

Exodus Of Left

Agents of Good Roots

She come, she come
Music stems from the eyes and ears of me
He run, he run
He sucked the life from his bone and he swore to me
She come, she come
(A puff of) her pain a joy for every sigh
He run, he run
Time to find a new reality

Don't you see her
There in color?
Can't you touch her
Like another?

Courtney comes in two degrees
You bring flowers you hope she needs
But roses ain't no remedy
When masterpiece turns to misery
Does she come, does she come?

He's running a race now
Don't you see the porridge in the pot?
He's stuck on his face now
Don't you see the teacup in the black?
A bird is sitting in the window
Burns a spoon and clicks off at the top
Don't smell the breeze as the wind blows
Shoots the vein that kills the brain

Don't you see her
There in color
Can't you touch her
Like another

Courtney comes in two degrees
You bring flowers you hope she needs
But roses ain't no remedy
When masterpiece turns to misery
Does she come?, does she come?

Don't you see her?
Don't you even see?
Don't you need her?
Don't he look like me?
I can't see her
I can't even see
I don't need her
You just stop
Exodus of left

Don't you see her
There in color
Can't you touch her
Like another