

Comadre

"Hit Me Up On My Celly-Cell"

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Our heads are a couple of cases
And I am everything and miserable without you.
Three thousand miles can hold so much.
These miles of land.
The land is separation.

How much desperation in between?

Like a phone call with no reception,
Our heads are a couple of cases
And we're so miserable without each other.
Can't wait till we
Can see the same sunset
At the same time
Can't wait till a phone call doesn't mean
Three thousand miles.
I think our heads
Are a couple of cases.
Hit me up, boy, on my celly-cell.

I think our heads
Are a couple of cases.
We are the doctors
With all the prescriptions.
Can't wait till our appointment comes.
It's the only medication.

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