

## She Bad

clipping.

It's 200 years of rust on a gate  
It winds up like a toy when the wind plays  
Kid shit  
She was blowing before the wind  
Tell them blowsy  
Tell them blood moon  
Tell them low fog  
Tell them dirt road with the rust mailbox at the turn off  
Turn of the century  
Turn vogue of late  
She feel fly  
She cry out like a whisper in time  
They heard she got that spiderweb (spiderweb)  
That snake eye drippin'  
Got that dust skin (dust skin)  
The fork tongue lickin' for the scent  
She said "come on, come on"  
In the head though  
Remember that wood shed somewhere in the memory that's way past dead though  
Like the leaves are brown and the sky is grey  
And the dreams are shit and the momma ran away  
Papa drank the gut black  
You smoke the backwoods  
And now the woods call you back  
The woods whisper off in wind  
In the underbrush under skin  
The earth crawling all the touch  
Back to the mouse  
Back to the snake  
Back to the back to the root  
Back to the day  
Back to the back to the fire  
Back to the way the wood burned  
Back when they told you she couldn't stay  
The left looks right when the leaves break sun in the fall  
Camo on moss so soft that you can't tell steps from breath  
But they say she don't walk she float (she float)  
She float for glory's a bitch  
But the sun will be dipping soon below the ridge  
And the boards on the bridge are unstable at best  
And it sways dangerously, a regular test  
For the village kids, but that's they though  
And this night light ain't the same, so  
You got jokes? Oh, this a game?  
Ok, go cross  
Wait, let the tapes roll

She bad, though  
She bad, though  
Come and get your picture, trick  
She bad, though  
Can't see the forest through the trees  
Everybody comes to get them some  
But don't nobody leave  
Don't nobody leave  
Do not move no leaf  
She bad, though

Low before the breeze  
And before the ice freeze it all over  
Come and see  
Everybody come to get them some  
But don't nobody leave

You ride squuuuuuuuad  
To the coven (you got jokes?)  
Got all the phones running but no bars up on the hillside  
Long forgotten by the future  
And the jokes flow real easy  
And the whiskey is a booster  
It's 200 years of rust on the gate  
It's an unrelenting crush under foot  
The leaves deep  
The autumn left elm skeletons  
Still alive, skin and bone, lumino  
For the new approaching blood remarking how beautiful  
And the old cabin maintains a dilapidated charm  
They call it rustic  
Clothesline hanging across the yard  
Probably shouldn't trust it  
Though the sheets are worn, are they worn enough?  
That math doesn't add up  
And she laugh like the wind, 'cause  
That's shit they don't ever think of  
Kid shit, dinner talk, let 'em walk  
Let 'em enjoy mountain air  
It's her breath, it's a gift  
Let 'em get more comfortable  
Start a fire, have a smoke, take a drink, take a flick

What you see in aesthetic when your eyes adjust  
In the blink of an eye and your mind is dust  
And you make it outside 'fore your eyes combust  
Fire ain't give up no lie, just left you powder  
The same color as  
200 years of rust on the gate  
It bends heavy, the hinge weak  
Maybe someone find the tape  
One day they all hear the wind speak

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