

Been Afraid

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

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

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
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