

Hold Me Down

Yoke Lore

I'll take you in long strides, I'll teach you my night rhymes
Deny me just three times, I won't forget the mess or your red face

Just help me to speak slow, grip down my hips when I feel low
My dirt black fathers, I'll find a different way
My dirt black fathers, none of them were saved

But I still yell at the moon
I'm close to making it a song
I'm close to learning where I went wrong
I'm close to learning where I go wrong

Hold me down
Hold me down

I waited for you to see, I wanted for there to be bones in my wood floor
Things unsaid and feelings I'd died for
Just help to speak slow, grip down my hips when I feel low
My dirt black fathers, I'll find a different way
My dirt black fathers, I'll teach them how to pray

But I still yell at the moon
I'm close to making it a song
I'm close to learning where I went wrong
I'm close to learning where I go wrong

Hold me down
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