

Baxter, This One's On R. Kelly

A different place a different time
And this all might work out right
But right now the wind is far from your back
A careless word, a tangled thread, the unspoken discontent
All smiles and nothing sad
I'm going through the faults in the gains
This represents everything
What about the words you said?
Everything is wrong
What about the things you left?
Everything is wrong
Try to make sense of how I feel
Don't believe in anything real
Please don't let these words be my last
4 feet 10 inches high
Do words have to remain unheard?
And I don't want these words to be a lie
I'm going through the faults in the gains
This gain concerns everything
What about the words you said?
What about the things you left?
Everything is wrong
What about the words you said?
And everything is wrong
What about the things you left
Try to make sense of how I feel
Try to make sense of everything real
Try to make sense of how I feel
Can't believe in anything real
Try to make sense of how I feel
Try to make sense of everything real
Try to make sense of how I feel
Can't believe in anything real
Try to make sense of how I feel
Can't make sense of anything real
Try to make sense of how I feel
Can't believe in anything real