

# Shirt

## The Belle Brigade

I am dry, I'm your shirt, and I've been hung out on a line  
And I have designs so if you stain me, I will still seem fine

    But really, you're just wearing me out

    Yeah really, you're just wearing me out

Yeah I've been told, my momma said, I wear my heart on my sleeve  
But I try to hide and roll it up, but every time it comes back creased

    And no one is gonna iron me out

    No, no one is gonna straighten me out

    Yeah one of these days, it's coming on

    I think that I might just unfold

I'll rip the seams and tear some holes

    And I'll probably get sold

    But no one's gonna wear me out

    No, no one's gonna wanna wear me out

    Yeah one of these days, you'll put me on

    I might not fit you anymore

    But I won't mind, I'll always find

    My way into another drawer

    And no one's gonna wear me out

    No, no one's gonna wanna wear me out

I am dry, I'm your shirt, and I've been hung out on a line

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