

Fire Drills

Dessa

I've been Wendy
Living with the Lost Boys
Youth spent as a deckhand on the convoy
Moved every night to prove we were something
Got confused if it was from or to that we were running
I've seen Gibraltar
I've seen the Taj Mahal
Soweto, Hagia Sophia
Chefchaouen paints their walls blue
I've played to full rooms
I've played the fool too
Burning through the bottoms of a pair of new boots
Cut my hair, tape my tits down
A woman on her own must be from out of town
Funny, you don't know the concessions that you're making until you catalog em
And by then they're many and you're battle-hardened
Heat makes liquid of the asphalt
Keepsakes and parking tickets on the dashboard
I'm here to file my report as the vixen of the wolf pack;
Tell Patient Zero he can have his rib back
You can count my ribs
Wanna know what class I'm in
Count my
You can count my ribs
You can't be too broke to break
As a woman always something left to take
So you shouldn't try to stay too late or talk to strangers
Look too long, go too far out of range cause
Angels can't watch everybody all the time
Stay close, hems low, safe inside
That formula works if you can live it
But it works by putting half the world off limits You can count my ribs
Wanna know what class I'm in
Count my
You can count my ribs, my
We don't say, "Go out and be brave"
Nah, we say "Be careful, stay safe"
In any given instance, that don't hurt
But it sinks in like stilettos in soft earth
Like the big win is not a day without an incident
I beg to differ with it
I think a woman's worth

