

Residue

Benjamin Clementine

Fire in my Nubian eyes
Is everything spiritual
The calm of my rolling feet
Ain't nothing but a miracle
She's off again
Mud pod and rain
Little loneliness is due
Madness the residue for me and you
Love's duck again
Lies in her veins
Just tap or swipe and it's game
Gluttony ain't good
Sadness is food

Rolling
Rolling
Into the path of a woman
Into the path of a woman

Rage of my eccentric thoughts
Is practicing patience
Some day redemption will call
For black bastards renaissance
I'm back again
My pride and pain
Little promiscuous, it's true
Happiness is misconstrued
Oh boy, I'm screwed
Love's wide again, dies in the skin
Cha cha cha cha then it peels
Yeah she was fine
But sadness is wine

Rolling
I keep rolling
Into the path of a woman
Into the path of a woman

Rolling
I keep rolling
Into the path of

Every now and then I look
Beyond and above
But something keeps holding me
To ransoms of love

Every now and then I look
Beyond and above
But something keeps holding me
To ransoms of love

Rolling
Rolling
Into the path of a woman
Into the path of a woman

Said I keep rolling
I keep rolling
Into the path of a woman