

# Avery Hill

## The Shouting Matches

I heard you had a swore there over on Avery Hill  
I tried to call your number and you never even called me still  
Well you're such a young hip manner in your riled up refrains  
Well I called you in my favor, thought you'd do me the same  
Now alone, how come you start it, now you're on to can a record? in stride I thought we had  
connect all on the top of Avery Hill  
Said you talk better long and all accounts off the pill  
Complicated on your table with your feathers in gait  
Don't you keep me in your favor, don't you give me no help  
I said love, why would you follow me just to dis and borrow and blind?

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>