

Tragic (feat. Brother Ali)

Grieves

They say that lightning never strikes twice in the same spot when it's landed/
You ought to see the thundercloud I'm trapped in/
Head down looking for a tactic/
Trying to find a way up out the gravity around me/
I'm attached to stuck/
Floating on luck like a river raft was/
Spitting up love like it's ipecac/
If in fact there's a quicker path to diminish that/
I'm gonna get a first class ticket just to finish last/
Often, who's watching, chip another crooked ass tooth on my options/
The blues never had a use for its caution and cut right through me like a razor bladed harsh
wind/
I guess I'm living off habit, and digging up graves just to reseal the casket/
Bold-faced, marching to the middle of the havoc just so i can sing a song about it all/
Tragic/
You act like this can save me, hey hey hey/
You act like I don't know, you don't know/
I act like I've gone crazy, and all of this can save me, but I don't really know/I don't know no
more my brother, me and my blue sensitivities/
Look at all that this music has given me/
Intimately in tune with my misery/
I can spin bad news to a symphony/
I ain't a boy in a bubble I'm a man in touch with my joy and my trouble/
Got a fighting chance at love in this ugliness, I think hope deserves to know what she's up
against/
Blues and 12s I write 24s, life's twice as hard, fighting with the cards/
Those chosen the moment we were born/
Highs and lows, joys and woes, they're yours/
Chase the blues and one day you're gonna catch them/
Sing em all you want, you gonna wish you never met them/
Humming the ballad of the paper-thin jacket/
Trapped in the rain again/
Tragic/
You act like this can save me, hey hey hey/
You act like I don't know, you don't know/
I act like I've gone crazy, and all of this can save me, but I don't really know/I don't know what
the deal is, but lately I've been looking through a thick glass/
Squinting just to see the smidgen of the kickbacks/
My little ticker only flickers with a mishap/
And lashes out at me every time that I admit that/
Look at what I did with the ashes, smoking in the boy's room, ditching out of classes/
Hands full of shattered stained glass with a grasp tight around it just enough to make a couple

wounds last/

As scars, medals, rose pedals, scattered on the path like it's Hansel and Gretel/
Burn from the water I splash from the kettle in efforts to make a documentation of what I went
through/

Hell, I guess I'm playing from the attic, pulling up the floorboards, digging up the hatchet/
Firm footed, standing in the middle of the static just so I can sing a song about it all/

Tragic/You act like this can save me, hey hey hey/

You act like I don't know, you don't know/

I act like I've gone crazy, and all of this can save me, but I don't really know/

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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