

Turkish Heights

Trailer Trash Tracys

Last night I spoke to Floss swallowing the droughts
First light in gray each time it puts me down
Feeling, she starts weeping. Believing
Take me down
Take me down
Last night a turkish knife did curse my ground
First fire breathes both me out and lost me there
Bleeding, she starts weeping. Believing
Take me down
Take me down
Take me down
Take me down
You, you. You. You
Oh, you never listen to her
Oh, you never listen to her
Oh, you never listen to her.

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