

Minefield

Nic D

One hundred, Graham

I feel I ain't even gotta pop pills, if I go then I die real
Talking to ya's like walking through a damn minefield
High heels, hear 'em come from a mile still, tell me you feel how I feel
Talking to ya's like walking through a damn, walking through a damn
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Keep going, tiptoeing
She was gone with the breeze, let the wind blow in
It's cold here, hot-headed and frozen
Part ways like I'm Moses, pink roses
Everything go up, every door opens
Everything come down, everything closes
Got it aimed at me, is that thing loaded?

I don't say nothing else, you don't need motive
Yeah used to hold hands, now we been folding
Mmh, try to play us like I didn't notice
Hey, gonna light 'em all like explosives, I told you

Baby, what color is your parachute?
You wanna love me, you embarrassed, too

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Talking 'bout a kiss when your lips got a little gloss
Don't gotta talk, 'cause the vibe that you giving off
Withdrawals from the talks, we had different thoughts
Stain from the pain of the thing, had to get it off

I been overthinking 'bout it
Do you really love me? Doubt it
Guess there ain't no way around it

Captured by grace, all the while you
Try to keep a straight face, looking at me sideways
Hand on your bible, other on your rifle
Got 'em both beside you, but that's for survival

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