Dry Lips

DÃºnÃ©

So now I'm holding in my sides
And my bags are over spilling
This leads me to think
My guts have started to boil
And my stomach keeps on spinning
Thank you, my friendsThe next stop is not echo park
So I shut my eyes, I'll pretend instead
You don't have to tell me this is wrong
I know but I can't erase two years of my life
Even in my dreams if you turn up I'm unhappyI take a step and carve all the horns
The wings are trapped in the door
I sure feel the spit
And everyone is staring, it's all so overwhelming
If they didn't look would I still complain?
Of course I wouldA disquieting preoccupation
The keys to a nightmare which I taped
And made sure I watched daily
This required a careful touch and a swinging chain
Put the salty water in my broken woundsTell her I give up, he's won
I have lost all my humanity
Tell her I give up
I give this planet another ten years at leastSarah, my sweet, Sarah, my treat
Tell her, tell her, tell her, tell her
Tell her, tell her

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