

# Warm Winds (feat. Isaiah Rashad)

SZA

Hey, hey glory child, heyHey glory child, don't you worry  
Stuttering, shaken off your fear  
Beauty's never given in a hurry  
So condescending, leave your questions here  
Hey glory child, don't you worry  
I can see your skeleton so clear  
Doubting's only made your visions blurry  
You're better off just looking in the mirrorShow me a better way, I wish you could  
Show me a better way, I wish you would  
Come on today, you're great  
Come on today  
I am shooting stars you will never see me  
Watching over your every mistake  
Digging out of graves is never easy  
Handing you my shovel, here to take  
Always playing catch me if you can  
Gingerbread you heard I'm sweet to taste  
Close your eyes let go and count to ten  
I'll keep track of every moment wastedShow me a better way, I wish you could  
Show me a better way, I wish you would  
Come on today, you're great  
Come on todayDear God make me a bird, so I can fly far, far far away  
Dear God make me a bird, so I can fly far, far far away  
Dear God make me a bird, so I can fly far, far far awayCall your phone on a late night  
I recall your soul and it taste like  
Gardens, flowers, Warm Winds  
We're clipping on your feet  
We're clipping on your wings  
Sometimes we hate to leave somebody  
Whats happening to we?  
Warm winds on a space ride  
When I call your phone on a late night  
I recall your soul and it taste like...  
Gardens, flowers, Warm WindsWe're clipping on your feet  
We're clipping on your wings  
Sometimes we hate to leave somebody  
Whats happening to we?  
Warm winds on a space rideSometimes, I call your name out loud  
Just to make sure it's you  
Sometimes, I crack my veins so bad  
Just to see if it's blue  
You clean me upWe're clipping on your feet

We're clipping on your wings  
Sometimes we hate to leave somebody  
Whats happening to we?  
Warm winds on a space ride  
When I call your phone on a late night  
I recall your soul and it taste like...  
Gardens, flowers, Warm Winds Sometimes I bite my lips and close my eyes  
Just to pretend it's you  
Long live, lonely thoughts and Thursday nights  
That's when I think of you  
We were all thirteen once  
Long live tramp stamps and Pepper Ann  
You will never judge me for that  
You will always love me for that More winds on a space ride  
When I call your phone on a late night  
I recall your soul and it taste like...  
Gardens, flowers, Warm Winds  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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