

None More Black, Wishing There Were Walkways

Dedication. Testing 1-2-3.

I'm glad you proved it to yourself.

You don't have to prove it to me.

Determination stopped being friends with me.

I'm glad you stuff it your heart.

Leaving you with no room to breathe.

You stay on your side, I'll stay on mine.

When the clock strikes, count to the three

and put the pedal to the floor all time.

Got the rhyme without the reason.

Got the plight, but not the cause.

Got the ends, they're meeting and there at each others throats.

Humiliation. Testing 1-2-3.

With tones never solid.

Leaving no room to brave.

Completely nervous.

The rattle of my bones keeps the rhythm on the quick side,

with no fear to be slow.

Humiliation. Testing 1-2-3.

You better listen to me.

Cause there's no room to be free.