call on angels or demons
They can create fire or ice
They can establish strength or weakness
The dark spirits tried to take him
The first time he got shot
But the angels wasn't havin' it
They wrapped around Pac and took the bite out of those bullets
I believe Pac knew death was coming
"Bury me a G," "Is there a heaven for G's?"
"Hail Mary"
Biggie wasn't no joke either . . .
"Ready to Die" — "Life After Death"
He too was a shining star
We had the prince of the West Coast
And the prince of the East
And it's a trip how they both died
The same way
In a vehicle, on the passenger side,
Catching bullets. . .
In my mind, I can see Tupac greeting Biggie at the crossroads
They forgive. They embrace.
They lounge in that "Heaven for G's"
Playing dominoes, kickin' game,
Surrounded by beautiful, winged sistas
Who hand feed them the most
Exotic of heavenly fruits . . .

A.D. McCoy

ONE MO' CHANCE

Do gangstas believe in God?
Only when they got to
Laid out on the cold concrete
After, "Who shot you?"
A serious prayer, you call out
To the Most High
Heavenly father, dear Lord
Don't let me die
I'm just tryin' to live my life
The best way I can
And Lord, you know it's kinda hard
For a Black man
Struggles, strife, enemies
Guns, dope, and knife
Sometimes, like Job,
I wanna curse my own life
Life ain't fair, I know
I have to live it
And in a world of despair
Sometimes, I have to give it
Dog eat dog, rat race
Get tha cheese
Because only when I get mine
My mind's at ease
Is it a sin to wanna be rich?
Capital gains?
Broke life can be a real bitch
Like blown brains
I was born, lived a bit,
Then died — what's the point?
Is it any wonder
Why brothas be smokin' joints?
Self-medicated and hated
Because I wanna rise
Never bitin' when they smile
But lookin' deep in their eyes
Show me the truth
Friend or foe, life or death
Do you really want to see me win,
Or take my breath?
Give me a Thug hug
Back up, watch for the slug
Like a kiss from Judas
Straight to the mug

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Mama, why'd you have me
If you knew it would be like this?
Seems like God looks at us
And gets pissed!
But it gots to be a better way
Brighter day
Give me one mo' chance
Go back and see what the Bible say . . .

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SAY HATER

Say Hater, don't hate the player
Don't even hate The Game.
Hate yourself for being a hater
Maybe that's your problem.
You're so filled with self-hatred,
You just love to hate
Hatin' makes you happy
You drink from a bitter cup
You are drunk on Haterade . . .

Say hater, don't smile in my face
And then talk shit behind my back
Not only are you a Hater, You're a coward, too!
I was taught that you should never
Say anything behind a person's back
You can't say to their face.
And don't act like we cool
And you got madd love for me
When the only thing you love is hatred.
You eat from a plate of ill will, you suck the bone dry

Say Hater, don't worry about where I got
My sound system or what my car cost
Or where I get my gear
Or how many diamonds are in my Rolex
Or where I lay my head
Or who I take to bed
Or who be jockin' me
Or what's my pedigree
Or if I'm worthy or not
Or how I keep the girls hot
Or how many spokes
Or how I got my yokes
You need to be worrying
About your own damn business

Say Hater, did you know that
Hatred poisons the soul?
It even defiles the flesh.
It blinds in a way where
Your eyes can only see the
Green of jealousy.
You covet,
You envy,

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You are polluted.
You are the proverbial "crab in the bucket"
You hate another's rise
But love his fall
This brings you joy.
But what about when you fall?
Surely, your dark day will come
Whatever you give is what you receive
Believe dat!!

"I AM"

I am a Man
Who knows Joy and Pain
and have learned to
be thankful for them both...

I am a Man
Who knows now that even
when life seems its ugliest,
the radiant beauty of Hope
can always shine through...

I am a Man who knows that Love and Compassion,
although given without cost,
should always be treated with careful hands
and a righteous Spirit...

I am a Man
who now longs to connect
with that "Special Someone",
To build and create with
To feel and be felt by,
To wrap my very Soul around Hers
and know her in the deepest of ways,
To sit down at the table of Solidarity
and dine on the sweetest fruits
of a strong and productive connection..

I am, Waiting.

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GOD'S GIFT

You came to me like a refreshingly cool drink
of water straight from Heaven.
Sweet, Satisfying and Invigorating...

And I was like a man stranded in the middle of the blazing Saharan desert.
The ravenous vultures of despair were circling overhead, waiting on me to
succumb to the weight of my own unfortunate circumstance. They were
screeching and taunting and laughing and waiting...

You came at a time when my Spirit, although very strong and determined, was
at the brink of surrender. I was ready to give up on LOVE like a man plowing
the field for "centuries" without bearing any fruit...

You came bearing your own fruit and invited me to dine with you. And with
just one bite, I instantly knew that I'd never find "nectar" as sweet as
yours. Suddenly, I became the **First Man** and you the **First Woman**, and all that
mattered in The Universe was **US...**

I strongly believe that God favors The Woman. Through Her, nations are born.
She nurtures and feeds the conscience of Mankind. She brings out the best in
a man. And as a MAN who is aware of all four corners of his own Humanity, I
shall always treasure and appreciate her more for her Spirit than her flesh.
But her flesh I also cherish as a tangible Gift from The Hand of God Himself.
And if God made anything better than Woman, then He kept it all for
Himself...

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" JUST FOR ME "


We just met, over a chance,
no club, no party, no dance.
I tossed a piece of my heart,
over this prison wall and she caught it.
and now, I find myself smiling often....
I find myself wondering "what is she doing
at this exact moment?" Is she sleeping okay?"
" Is she staying safe out there?" "does she think
of me as often as I think of her?"
I have yet to hold her hand and kiss her fingers,
and feel her warmth next to mine.
But I have already felt the strength of her spirit,
Her beauty is beyond mere physicality,
Her beauty shines bright from her soul,
radiating outwardly, just as the sun,
93 million miles away,
reaches out and touches the earth.
Her love IS the sun,
Her love gives life
and now, without her love,
my heart may freeze
and become just a block of ice in my chest!
I now see that God made her just for me....

From:

King to Queen

Me & You

ALL ABOUT YOU

A.D. McCoy 

Baby Girl,
Saying "sorry" for not being there,
Can never be enough,
But God knows I truly am...
You were only a year and a half
When I entered
The Belly of the Beast.
I was only 21,
And now you are 20...

Black tragedies are commonplace,
And sadly, even expected,
But if there truly
Is a God,
Then I know that
What we endure
Will not be all in vain...

We both had to swim
In the ice cold waters
Of Struggle and Pain.
You were basically on your own,
From birth.
Your mother,
Gave her power to drugs...
Maybe they comforted her,
Maybe they allowed her
To escape the harsh realities
Of "Hood Life",
If only temporarily...
And I wasn't there,
To drag her to rehab,
If I had to---
No other man has...

I realize now, more than ever,
That leaving you,
Caused a bad chain reaction.
I was the Strong Shoulder,
I was that Steel Door,
I was the dude, whose duty it was
To chase away all
The bad dreams,
And monsters, and loneliness....

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My absence left a vacuum,
A "black hole" in your own space and time,
A hole in your soul,
That you sought to fill,
In the crushing arms,
Of The Street...

My agony is justifiably compounded,
Yet so are my prayers.
And although we have yet
To make fond memories together,
Which I hope we soon will,
Just know that you have in me,
At least one true and sincere man
On this planet,
Who loves you
Stronger than the Blazing Sun...

But I also know,
That simply loving you
May not be enough.
All I ask, is that you never give up,
And never see yourself
As less than a Queen.
And never give your "Power" away.
Keep it close and hold it tightly,
Because at the end of the day,
Baby Girl, it's all about YOU...

WINTER'S MORE

Winter is the coldest season of the year.
It is a time when Jack Frost
becomes Friend and Foe
From December to February...

For some, it's a beautiful time filled with
snowfalls outside the window
while logs in the fireplace
crackles with Romanticism and warmth and safety...

It's a time for building snowmen
and lobbing snowballs
and cheerfully making angels in the snow,
as Grandma looks on while sipping spiked egg nog...

It's a time when in the "spirit"
of serious competition, otherwise friendly neighbors
wage decoration wars,
trying to outdo each others' previous Christmas decorations,
even when it means less presents for the children,
and higher electric bills...

It's a most joyous time for Retailers,
especially those electronics-pushers
who sell iPods, Xboxes,
and fancy phones like crack...

Yet on the flip side,
Winter is also a time when
the less fortunate are forced
to wage war on the Elements...

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The new face of the homeless and have-less
includes entire families.

One iPod can then buy
warm coats for shivering babies
living in the frigid car with jobless mom and/or dad...
even good people have bad breaks.

The bone-chilling embrace of Mr. Frost
cares little about pride and dignity
when there are mouths to feed,
and a long line at an open soup kitchen...

Winter is also the most honest season of the year in that
it clearly separates the "haves" from the "have nots".

When some can winter in Aspen,
or the Tropics without batting an eye,
others must weather the storm
by any means necessary.

Some are forced into "survivor-mode"
while others can easily splurge
with gluttonous abandon...

And as the "gulf" between the fortunate and unfortunate
continues to rapidly expand,
they both still share exactly the same prayer...

"Please, God, more..."

By A.D. McCoy

I WILL LOVE YOU (TILL I DIE)

LYRICS

It's amazing how we came across
We both had to deal with pain and loss
From family life, to a crazy world
I the was the angry boy, you the troubled girl
But somehow we found each other, babe
Wow it's all better, for each other, babe
And for the first time I feel the sun.

CHORUS

I used to laugh at love
I called love a joke
I took jabs at love
Burned it up in smoke
I used to shake my fist at love
Challenged it to a fight
What the hell was I thinking of
Now I see the light!
Now that I have you in my life
I will love you till I die
Now that I have you in my life
I will love you till I die

LYRICS

I watch you sleep so peacefully
Like you have no cares at all
I love how you breathe on me
I continually fall
Deeper in love with you
I wish I found you sooner
But I know, "all things in time"
You're like a 10-carat diamond, babe
Such a rare find, such a rare find.

I BLAME YOU

LYRICS

Who do I blame
For taking my heart in this new direction
For giving me a new perspective?
My eyes fall upon you
And who can I tell my deepest secret
Knowing that they'll always keep it?
My eyes fall upon you
And who took the time to truly know me
Shared with me and never said : "You owe me"?
I can't take my eyes off you.

CHORUS

I blame you - for giving me a love I've never known
I blame you - for keeping me true and strong
I blame you - for shining thru the darkness like the sun
I blame you - and for me, you are the only one.

LYRICS

Who do I point the finger at
Who judges me not, whether skinny or fat?
My eyes fall upon you
And who believes in me and cheers me on
Can make me laugh when I'm weak or strong?
My eyes fall upon you
And who takes me to that special place
To a Loveland without time and space?
My eyes are only for you

CHORUS

I blame you - for giving me a love I've never known
I blame you - for keeping me true and strong
I blame you - for shining thru the darkness like the sun
I blame you - and for me, you are the only one.

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"Look what you made me do"

LYRICS

Girl, you got your hooks in me
I can only think of you
I think you put a spell on me
Didn't know you knew voodoo
Can't stay away from you too long
When I do it hurts
No matter, you can do no wrong
I'll be your new convert
Ran out of gas 'cause I gave you my last
But we got each other
Boss got mad, wants to fire my ass
But we'll have each other

HOOK/CHORUS

I gave you all my money with a stupid grin
Look what you made me do!
Don't care what my mama say or my friends
Look what you made me do!
I put rims on your Benz and iced you out
Look what you made me do!
Now I got bad credit 'cause I'm all maxed out
Look what you made me do!
I think I need a witch doctor
I think I need a witch doctor
I think I need a witch doctor
To break this crazy spell!

LYRICS

I just called to say I love you
For the nineteenth time!
You are my bright light in this world
So glad your mine
When we met all I wanted was love
I just wanted to play
And after the night that we made love
I just wanted to stay
Woke up to a crystal under my pillow

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FINALLY HOME

Her heart hurts so bad
It's hard for her to breathe
The best love she ever had
Had to leave, had to leave
Hard to find work, for this honest man
Either join the street or Uncle Sam
With tear-filled eyes, she understands
That her man has to be a man

Every day she prays like never before
"Please God, bring him safely home".
She often dreams of his return from war
"My love, I'm finally home".
So far away in a foreign land
She disagrees but she supports him
They communicate through the internet
But still she longs to hold him....

Communication stops, she makes frantic calls
And watches CNN all day
Friends and family have encouraging words
But really, what can they say?
Can't eat, can't sleep, can barely breathe
The not knowing can be the worse
Through her deep pain, wisdom she gains:
Loving so hard can be a curse....

A firm knock on the door one day
Sends chills up her spine
Right then and there she prayed,
"Please God just stop all time!"
Her steps are slow on shaky legs
But she found courage and opened the door
Her heart was pounding but she could clearly see
That she got what she was praying for
With a cry of relief, she fell into his arms
She knew now she wasn't alone
He kissed her tears, and stroked her hair
And said: "Baby, I'm finally home".