

Kahn Davison

Air Guitar

Nothing makes sense about
A nineteen year-old black kid
Finding fantasy in a bedroom mirror
Pressing wind into make-believe sound

A nineteen year-old black kid
Hiding from hood and homeboys
Baggy jeans and Jordans
An Ice-Cube bandanna tight

Hiding from hood and homeboys
He turns his disc-man from high to heavy
Takes foxy lady down, than back up
One hops it across a tired rug

He turns his disc-man from high to heavy
Locks the door to guard his daydream
Shuts his eyes until he sees the stage
Grips the strat like it's his woman's tit

Locks the door to guard his daydream
This is before guitar hero, rockband
When shoe contracts and BET
Told black boys who their heroes were.

Before guitar hero, rockband When
Playing a guitar wasn't about scoring points
When the weight of stereotypes and confusion made
Guitars too heavy for most black boys to play.