Cotton Crush

Kevin Devine

The bricks get laid and they get torn up
And laid again but the bricks always get torn up againYour 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 parkJust 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 donThere'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 enoughThe 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 outLet'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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