

Get To Me

Benjamin Dakota Rogers

She was a wild fire and a desert storm
A gunshot with no time to mourn
And like that bullet she was lost and long gone to where I don'
t know

And I heard she hopped the bus to San Antonio
Spent all her money chasing ghosts
She keeps a picture in the right pocket of her coat
Of her father long long ago

And I loved her
And I'll miss her
And I want her

By the fire she waits at night
Frozen fingers on a rusty knife
She's got that hard old mean look in her eyes
Saying don't get too close

It's been 3 long years since she lost the baby
She still can't bring herself to leave this city
She cries herself to sleep all through the month of May
And almost every other time

She said I loved him
And I made him
And I want him

It's been a long day
And it's been a cold week
And it's been a hard year
And this life is starting to get to me
Get to me