

Daffodils

Jensen McRae

Head rush, he still stays while I sleep and lets it go
He does cocaine off his keys and drives me home

He gets cleaned up, he takes another spill
The safety's off, and I will foot the bill
He loved me once, I guess he got his fill
He cleaned my clock, he bought me daffodils

One more thirsty little crow has buried me
All yours, even if you go and we barely speak

He's on me and drunk, he keeps me in his prayers
He wants me gone, he wants me everywhere
He loves me, but he won't die on that hill
He cleaned my clock, he bought me daffodils
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