

TMA COOL (allen kitselman)

One bedroom apartment, in the heart of the projects

Five brothers and sisters and your Mama called home

I was born in the suburbs, a skinny little white boy

And it was a long way from Patterson to Morristown

Where are you today TMA? Has the world carried you away?

Did the concrete and the chain link keep you down or did you find an opening and get away?

Johnson's War on Poverty made little soldiers out of you and me

And we fought like brothers over everything we found

You got to visit our suburban bliss and got to ask how people live like this

And it was still a long way from Patterson to Morristown

CH + break

*Did you keep yourself out of trouble?*

*Did you wind up liking girls?*

*Terry did the program deliver?*

*Did you take a deep breath and dive into the world?*

Wish I had myself a time machine; I'd go back to 68 just you and me

Don't know what I'd say I'd just like to see you again

But the distance deep and the years are long

Project Fresh Air is long since gone

And it's still a long way from Patterson to Morristown

CH