Blackbirds

Peterson Field Guides

Drop that
Get up
Take to the streets
Better lock that kid up
Face full of teeth when he hock that spit up
Pacing the beat like a beast
Rocking the block on repeat
Speak from the cut like a rush of blood
Paint red on the sleeves of the ones you love
Lay the sick ones down and the bells will ring
Put pennies on the eyes let the dead men sing
I shiver and shake the warm air cold
I'm alone on my own
In every mistake I dig this hole
Through my skin and bones
It's harder starting over
Than never to have changed
With blackbirds following me
I'm digging out my grave
They close in, swallowing me
The pain, it comes in waves
I'm getting back what I gave
I sweat through the sheet as daylight fades
As I waste away
It traps me inside mistakes I've made
That's the price I pay

It's harder starting over
Than never to have changed
With blackbirds following me
I'm digging out my grave
They close in, swallowing me
The pain, it comes in waves
I'm getting back what I gave
I drop to the floor like I did before
Stop watching
I'm coughing
I can't be more
What I want and what I need are at constant war

Like a well full of poison
A rotten core
The blood goes thin
The fever stings
And I shake from the hell that the habits bring
Let the sick ones down
The bells will ring
Put pennies on the eyes
Let the dead men sing
Blackbirds following me
I'm digging out my grave
They close in, swallowing me
The pain, it comes in waves
I'm getting back what I gave
I'm getting back what I gave

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