

Zero%

Jean Dawson

A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
A mile

I have so many things
Working like shadows they follow my lead
I see the future two days into spring
I know no one can see what I see
Movin' too fast, homie
Crash, homie
Bones made of glass, homie
You bad, homie
Yeah you bad, homie
In the mirror looking at me
Like you know yourself, homie
In the mirror looking at me
Like you someone else, homie
'Cause you are
What you
Don't love
You can't
Look In the mirror
For too long
Young man
Where are you going now?
Why are you slowing down?
Your feet go numb
Because running is only help
Help me
Help me
Find my way to my own safety
'Cause this matte black 45 always off safety
Zero

Fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly
So you can fly away
Fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly
So you can fly away
For you can fly away

I walk the same foot steps that a man once followed
I am two deep breaths from LA too shallow
I am six feet away from the sky and the ground
I am well under heaven while I'm standing over hell like

Zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero

A mile
A mile
A mile
I'm my hope
I say a mile
A mile
A mile
A mile
I'm my

Don't fly
So high
You might
Burn your wings