

The Back of Your Mouth

The Used

The worms they crack like words and
Turn your teeth up and run, leave
I'm all drinks, so I clean, I fall down
Should I fit these so politely? All praises sugar coated
Looking between her mouth and mine
I got scars from dirty scratches
Scabs and ashes, the back of your mouth In this exchange I often touch myself
To go ahead and let those dirty words
Pass right through me Just passing through
Not stopping by, not saying, hi
Girl, you can't kill a liar You throw up everywhere now
Enjoy the cup and coffee
I am the puddle, make me
Dancing hoes and stag, and it's okay These words are sugar coated
Crossed up they still cut out to touch
Got scars from dirty scratches
Scabs and ashes, the back of your mouth In this exchange I often touch myself
To go ahead and let those dirty words
Pass right through me Just passing through
Not stopping by, not saying, hi
Girl, you can't kill a liar Can't kill, can't kill
Can't kill, you can't kill
Can't kill, I can't kill In this exchange I often touch myself
To go ahead and let those dirty words
Pass right through me Just passing through
Not stopping by now, not saying, hi
Girl, you can't kill a liar Girl, you can't kill a liar
Girl, you can't kill a liar
Girl, you can't kill a liar
Girl, you can't kill a liar

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