

# Exodus Of Left

## Agents of Good Roots

She come, she come  
Music stems from the eyes and ears of me  
He run, he run  
He sucked the life from his bone and he swore to me  
She come, she come  
(A puff of) her pain a joy for every sigh  
He run, he run  
Time to find a new reality

Don't you see her  
There in color?  
Can't you touch her  
Like another?

Courtney comes in two degrees  
You bring flowers you hope she needs  
But roses ain't no remedy  
When masterpiece turns to misery  
Does she come, does she come?

He's running a race now  
Don't you see the porridge in the pot?  
He's stuck on his face now  
Don't you see the teacup in the black?  
A bird is sitting in the window  
Burns a spoon and clicks off at the top  
Don't smell the breeze as the wind blows  
Shoots the vein that kills the brain

Don't you see her  
There in color  
Can't you touch her  
Like another

Courtney comes in two degrees  
You bring flowers you hope she needs  
But roses ain't no remedy  
When masterpiece turns to misery  
Does she come?, does she come?

Don't you see her?  
Don't you even see?  
Don't you need her?  
Don't he look like me?  
I can't see her  
I can't even see  
I don't need her  
You just stop  
Exodus of left

Don't you see her  
There in color  
Can't you touch her  
Like another