Avery Hill

The Shouting Matches

I heard you had a swore there over on Avery Hill
I tried to call your number and you never even called me still
Well you're such a young hip manner in your riled up refrains
Well I called you in my favor, thought you'd do me the same
Now alone, how come you start it, now you're on to can a record in strideI thought we had connect all on the top of Avery Hill
Said you talk better long and all accounts off the pill
Complicated on your table with your feathers in gait
Don't you keep me in your favor, don't you give me no help
I said love, why would you follow me just to dis and borrow and blind?

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