

Exodus of Left

Agents of Good Roots

Lyrics: jones

Music: jones
Lyrics: She come, she come
Music stems from the eyes and ears of me

He run, he run

He sucked the life from his bone and he swore to me

She come, she come

(a puff of) her pain a joy for every sigh

He run, he run

Time to find a new reality Don't you see her

There in color?

Can't you touch her

Like another? Courtney comes in two degrees

You bring flowers you hope she needs

But roses ain't no remedy

When masterpiece turns to misery

Does she come, does she come? He's running a race now

Don't you see the porridge in the pot?

He's stuck on his face now

Don't you see the teacup in the black?

A bird is sitting in the window

Burns a spoon and clicks off at the top

Don't smell the breeze as the wind blows

Shoots the vein that kills the brain Don't you see her

There in color

Can't you touch her

Like another Courtney comes in two degrees

You bring flowers you hope she needs

But roses ain't no remedy

When masterpiece turns to misery

Does she come? , does she come? Don't you see her?

Don't you even see?

Don't you need her?

Don't he look like me?

I can't see her

I can't even see

I don't need her

You just stop

Exodus of left Don't you see her

There in color

Can't you touch her
Like another

Comments:
This song was written about the courtney love / kurt cobain thing.

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