Braille

Born Gold

She was lying on the floor and counting stretch marks
She hadn't been a virgin and he hadn't been a god
So she named the baby Elvis
To make up for the royalty he lackedAnd from then on it was turpentine and patches
From then on it was cold Campbell's from the can
And they were just two jerks playing with matches
'Cause that's all they knew how to playAnd it was raining cats and dogs outside of her window
And she knew they were destined to become sacred road kill on the way
And she was listening to the sound of heavens shaking
Thinking about puddles and, puddles and mistakes'Cause it's been turpentine and patches
It's been cold, cold Campbell's from the can
They were just two jerks playing with matches
'Cause that's all they knew how to play
When they knew how to playElvis never could carry a tune
She thought about this irony as she stared back at the moon
She was tracing the years with her fingers on her skin
Saying why don't I begin againWith turpentine and patches
With cold, cold Campbell's from the can
After all I'm still a jerk playing with matches
It's just that he's not around to play along, yeahI'm still an asshole playing with candles
Blowing out wishes, blowing out dreams
Just sitting here and trying to decipher what
What's written in Braille upon my skin, oh yeah
On this skinShe was lying on the floor and counting stretch
She was lying on the floor and counting stretch
She was lying on the floor, lying, lying, lying and counting stretch

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