

Wrote Some Songs

Porches.

I lift a foot off of the bridge
Thought of how it'd be to soar
And if I was to meet my end
I'd stand before some kind of door

When asked with my life what I've done
I screamed I

Wrote some fucking songs yeah I
Wrote some fucking songs yeah I
I did some good I did some wrong
I wrote some fucking songs

120 momma