

# Moisture

## Pagalve

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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