

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
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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 squuuaaaaad
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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