

# Supermooned

Billy Woods

What's wrong with me doesn't matter and you can't do anything about it

What's wrong with me doesn't matter and you can't do anything about it

Out here in the pixels  
Is it ok or is it over?  
Is it ok or is it over?  
Is it ok or is it over?

Christmas Day

George Washington's heart a frozen river, boy  
Opps in the backwoods, slave teeth in the mouth when he say nigga  
Crescent silver hang over black dunes, jiggers of bitters and over po  
of

Black barrister, powdered wigs, cheeks rouged  
Everyone stood when the head nigga came in the room (You know what it  
is)

Your concurrence in the above is assumed  
She doesn't want to be in love but pulled me deeper like a supermoon  
(Supermoon)

In the dark, couldn't see her features

Her face betrayed nothing

Loyal to the end

Both of us light sleepers

Listening to the other's breath

Until we went again

If you're gonna cry, cry in the shower

And tell them who sent you

Unexpectedly started crying to the instrumental

A stack of African presidents to represent you

The walls of my residence a looping colored pencil

Fireplace glow, a shadow on the wall

A reticent stencil

From other worlds they came

To other worlds they returned

I stayed here through it all to watch the fire burn

She slipped away in the garden maze amidst the twists and turns

She called for me with a laugh, from where I couldn't discern

She called with a laugh

Principalities

Powers of another

I can't been seen

They can't find me

I'm an evacuee

Principalities

Powers of another

I can't been seen

They can't find me

I'm an evacuee

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Evacuee