

# Warm Winds (feat. Isaiah Rashad)

sZa

Hey, hey glory child, hey Hey glory child, don't you worry  
Stuttering, shaken off your fear  
Beauty's never given in a hurry  
So condescending, leave your questions here  
Hey glory child, don't you worry  
I can see your skeleton so clear  
Doubting's only made your visions blurry  
You're better off just looking in the mirror Show me a better way, I wish you could  
Show me a better way, I wish you would  
Come home today, you could  
Come home today I am shooting stars you will never see me  
Watching over your every mistake  
Digging out of graves is never easy  
Handing you my shovel, here to take  
Always playing catch me if you can  
Gingerbread you heard I'm sweet to taste  
Close your eyes let go and count to ten  
I'll keep track of every moment wasted Show me a better way, I wish you could  
Show me a better way, I wish you would  
Come home today, you could  
Come home today Dear God make me a bird, so I can fly far, far far away  
Dear God make me a bird, so I can fly far, far far away  
Dear God make me a bird, so I can fly far, far far away Call your phone on a late night  
I recall your soul had a taste like  
Gardens, flowers, Warm Winds The clouds below your feet  
Quit clipping on your wings  
Sometimes we hate to leave somebody  
Whats happening to we?  
Warm winds on a space ride  
When I call your phone on a late night  
I recall your soul had a taste like  
Gardens, flowers, Warm Winds The clouds below your feet  
Quit clipping on your wings  
Sometimes we hate to leave somebody  
Whats happening to we?  
Warm Winds on a space ride Sometimes, I call your name out loud  
Just to make sure it's you  
Sometimes, I crack my veins open  
Just to see if it's blue

You clean me upShow me a better way, I wish you could  
Show me a better way, I wish you would  
Come home today, you could  
Come home todaySometimes I bite my lips and close my eyes  
Just to pretend it's you  
Long live, lonely thoughts on Thursday nights  
That's when I think of you  
We were all thirteen once  
Long live tramp stamps and Pepper Ann  
You will never judge me for that  
You will always love me for thatWarm Winds on a space ride  
When I call your phone on a late night  
I recall your soul had taste like...  
Gardens, flowers, Warm Winds

Songwriters

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