

P.O.S. "Been Afraid"

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[P.O.S.] Yeah, million-dollar baby girl in the lower middle class with a Maglite right beneath her pillow
And no, she's never been a boxer by choice She's known to act oak, he'll never catch her a willow, nuh
She the calm type, you see the small scars creeping down her arm, peeking from her rolled sleeves, right?
She keeps him weak in the knees but she out stay out of sight and when that school bell rings, it's goodnight
Or might as well be, he never sees her around But he looks, for weeks now he's been maybe tomorrow But he's shook, he sees them bruises and he needs to please her
Plus he don't wanna go home either, gives her a look They pass, copies down a poem from a schoolbook
Gives it to her after hesitation, whoops his ass She took it fast, lost like all sensation in her hands
Then braces herself gracefully, sturdy where she stands On some humble mumbling, pass the words, fumbling
Nothing discouraging, just nerves, drumming up the courage Something bout skylines or bike rides or riverbeds
Something, something that he read It caught her right beneath the armor Cauterized thought of any blunt forced trauma
Ain't no way that he could harm her [Chorus 2X] When the curse leave a shell like a snake with fresh scales
Some people seem to call that home, but some souls roam Keep riding till the cycle is broke
We don't got to go through nothing alone [P.O.S.] She's in the weather, the whole storm Hugging on her prince, his hands to skin warm
Quick out the door, no note, no forlorn Cause all they heard was "Papa don't hit me no more" But they couldn't seem to keep the swelling down
How they regretting ever letting out this third child born But things are getting better now, yeah cozy sweater now
With her thumbs through the holes in her sleeves worn down And the boy similar, noise minimal, toy criminal Joy simple when someone's found it in you
Somehow it boost the individual, that bluish hue is mutual They make love gently, so aware of each other's bruises and sorta scared they can lose this trust, bury the blues
somewhere it won't bear roots But is this boy where the truth is? She's spooked, see fruit never seem to fall far

from the useless branch that it's attached to And
quacks say if he's beat up, he's bound to smack you
She's down to step back now, if he ever got loud she
couldn't be proud of whatever she might do But it's the
first time she ever felt touch that didn't bring her to
hush like something was being done to her That
unscrews her, she loosens with the booze Her hinge
can stay bent addressing her dude's wounds
Regressing to bedrooms where fools ignored don't
He's not one of them tools that screws, nuts and bolts
And she know that... and she know that But she holds
back and she hope that he see the way she flinch
Cause it's knee-jerk to brace for attack Even if he's only
rubbing her back I mean, and even if it's like the deck
has been stacked It's not an act, he's been loving her
back (hold your heart up) Never raise your hand, he
says that with a grownup's voice I'm yours now, just like
a child Please don't be scared now, it clicks A piece
finally fits, I love you They said that with their lips Never
raise your hand, he says that with a grownup's voice
I'm yours now, just like a child Please don't be scared
now, it clicks A piece finally fits, I love you [Chorus 2X]

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