

## Mineshaft

Dessa

The list of things I used to be is longer than the list of things I am  
Ex-lover, ex-friend  
Ex-communicated atheist and an ex-patriot  
Living in the heartland  
Living on the small chance  
Luck would save the last dance  
For an underrated writer, overrated rapper  
Undecided major on an unrelated matter  
One day I'd like to say what all the tug-o'-war was for  
More than slack rope, more than sun stroke  
Them rum soaked in sad jokes at rap shows  
Some folks know how slow that trap closes  
Prose is closest I've ever been to feeling like I found it  
I'm not a writer I just drink a lot about it  
If diamonds are a girl's best friend  
Then you can share a fine laugh  
And you can send me back to the bottom of the mineshaft

I've been here before and I know where it goes  
It goes down

Snow falls fast and thin  
Angels ash Virginia Slims  
And if we've come a long way then I suspect it sideways, further from our origin  
No closer to our destination  
I'm bad with names, shit, I'm bad with faces  
I'm bad with bills and little kids and well-lit places  
I'm beginning to write like Anna Karenina, give me a minute, a mic  
A little to like, get rid of the spite, a bit of the pride to fight  
You tried, you're right fried (you're live on all lines)  
You're tired, you're fired  
You're inside of the lie  
It's a brilliant design  
It's like, "Just act surprised"  
I lost some money on the weighted dice  
I lost an octave to the Camel Lights  
And when I lost you, I lost some good love and a hand to bite

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The plans that we made and the bills and the planes over downtown