

Saul Williams "Fearless"

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I don't know whether to laugh or cry
And I don't know whether to live or die
I kept my love for her locked deep inside
It cuts like a knife, she's out of my life

Out of my life, out of my hair
Out of my mind, there's no love in there
I move on, move on

Dear God, I wasn't breast fed
And most of my conversations with men seem to
revolve around music
I'm no musician but the pain has been instrumental
My sense finally tune the instruments of, of, of

Of being lonely, of being lost, of being loved, of being
human
Man I could use a metaphor but I can't get beyond this
shit
I could use someone to talk to
But most of my conversations with men seem to
revolve around music

I am a poet who composes what the world proses
And proses what the world composes
I am a poet who composes what the world proses
And proses what the world composes

Damned indecision and cursed pride
I kept my love for her locked deep inside
And I don't know what to do
To get it through to you

Get out of my life tonight
Get out of my life
Out of my life, out of my hair
Out of my mind, 'cause no lovin' fair
I move on, move on

She had nothing but time on her hands
Silver rings, turquoise stones and purple nails
I rub my thumb across her palm

A featherbed where slept a psalm

Yay though I walked, I used to fly, and now we dance
I watch my toenails blacken and walk a deadened
trance
'Til she woke me with the knife edge of her glance
I have the scars to prove the clock strikes with her
hands

And I don't know what to do
To get it through to you
And I don't know what to do
To get it through

Out of my life, out of my hair
Out of my mind, 'cause no lovin' fair
I move on, move on, I move on

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