

## Dear Bo Jackson

The Weeks

Well leaves, they shake within my body's core  
Well I live a lie in some little house, it's gets better than g  
rowing old  
We'll bend like trees, when all you see and want is freedom  
These tongues, they twist, and jump from mouth to mouth like fl  
eas  
And at night they creep, and I'm the one who walks these street  
s  
And my goal is sweet, but they kiss the hand that feeds  
And at night they creep quieter than rats and thieves  
And they'll bend the rules, dance around us while we sleep

Oh, I know I'ma be the one that's full of sinners and holes  
No one knows, shake a little paper down the single is cold  
I said, "It's no one's fault, cause you're the kinda scaring me  
that's shaking me off"  
I said, "Oh, I know, it's cold"

My bones are weak, pieced together my body  
Well I cut the cord that hanged me up, I kind of know that soul  
is leaving me  
Well these floorboards creek, some holly heart come dance with  
me  
And it's no one's fault, you can't get through paper walls  
And they'll sweep these streets, wipe the sins from my body's  
And my heart don't beat, it's buried down a couple feet  
Well, I lied, it leaks, on a photograph you can't repeat  
And they'll make us clean, wipe the blood from all my teeth

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