

# Fearless

Saul Williams

I don't know whether to laugh or cry  
and I don't know whether to live or die  
I kept my love for her locked deep inside  
it cuts like a knife  
she's out of my life  
out of my life, out of my hair  
out of my mind, there's no love in there  
I move on, move on

dear God, I wasn't breast fed  
and most of my conversations with men seem to revolve around music  
I'm no musician but the pain has been instrumental  
my sense finally tune the instruments of - of - of  
of being lonely, of being lost, of being loved, of being human  
man I could use a metaphor but I can't get beyond this shit  
I could use someone to talk to  
but most of my conversations with men seem to revolve around music

I am a poet who composes what the world prosed  
and prosed what the world composes

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damned indescion and cursed pride  
I kept my love for her locked deep inside  
and I don't know what to do  
to get it through to you  
get out of my life tonight  
get out of my life  
out of my life, out of my hair  
out of my mind, 'cause no lovin' fair  
I move on, move on

she had nothing but time on her hands  
silver rings, turquoise stones and purple nails  
I rub my thumb across her palm  
a featherbed where slept a psalm  
yay though I walked, I used to fly, and now we dance  
I watch my toenails blacken and walk a deadened trance  
'til she woke me with the knife edge of her glance  
I have the scars to prove the clock strikes with her hands

and I don't know what to do  
to get it through to you  
and I don't know what to do  
to get it through  
out of my life, out of my hair  
out of my mind, 'cause no lovin' fair  
I move on, move on, I move on