

Narrator Side

Narrator: Half the time he didn't know what the fuck Mr. Franklin was talking about. But that was cool cuz Franklin's words would just wash over him like a Bach fugue creeping out of a cheap car stereo, on the brother side of midnight. You know how when the music goes right over your head and straight into that part of you which is most beautiful? I mean when your mind can't grasp the music's math and your heartbeat has no clue, your pilgrim soul just follows the melody's path, looks back and says I wanna thank you, brother...thank you for this fugue. And it just is and is and is so much that whether you get it or not—it's got.