

Amanda Merdzan

"The Good"

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A fist to my face, the taste of blood in my cheeks, your
body arching over me.

She waits up all night, twisting knots in her sheets, as
red and blue lights find me.

And my heart it don't race at familiar scenes, on the
street I'm waiting patiently.

The good I do, I do it for you.
The bad I do, it's just the bad that I do.

And she's a God loving saint, and I'm a truth fearing
cheat, again I'm turning in my keys.
I come home before the sun's fully rose, she holds me
tight then lets me go.

Give up on me, now it's your turn, the cost of this,
lessons learnt.

And don't take this as an indication, no don't, don't
take it at all.
Well don't take this as an indication of how far I might
fall.

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