Mandingo

Pulley

She spent her nights next to years of deception,
And he sees a girl to him fifty summers ago
And again his hands tearing apart.
Sometimes I felt that when the grass was always greenerAnd the sadness in the sun can turn it blue.
Take a swing up to the sky
And never watch it pass you by,
The carpets rolling out for you.You hold the reins and I still have control
And I don't know what I would do without you.
Another room, another face,
I smell the anger in this place.And I'm not hanging to survive.
My chair sits high, the ceiling's low,
There's nowhere else for me to go.
I'll rot right here until the day I die.

Songwriters
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