

# Trash Day

[Butch Walker](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It's trash day in Beverly Hills  
All the sad little mama's with their happy little pills  
They flirt with the lawn boys as they clean out the pools  
While the Mexican nannies take the children to school  
So much to be and nothing to do  
How did it ever end up that way?  
Trash day in Nashville, Tennessee  
No one can smell this religion but me  
I see it in hairstyles of young Christian men  
That drink, smoke, and fuck like the world's gonna end  
Someday will come and we'll all just pretend  
That it never really happened that way  
Happen that way, happen that way  
Happen that way  
I can tell a lot by the way that you walk  
And I can hear the confessions in the way you talk  
And it's all the little actions that give yourself away  
So I still don't talk, don't breathe, it'll all be over soon  
Trash day in Atlanta, GA  
I can hear the sanitary truck from 2 miles away  
I've said everything that this town has to say  
Won't you bring me your waste and let me throw them away?  
Maybe I was wrong to call your heart a spade  
But I wish it didn't happen that way  
Happen that way, happen that way  
Oh, happen that way, oh

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