

The Stairs Hit Hard

[Coretta Scott](#)

Rose my hand an itch to satisfy but my hand had changed shape into a knife
Abigail in a dream with a sheath coming to save me Don't cry for me
(Begging you to stop mamma's crying on the floor)
It's just what it takes
(We are the wretched that keep our fists closed)
to be happy
(Swear to god I'll never be like him)
Or to not feel so alone
(Swear to god I'll never be like him) Had a little jar he'd keep the new and dead ants in
shake that shit and pout, "do something stupid thing, do something at all"
never seems like a fair fight
daddy's one to his son's every third stride
not coming home tonight, I'm not coming home

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