

Good Mourning

Christon Gray

Swoope. Another one, my man. Good Mourning
Yeah I'm tryna show the Body Art
Yeah, yeah, I'm tryna show the body art

Down goes the sun and it's getting dark
And up comes the moon, so we see the stars
Beautiful if you ask me, and if you don't
I'm still laying it all on my front lawn
Yeah I look at my phone clock, then I yawn
Yeah I should be asleep, but I'm wide awake
If I was in my dreams, I'd fly away
Yeah I'll grow me some wings and a giant cape
Deuces to Houston, I'm in outer space
Why every hot rapper a not astro?
Backwards, side bar, my fault, I'm back to imagery
Yo wake up homie, can't live in a dream
But that's easy for you to tell us, Swoope
'Cause you Heaven bound and my hell is loose
Paparazzi preachers tryna sell us proof
They living a lie, tryna tell the truth
Pinocchios with they wood shoes
Long nose, all shows, this ain't good news
Gospel with apostle, this and that
Hostile, y'all don't love me I'm sick of that
Nah y'all just want my money, give it back
The Bible's just some manmade chicken scratch
This how I feel, I'm sick of the hurt
And if this is the church, give me some Nyquil
I'll sip it at first, then I'm like whatever
Take it to the head and goodnight forever
I'm gone. Goodnight forever. Bottoms up

I say good mourning, we can laugh some other time
It's a good day to cry, the Lord is nigh
To those with a broken heart

The Song of the Afflictedg
Ayo my girl went home I came along for the visit
In-laws singing the Song of the Afflicted
I heard cries, saw laughs, but a few of them didn't
And on that note, I was excused from the kitchen
To the living room, I need a different tune
Humming heart hymns, praying that they get it soon
I had fun viewing vintage albums
But no fun viewing the outcome
Sweet hearts with some bitter souls they've been outdone
And how come my fiancé eyes say
And she don't wanna leave without some
And we don't wanna live without one being restored
From weed addicts to dream addicts that's doubt strung
There's a reality that you cannot outrun
So I'm seeking the Lord to take my hands
And teach them to war
At the hospice where Calvin had to preach to the courts
Singing "Flamingo", while he on that lean though
I'm singing "Isle of You" for all of the people
But when I leave though, you're one of the evil

If I could peep through the peep-hole
And be a fly on the wall, watching them breathe slow
I'm praying that he calls, the only name that we know
Jesus

I don't know if anybody hears me
I don't know if you're really up there
Is anybody up there? God, if you're there
Are you listening to my cry?
It's a good day to cry
I say good mourning, we can laugh some other time
A good day to cry, the Lord is nigh
To those with a broken heart, we can laugh some other time

All night you was staring at me
As I slept without a care, careless indeed
Shoulda been up, chin up, to you asking where I should be
Or having prayer on my knees, wear and tear on my jeans
Instead I'm chillin' like I was in '99 in the Kroger break room
Flirting with them dimes even though it ain't true love
I love the attention, stay tuned
It's all about the Chris Gray Show debut
Where elevated dreams singing elevator blues
On some me and you, your momma and your cousin too
A dying world around me in plain view
And they don't know better so they blame you
But I'm so scared, like what will they do?
Worshipping my worries like my worries made you
I know better, there's more better blues
Today we're singing to break through
It's a good day to cry, everybody with your hands in the sky
Keep them glasses held high
Yeah we gon' fill 'em up with tears
From the prayers of the righteous, no cheers
Uh uh, too much wickedness for laughter
At a time like this where she drinking 'cause she has to
Sex slaves, and the Christians be the master
Baiters, debate is tripping up the pastors
Sheep tryna shepherd, just rebels without a cause
Oh Father, the devil's become a God
For so many, good grief
And my heart is broken, this is good grief
Yes, sorrow that leads to the cross
It's the song for the lost ones
Don't wait 'til tomorrow for good mourning
Aye, don't wait 'til tomorrow for good mourning
Come one, it's a good day to cry
Yeah the Lord is nigh
To those with a broken heart
Yeah, and we can laugh some other time