

It

Momma

Scared when I met you
We don't relate, my path is straight
Scared to forget you
But if I call then I'm involved
Scared of your secrets
My mouth is shut but you erupt
Scared just to keep it
I watched our link go down the sink

You could've saved it
Abused the thought, that's all you got
Hard to say that I hate it
You're fresh, post-bleach, just out of reach
Now I know you won't touch me
Your graze reserved to quench your thirst
Put the glass down and trust me
Make no mistake with me you're safe