

# Heavy Begs

## The Districts

You've narrowed it down to the singular  
Of course you've won  
There's about a thousand lives  
Flushed down Fairmount Park  
The needle on the thread line stitches  
Tries to wrap its seems down all our babes  
But we're calloused now in silent sounds  
Since winter cameDrying, lying  
Sleep on heavy begs  
Reeking of shameful missteps, well I guess you're to blame, now  
Whining, sighing like sheep on the defeated graze  
Freaking out on bruised-back hands just wondering  
Where the hell I came down  
Who are you fooling? I am not  
It was bright as any fool could see  
And I knew you weren't living, do any of us love the city?  
Maybe sometimes but not constantly  
You're blonde like the lovers Mickel  
But blue eyes are deceiving as insects  
And I'll be fine but not yet  
Just need to breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe, breatheDrying, lying  
Sleep on heavy begs  
Reeking of shameful missteps, well I guess you're to blame, now  
Whining, sighing like sheep on the defeated graze  
Freaking out on bruised-back hands just wondering  
Where the hell I came down, came down, came downMeditate on the spaces left rotten, the emptiness refuses  
This worn out weight  
The one you left I said  
Drying, lying  
Sleep on heavy begs  
Reeking of shameful missteps, well I guess you're to blame, now  
Whining, sighing like sheep on the defeated graze  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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