

With You

Noname

This is my happy ever suicide
My hands tied behind my breast
My silhouette did pirouettes
The curtains are closing
My baby was my ooh-lah lah, neverlasting
My baby was my cry me rivers and shadow casket
Who could be my lovely, my lovely?
Who could be my only one, my only?
I'm almost just as empty as you think I am
A penny for your thoughts
A wooden hair of happiness, a pretty Ricky Ross
A may-black music
I woke up in my sympathy, became black Judas
All my everythings for sale
All my second hand discoveries, dungarees faded pale
All my halfway hallelujahs are tippy-toed in the mail
All the fluctuations on scales
And the missing therapy sessions of bullies treating me well-
well
We don't drink that
If it ain't the top shelf, nigga you can keep that
Share my life on Telefone
I'm 25 at 306, and 809 became my home
Gave you a taste of my redemption and now I want my drink back
Somebody hold me like I'm almost enough
Somebody told me pray for heaven, saw how tiny it was
Little love from me, we can build this home alone
Alone
Forever with you, forever with you
I'm a home away from home and promise you'll keep this secret
And promise you won't forgive me to tell you that smells like p
eaches
He who leeches on love is a lame
Chains and left her for London, Wireless festival reparable, so
good when he wasn't