

Scuffed

I'm a little scuffed, from a lot of things
A little hoarse from the high notes that I've been trying to sing

But like a new mitt yet to be worn or a pair of kicks to hit the
streets

You need scuffs, like a winner needs to know defeat

You need to get broken down, so that you can get broken in
because all that breaking builds character so that a new you can
begin.

Then scuffs form and you feel this new perspective. A new you is
born and given a new directive.

To stick it out, to stay the course, to keep things together,
to appreciate the storm like you would sunny weather.

Scuffs don't sound like boos or look like scars
No, they look beautiful and feel like long waited applause

They're like a play button when life is stuck in pause
Like a badge worn proudly for a particular cause
Like a trophy in the attic that you're proud to have won
Like a license plate showing how far you that have come

So Yes...I am a little scuffed, from a lot of things
A little hoarse from the high notes that I've been trying to sing
But I'm glad I've sang sad songs because now I'm on pitch
I'm glad that I manned up when life seemed like a bitch
I'm glad that life's curveballs didn't make me return my mit
I'm glad that my blisters didn't make me return my kicks

Because now I'm striding instead of tripping
Now I'm catching instead of missing
Now I'm a lot stronger, a lot more buff, from lifting these
weights of my shoulders.

Because those scuffs gave me strength, gave me a reason for
moving forward.

And as I look back when things were still at their start
I'm now glad I was scuffed because those scuffs helped me leave
my mark

Like the Wind

VERSE#1

Things just ain't the same
Tears fallin', everyday has rain
'Cuz you're the one that I love but the one bringing me pain

The words we're sharing,
Selfish sure, no signs of caring
Stuck dealing with feelings that leave my smiling face
barren

I'm less the lover
'cuz of this and more the fighter
A sad story mad to say that I'm the co-writer

What happened to we?
Forget you, all the woe's with me
This kiss meant for bliss is now for goodbye's because see

CHORUS:

You're gone, like the wind. Up and gone, like the wind
An overcast on our sunny past and man it's a sin

You're gone, like the wind. Up and gone, like the wind
You ran in a race you never wanted to begin.

VERSE#2

'Til death do us part
Means nothing when you're torn from the start
Your haste made waste throwing me out like I was a dart

Our table for two
Now for one. A sad fact but true
The reality check served to me by an affair from you

Look, love ain't a game, yo
Can't you see? It's not tic tac toe
Just because you're my ex doesn't mean I gotta owe

And so much for family
Picture frames, left only with me
A thousand words now unheard because you had to be

CHORUS:

Gone, like the wind. Up and gone, like the wind
An overcast on a sunny past and man it's a sin
You're gone, like the wind. Up and gone, like the wind
You ran in a race you never wanted to begin.

REFRAIN:

I'm emotionally broke and deserve a big refund
From all those wishing wells where I begged for better days
to come
But I ain't your dog any more, so, stop acting like my flea
Enjoy sucking the life out of someone else , because baby

FINALE:

I'm gone like the wind, up and gone like the wind
The overcast has now past and my life is ready to begin
Because I'm gone like the wind, up and gone like the wind
I finished that race you never wanted to begin
So be gone like the wind
Be gone like the wind
'Cuz I moved on...like

The Freaks of 5am

It's 5am in the city that never sleeps. Restlessness is the green light that directs me and the masses amidst these empty streets.

As we descend into the underground, caffeine leading our way whether for work or play, aboard the empty four train that's headed downtown.

And from what I gather, with my squinted tunnel vision, it seems like a bad high school reunion has suddenly arisen.

There's an overweight guy, headed to the gym, to work on his biceps and trim numbers off his chin. And next to him, an underweight model, who probably gets laid on the first date and parties every night full throttle. And it's not a surprise that this same model is proudly satisfying her eating disorder with a handful of fries from good ol' McDonalds.

And as I step outside the terminal, I see hard hats giving each other daps, working on building their rapport rather than the construction floor, which seems far from vertical. I also see a doctor heading home to enjoy some time off his feet, maybe a warm shower but definitely some much-needed sleep. Then a homeless man passes my way, subletting yet another street, hoping to make it through today.

And though most eyes are at rest at this time, this city remains awake, the world's eternal insomniac, supervising the daily grind. And as I arrive at my destination, I realize the value behind all of this early morning frustration. Sure, we all may feel a little bleak to be up at this hour yet again, but our quest to success empowers us, the freaks, who bring light to these streets, marching proudly, whether silent or loudly, at the hour of 5am.

I am

I am alive!
I am a person with dreams
I am pursuing life's most idolized profession
I am an actor

I am insecure at times
I am doubtful about the future
I am worried about my headshots
I am an actor

I am not my part time job
I am actually a college graduate
I am sorry I told my parents that I did nude art modeling
I am an actor

I am sometimes jealous of my normal friends' lives
I am weary that I don't have health insurance
I am seriously tired of getting new freaking headshots
I am an actor

I am wondering if this is really what I'm meant to do
I am just having a moment, ok?
I am not really going to give up
I am an actor

I am going to fake a smile
I am going to market myself properly
I am going to quit my part time jobs one day... especially
the nude art modeling
I am an actor

I am going to make my family proud
I am going to make a significant difference
I am going to find my way
Because I am an actor.