

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, 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.