Fearless

Saul Williams

I don't know whether to laugh or cry
And I don't know whether to live or die
I kept my love for her locked deep inside
It cuts like a knife, she's out of my lifeOut of my life, out of my hair
Out of my mind, there's no love in there
I move on, move onDear God, I wasn't breast fed
And most of my conversations with men seem to revolve around music
I'm no musician but the pain has been instrumental
My sense finally tune the instruments of, of, ofOf being lonely, of being lost, of being loved, of being human
Man I could use a metaphor but I can't get beyond this shit
I could use someone to talk to
But most of my conversations with men seem to revolve around musicI am a poet who composes what the world proses
And proses what the world composes
I am a poet who composes what the world proses
And proses what the world composesDamned indecision and cursed pride
I kept my love for her locked deep inside
And I don't know what to do
To get it through to youGet out of my life tonight
Get out of my life
Out of my life, out of my hair
Out of my mind, 'cause no lovin' fair
I move on, move onShe had nothing but time on her hands
Silver rings, turquoise stones and purple nails
I rub my thumb across her palm
A featherbed where slept a psalmYay though I walked, I used to fly, and now we dance
I watch my toenails blacken and walk a deadened trance
'Til she woke me with the knife edge of her glance
I have the scars to prove the clock strikes with her handsAnd I don't know what to do
To get it through to you
And I don't know what to do
To get it throughOut of my life, out of my hair
Out of my mind, 'cause no lovin' fair
I move on, move on, I move on

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/