

# Cotton Crush

[Kevin Devine](#)

The bricks get laid and they get torn up  
And laid again but the bricks always get torn up again  
Your friends won't wait so don't believe that shit  
When they say they'll wait  
Trust me, your friends will not wait for you  
Then you'll be stoned in some park  
Just nodding your head and pinching your arms  
When a girl walks along  
She's humming your song with your T-shirt on  
That's when you're done, oh, that's when you're done  
There's a cotton crush down in the southern states  
But back up here, man, we've got so much thread and space  
To waste, waste, waste  
There's a microphone picking every word up  
And it shuts itself off when it's sure that's its heard enough  
The quiet can scrape all the calm from your bones  
But maybe it should, maybe we need to be hollowed  
To get up and grow and stop fucking around  
To kick off our braces and start straightening out  
Let's sift through the static to find a simpler sound  
Let's sift through the static to find a simpler sound  
Simpler sound than the shit that's clouding our heads now

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