

Pigsty

Bayside

Your name is dirt
and I've got you under my nails,
from clawing to freedom,
I've been buried below your dark trails
Do you know who you are?
Are you having the time of your life?
Well I hoped there would be a day I would see you get your desserts
but baby there's still time So when you lose your mind,
you'll find it at the bottom of the mess that's your life
Go take your own advice
Keep hoping that the lies never catch up to you in time Your name is filth
Cause that's all you spew from your mouth
Well I think that your moral compass is broke,
it only points you south
And I wear my scars
like rings on a tree,
there they are
showing my age and proving where I've been so far So when you lose your mind,
you'll find it at the bottom of the mess that's your life
Go take your own advice
Keep hoping that the lies never catch up to you in time I can't say for sure
but it seems like you get more and more secure with every jab
My life with you
is like tying my own noose So when you lose your mind,
you'll find it at the bottom of the mess that's your life
Go take your own advice
Keep hoping that the lies never catch up to you in time

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