

# Story of the Stairs

## Machine Gun Kelly

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

And that was a dark depressing time for him, you know  
He did had one visit with his mother I think  
During the time that he lived with me and she brought  
Him a huge box filled with gifts you know clothes and all  
Kinds of little goodies and stuff and it sat in the corner  
Untouched, literally for months he'd never opened anything just  
Left the box there What's going on in your mind when someone  
You haven't seen since you were nine is out at your door step right now?  
Rewind, remember that one time when Marco showed up at the front door  
And we found out he escaped from a psych ward  
And stole grandma's car?  
Ah, rest her soul  
I know that's off topic, but I miss her soul  
So ironic that she was blind but told me how handsome I was  
Every time that I walked in the door  
Can't lie and say it was easy being 14 on February 14th  
Watching a body die in my arms  
Then have to go to a school that I hated  
When my grade indicate that I don't give a fuck what's going on  
A couple hours later on  
And not to mention that one bitch that I loved  
By the way I call her "bitch" because she was  
Wanted me to catch another man fucking her  
Invited me over, told me to come into the front  
Come upstairs and say what's up  
And there she was  
Little slut  
I was broken hearted, should've broke that bitch's jaw  
Just for playin' me like a chump  
But instead went to the garage, grabbed one  
Of her brother's rifles, went outside, and shot that other  
Mothafucka's truck up

I guess that's what lead me to cuffs  
Becomin' common in my life like funerals was  
Daddy's less common now, he gave up  
After he heard the judge pin a fucking felony on his son  
Funny enough  
Me and Aunt Barbara even closer  
Start to feel some weight lift off her shoulder  
Till it piled back on when a radiologist told her  
That she had breast cancer and might not live much longer  
Fast forward  
The woman that I call my "mother" isn't my mother  
Or even blood but that's how much I love her  
And I'm feeling awkward 'cause the doorbell's from the person that I call her  
Maybe I ain't ready for it  
Shit, what should I wear?  
Fuck that, I ain't going down there  
I waited over a decade for closure  
Why should I receive it if it might not be something I want to hear  
In the mirror is a empty reflection  
And in my head are questions I want to ask like, "Where the fuck did you go?"  
Why did you turn my birthdays to the worst days every year that you didn't show?  
And if you must know, I didn't turn out to be much else  
Than a drunk who fell face first to a pile of hell  
Took four snuffs of the devil's dust  
Ended up with my manager helping me 'cause I couldn't take a piss by myself  
But I did get a record deal  
And all my records got that making of a legend feel  
And I did have a daughter who I promised that the way you made me felt  
Is a way she will never, feel  
Slip a Benadryl in my cup  
Ech, fuck it I'm sickening up  
Pit of my stomach clenching, all my muscles stiffening up  
I ain't been this nervous since I got jumped  
Flick the tip of my J over a surface cover with ashes and junk  
Took a pull and set it down  
Put on both of my Chucks  
Reach for the door but my hand's sweaty, I'm anxious as fuck  
Couldn't even hit the stairs without  
Remembering how many years I was there waiting to see your car pull up  
Now you saying she's right there?  
Man you saying she's right there?  
You telling me if I open up this door right here  
That she'll been standing right there?  
And after all these years am I wrong for having this fear  
Of meeting the reflection that was missing in the mirror

Open up the door and then I see her

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