# Mandingo

## Pulley

She spent her nights
Next to years of deception
And he sees a girl to him fifty summers ago
And again his hands tearin' apartSometimes I felt that
When the grass was always greener
And the sadness in the sun can turn it blueTake a swing up to the sky
And never watch it pass you by
The carpets rollin' out for youYou hold the reins
And I still have control
And I don't know
What I would do without youAnother room, another face
I smell the anger in this place
And I'm not hangin' to surviveMy chair sits high, the ceiling's low
There's nowhere else for me to go
I'll rot right here until the day I die

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