

Misery Over Dispute

Waxahatchee

We've heard this summer it dust on.
Run fast with you in the dust in the.
We're so and a pass on the street tonight, If I clean the sore and back
I left only enough to accept to know.
These smiles left suffer your eyes and turn,
Death with a dragging the timeline.
Choose misery over dispute.
I'm disputing,
Walked on eggshells
Just to choose misery over dispute,
Choose misery over dispute.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>