

Great Fires

Billy Woods

It's a, fire truck on Christmas morning, fresh out the wrapping
paper

Catch-22, Catch-22

When I laugh miss you worse

Goin' through loud like Mexican dirt

Somethin' off, it's like it don't work

Sleep a steep fall, wake up like a stray dog

You wonder where she found the strength not to call

You're proud of her, you know what it costs

But, you would do anything at all, you would do anything at all

"Happy Holidays" strung cross Nostrand Ave

Even good news feel bad, I drink drinks fast, I paid cash

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It was fine 'til everybody left

But it was terrible before they did, like holdin' your breath

Fun at first

4:30AM, I'm in the kitchen with the stove turnt

I'm in my bag with the blunt burnt

Life laid across the table like crossword puzzle

The heart struggle, muscle memory made everything a hustle

White knuckle, black chuckle

Don't talk about love, It's a hell of a drug

I remember how she waited for me to say it

Breath bated, we was on the phone

I wish I could have waited inside that moment forever

Like a beat loop

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