

The Blues Remembers Everything the Country Forgot

Billy Woods

Are these your dreams? Or violent memories?
I have to wake from selectively
Knowing your path can't be redeemed?
And there's red everywhere I spy
Resign my life to weight untied
Know I'll be draggin' if I try
And set my feet past where they occupy
All day I travel these ruins
And set my feet in pools brewing
Running to a target moving
But, ooh, I just keep walkin' through it
Ooh, I just keep walkin' to it
Ooh, and they just keep the target moving

The blues remembers everything the country forgot
Bloodstain, sweat, slip-knot
Stop with cold chain
More often than not
The gaze the same
Terror, terrain
Christ in your organs, clot from the brain
The blues remembers everything the country forgot
Hands in the rot
Slots in the swat
Lynch swingin' on the block
There goes the neighborhood
Here comes mama with the Glock (bang, bang)

The blues remembers everything the country forgot
We waited and we watched, we waited and we watched
Just up the block, eye on the spot
No need to talk
Notice the cops, three lights apart
Back to the block
We waited and we watched, we waited and we watched
We waited and we watched, we waited and we watched
Patient
Slow meat in the pot
Slow meat in the pot

Oh, I just keep walkin' through it
Ooh, I just keep walkin' to it
Ooh, I just keep walkin' through it
Ooh, I just keep walkin' to it

There is no such thing as safety, because there is no such thing as industry and technology and risk and mitigation and insurance without blackness