

Fairchild

Dave

Yeah
She was twenty-four
Last week, told me somethin' you can't be ready for
I ain't mournin' death of her innocence
I ain't mournin' death of her innocence, let the Henny pour
Some weeks ago, she was in a cab
I felt sick to my stomach 'cause when I listen back
Driver was actin' all forward, I should have drawn the line
She wasn't worried about it, it happens all the time
All the time, said it happens all the time
A little conversation, that's just all it is
Ask couple questions, then he'll call it quits
He ain't even have to ask her where she lives
She was headed to this venue with a couple friends
And I was workin' late, said I'd collect her when the party ends
She goin' to this no-phone party
You know the ones where guys have their phones and all the women there don't
I threw one of them last week, so I don't wanna speak
And when I think about this shit, it cuts deep
You see, Tamah, she like my little sis'
So when I asked her to explain to me the story, she said this

I caught a vibe with a guy and then from the off
But somethin' was off, offer me pills and offer me shots
And off of my head, couldn't even say if I was sober or off of my head
I could've danced for days, wouldn't have been a surprise
But let's have a good night, these times are havin' good nights when all the
men start drinkin'
And then they feel entitled to more than opinions
You know how that goes and man come to the girls like, "Fuckin' let me get y
our Snap', innit
Add me back, innit, fuckin' what?
What you doin' after this? What you on? What's wrong?
Why you movin' so stiff? Come back to the AP, what, friend, what?
Don't worry 'bout her, you ain't her dad, that's long
Why follow her home? Call her a cab or what
I feel like I seen you before, you from Bex? You know Thames? Fuckin'
Are you gettin' back to ends?"
And I ain't sayin' that's weird, but it kinda is
She busy throwin' up, he's tryna take her to the crib
But that's the culture of the club, right?
All game's fair
And if she don't like it, why she there?
These times, she just wanna go home
She don't wanna go alone with no battery on her phone
And all her friends are tryna stay
Cah they goin' to somebody's afterparty in a house that's out the way
And then she blacked out
She was gonna leave with them, but somethin' felt off
And then she backed out
When I heard about the time she tried to make it home alone
She said

At Archway, I got out the car
It's quiet and I'm walking up this long hill
Faint sound, cold chills
I swear I just heard a familiar voice

Inside of the club, outside of the club
Was it that first cab? I swear I know the voice
Think fast, that's my only choice
He's coming up, I hear him running up
I ran and I trip, I fell and I buckle
My belt in a buckle, my keys in my knuckles
He's grabbing my hair, I'm screaming to stop
I'm hitting him hard, it's turning him on
The burning is gone, my body is so cold and frozen in fear
Accepting my fate, his hands on my waist
I think that I threw my keys in his face
I ran and he chased
I stumbled on a group of three that were leaving
I ran towards them, didn't notice that my feet, they were bleeding
And that's when I called, praying that you'd be there recording
The only person that I know who's up at 3 in the morning
I sound mad
But if you ain't a girl, I guess you don't know the feeling
Of watching what you wear because you're worried 'bout making it home
Walking with your phone to your ear and you ain't on the phone
Can't walk on the same side of the pavement alone
Everyone's a fucking good guy and they're making it known
But I'm just making it known that if you ain't a girl, I guess you don't know the feeling
Of checking the child lock, or seeing the AirTag
A five-minute walk home feeling like five miles
Maybe if these people would police our cities way they police our bodies
Then maybe, fucking hell
Maybe every woman that I know wouldn't be stuck as well
Danger doesn't look like no killer in a mask
It looks like that flirty cab driver and guys that feel entitled 'cause you're standing in their section
Short-tempered men, the ones who struggle with rejection
I knew a girl called

That was in so deep, she thought violence was affection
I ain't know some women wouldn't want a man's help
Because so many of 'em want the same reward for their protection
Danger doesn't look like no killer in a mask
It looks like that kid in the group chat that jokes about-
And he won't ever stop because there's no one to correct him
And he might even do it 'cause the system would protect him
Algorithm gonna find some people just like him
They hate women too, okay, yeah, fuck it, let's connect him
Homicidal femicidal shit on their suggested
Somebody just asked you on a date, it was your dentist
He just went upstairs and got your number from reception
Used to be nice, said I remind him of his little girl
Two weeks later, he wants a sexual connection
Danger doesn't look like no killer in a mask
Who you even talking to?
Women hunted down by the people they say report it to
Honestly, I wouldn't have the solitude or fortitude
Try and humanise, she could be somebody's daughter, you
As if that's the reason them fellas shouldn't slaughter you
God forbid that they offend the people you're belongin' to
Objectify you just the way I do in every song
Tamah was never wrong

Can't trust guys, she never lied
No menicide, it femicide
The catcalls, the long stares
The kind words, the lines blurred

Call her out, impersonate her
All know a victim, don't know a perpetrator
Am I one of them? The men of the past
Who catcalled or spoke in the bars?
I'm complicit, no better than you
I told stories of-, yeah
Can't sit on the fence, that's hardly an option
You either part of the solution or part of the problem