

Bronx Poem

Dion

I was born in the Bronx on a strong day
I guess you can say
The beat in the street, the streetcar sound
The singin' in the moonlight, the pure light
The harmony's tight
Informed we can fight
We got heart
And for [unintelligible]Yo, when I'm inside a song
I'm strong, I can't go wrong, It's where I belongCome along, it's good, it's bad
Who said it was perfect
Only God is perfect
Only God is good
Man he blessed me beyond my wildest dreams
I can sing from the highest mountain
I can sing from the highest rooftop
I'm talkin' life, I'm talkin' beauty
Truth, love, hate, scammin', lyin', dyin'
Yo, life is hardBut life is the art
It's better to be clean than to be cluttered
Clean of soul, that isMy God is the Creator, not a dictator,
He's the life-giving lover,
My father, no other, my brother, my best friend
Never lied to me, even died for meLife is good
We're talkin' you
We're talkin' sweet Sue
We're talkin' virtue
We're talkin' faith, hope, love, wisdom,
Courage, honesty, patience
Then there's blue skies,
There's miracles
There's families and babies and crazies
Changes you won't believe
I got aces up my sleeveAnd God keeps blessin' me
In spite of me
He's the best
If I didn't know me I'd be impressed.I don't wanna underestimate what He can do in my life
He brought me you in my life
He brought me through all this strife
Everybody here, we've been through it all
Real joy, closeness, distance, journey, the ups, the downs
The issues, the tissues, the drugs, the thugs, the drinkin', the stinkin' thinkin',
Throw up, grow upTears, fears, torn, mourn, reborn

Yo! Hallelujah! I've never been the same, took away my shame
I used to play the blame game
How lame
Man I got a wife who drives me sane Here I am authentic, genuine, a truth-teller, no bullshit
Don't have a fit,
God's on his throne
He's in control Heroes, villains, king, queens, saints, sinners,
James Dean, Norma Jean, mmm vanilla ice cream
Elvis, Buddy, Hank
Honky-tonk blues guitars, cars, bars Yo! Stand proud, rock around, do-wop, be-bop, rock-and-
roll, good for the soul
The Yankees, JFK, I did it my way, rock and roll is here to stay
Ain't that the truth Martin Luther king, say what you mean, mean what you say, but don't be
mean
I have a dream, he paid his dues, king of the delta blues
Elvis Aaron Presley played that thing, rock and roll king, I ride with the King of kings
He brought me through, thanks to you, and you and you.
Man I'm glad we've got each other, that's where it's at, no doubt about that, With great love and
affection
The kid from the Bronx
Rave on.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>