

Pela

"Song Writes Itself"

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Choke on a crooked breath
in a dope nose delirium
you got a fragile face in a public place
we walk through the night to get it right
to have a confession
got a pen in my hand
got a girl in my head
got crumbling teeth
i got dirty sheets
i walk through the night
with a thorn in my side
and with no connection

the days just roll by
and the songs write themselves
like little bombs they just blow up
friendly fire that shoots itself

this is the house that you're from
and that is how far you've come
i know why you left
i think it's best you get far away
and set it to flames

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