

# Dirt In My Mouth

## nowhere man and a whiskey girl

I got dirt in my mouth  
From rollin' on the ground  
Didn't realize that a fist  
has a weight of eighty pounds

And now the sound of thump  
Has left a lump on my head  
And I woke up this mornin'  
And what I found was myself dead

Little shaky legs of a fawn  
So beautiful but gone  
Beautiful but gone  
I somehow tangle myself  
Into a weaved web  
Of somethin' sometimes  
If I could find the time  
I'd draw one more starting line

Well, things will definitely  
Be different this time  
Unless these choices of mine  
Make this time  
remind me of the last time

Little shaky legs of a fawn  
So beautiful but gone  
Look how far we've come and  
Without looking I jump  
So begin misunderstanding  
And misfortune,  
mishaps and maybe my  
maybe might  
be somebody's somethin'  
if you let it go too long

Lyrics Submitted by Kaya Kismet

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