# Soup

## Tunng

The clothesline of cold eyes
Is washing away the face before
Now tell me what's wrong you see everyone's gone
You gotta do your best to decorate this dying day, this dying day
All over a bowl of bitter beans
All over a bowl of bitter beans
And outside way, way up high
I got a quarter moon mist hanging over me
And now, I want that rocking chair outta there
'Cause he's no longer living here, it's no longer needed here

All over a bowl of bitter beans
All over a bowl of bitter beans
And I got a corner store and that's all the more
For me to praise upon the holidays
And now I'll close my eyes really, really tight
And make you all go away, I'll make you all go all go away
I'll make you all go
Away
And I'll pull the trigger and make it all go away
And I'll make it all go away, I'll make it all go away

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