Moisture

The Residents

Let it out, let me pull the shades
And mix it up make it lemonade
I've no intention of living this way
No intention of living, moisture, moisture
A thousand miles across the sand
And burning blisters on my hands
Why did you take water from my well?
I am dry, I sigh, take this torture from my head
And how you said, the sand would burn my hands
And how you said, the sand would burn my feet again
Almost drowned inside your head
I crawled back to the shore instead
Why did you take, and drag me through your hell
I am dry, I sigh, take this torture from my head
And how you said, the sand would burn my hands
And how you said, the sand would burn my feet again
Moisture, moisture
Take this torture from my head
How you said, the sand would burn my hands
And how you said, the sand would burn my feet again
And how you said, the sand would burn my hands
And how you said, the sand would burn my feet again

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