

Bleed American (Salt Sweat Sugar)

Jimmy Eat World

I'm not alone cause the TV's on yeah.
I'm not crazy cause I take the right pills everyday.
And rest, clean your conscious, clear your thoughts with speyside with your grain.
Clean your conscious, clear your thoughts with speyside.
Salt, sweat, sugar on the asphalt.
Our hearts littering the topsoil.
Tune in and we can get the last call.
Our lives, our coal.
Salt, sweat, sugar on the asphalt.
Our hearts littering the topsoil.
Sign up it's the picket line or the parade.
Our lives.
I'm not alone cause the TV's on yeah.
I'm not crazy cause I take the right pills everyday.
And rest, clean your conscious, clear your thoughts with speyside with your grain.
Clean your conscious, clear your thoughts with speyside.
Salt, sweat, sugar on the asphalt.
Our hearts littering the topsoil.
Tune in and we can get the last call.
Our lives, our coal.
Salt, sweat, sugar on the asphalt.
Our hearts littering the topsoil.
Sign up it's the picket line or the parade, our lives.
(I bled the) greed from my arm.
Won't they give it a rest now?
Salt, sweat, sugar on the asphalt.
Our hearts littering the topsoil.
Tune in and we can get the last call.
Salt, sweat, sugar on the asphalt, our hearts littering the topsoil.
Sign up it's the picket line or the parade.

Songwriters

ADKINS, JAMES CHRISTOPHER/BURCH, RICHARD E/LIND, ZACHARY MICHEL/LINTON, THOMAS
DARRELL

Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>