

So (feat. J Kyle Gregory)

Mr. J. Medeiros

She is in her room
He is in his car
Talking with his friends about girls
And all the things they are
She is in the mirror
He is on the road
Laughing at the speed he is going
And if his car could explode
This is your get away
She rehearsed in her mind
Putting her hands on her breast for the first time
With the voice in her head
And the body she kept
Like two strangers finding it odd to have met
In a place they both call home
She faces the wall hangings
Changing with the pace she has grown
With his engine still racing
Down the road chasing
For what
They never ask they just pass
He is *
He is a name
She is a shape
He is a conqueror of worlds
She is a grape among wine
Thirsty to the spine he drives
Among time
Unworthy as the blind with eyes who bind souls
She turned fifteen and he turned when the green said go
Cus the scene said so
Cus the team said go
Cus it just seemed so
Cus we just believe what we believe in
SoAnd so she added a little glow to her cheeks
It never really mattered to her dad
He was just a shadow that speaks
In an effort to abort an affair
That occasionally creeks in the floorboards

And fixes leaks
All but the one in her mind
All but the one that she hides
She paints sex on her eyes
The way she sees it advertised
And she talks away an ego about half her size
And now the guys yell break
They all draw swords
They all separate into rebels without cause
So * makes a call to this girl who is dressed as a women
Though she stalls her address is an omen
And as open as her ears were
She found a boy that could hear her
Who thought of every ploy to get near her
But never adhere her
He sheered her slowly
Steered her from a girl till the woman appeared lowly
Only she's not known
She's not full grown
Her body her mind
Her father not home
In the oddest of times she finds she's alone
Offering thy mind thy body
Thy boneAnd now he's stepping on the gas with all three legs
And never thought how fast his fuel mixed with rage
Or the ways in which he masked his hate with his passion
Passing through her gates
Burning through her grass
Turning the hurt into laughs
From the scorn at the track meet
To the girls that trashed him cus he was born of acne
And wore it like it was ash from a million burnt offerings
Coughing from the smoke in his parents jokes for better offspring
Though this is not the fall or spring
This is the winter
This is the call
This is the ring in which he enters
He 23 years of fame
She with her 15 years with no name
And she didn't say yes she didn't say no
He didn't see green he only heard go
And though she never fought when he took her to the floor
She thought, I don't want to be a woman anymore
And found her escape in those same wall hangings
Her legs her gates his face

Angry
While dangling above her he kisses her heels
And she wonders
If this is how her mother feels

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