

An Ivory Hand

The Crips

We were cut and smelled of petals
These scented promises had me
Thinking that I was special
For the new lease of life I had got
Oh no, woah oh
For a minute thought my heart had stopped
Oh no, woah oh
And the lessons that I had were lost

Know you gotta think about it
Let me hear the things Iâ€™m out to hear

Return to the scene of your glories
But not for the fame
To be stuck in the back sorting laundry
Of the same folks you canâ€™t stand
Oh no, woah oh
What a waste for an ivory hand
Oh no, woah oh
Exquisitely shocked as I am

Know you gotta think about it
Let me hear the things Iâ€™m out to hear
See me like you do in memories
Of a time you barely knew me girl

Always walking through webs
See nostalgia as a threat
Do you still want it now we got it?

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>