

Big Toe

The Growlers

I'm a dealer with an infinite tab
A gentleman in some of the sense
She acts like I'm rippin' up scabs
No wonder she has no friends at all
She's a lost cause
so count your losses
How's I supposed know she'd ruin me?
Beauty strong enough to trick me
Quick clouds and storms so moody
Got me lookin' around in the forbidden city
She's the coldest
she's turnin' me silver
She's got me on the bridge
lookin' down at the old cold river
She can hex like a crow
She howls louder than the wind can blow
Her love's so uncomfortable
She strikes down like a hammer on your
big toe
She's a lost cause
so count your losses
Wasting her window of beauty
The only thing she has to offer
The grace of her face is a terrible waste
behind it, something awful
She's a lost cause
so count your losses
She's a cold bitch
she's turnin' me silver
She's got me on the bridge
lookin' down at the old cold river

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