Likelovepoetry

1997

Locked up, too much to keep.
I wanna feel you break, wanna hear you scream.
But you're as good as dead to me.
Burnt out, can't hardly speak.
She said, "Where'd you go?"
I said, "You look like poetry"
I am quite low and far too high.
Every time we fight, they know
(Backsliding all the way to the ground)
That you are not my man you were before
(I couldn't take it with the questions I have now)
Don't be afraid.
This ground is now holy.
And yes, we are safe, but the rumors are rolling around.
You stayed the same until I came and turned you around.
Come follow me down.
I'll pass away, if you pass this time.

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