

Talons

Richy Mitch & The Coal Miners

I wish I was somewhere warmer
Under a different name, or a different view
And I keep telling myself I shouldn't feel, lingering in my head
All of this pressure from you

I'm trying to guess the next word on your tongue, tryna guess the next word on your tongue
And I'm coming up short every time, yeah, I'm coming on soft
So I'll take things home, take a courage pull
In a place I'll feel less uncomfortable and
I'll murmur a few "fuck-you's" to the cracks on my wall

Singing if I don't owe you anything
Why do I watch the curl of your lips or the nod of your head for a sign that you might just approve
Of this thing of mine? This thing I own?
It's killing me softly, it's killing me surely
But if I end up in your arms, just know it's the path I would make for myself, it's the place I belong

If I can't pull your hands off mine
Oh, mama I'm dying
If I can't pull your talons out my spine
Then mama, I'm lying to live, I'm a pleaser, I can't get this right