

# Dumptruck

## Kinfolk Thugs

New York City soothing  
My itchy itchy month of May  
Time has passed for Ms. Onassis  
Decay on display  
I don't wanna go down  
I don't wanna go down  
I don't wanna go down like she did  
And I can't understand why  
Something good's gotta die  
Before we miss it  
Mumbled talk through Pigeon Park  
And Hastings is wasting away  
Religiously they seem to sin  
Buy, sell or trade for amens  
I just don't wanna feel  
I just don't wanna feel  
I just don't wanna feel like they feel  
Hollow body for sound  
Trade my coat for a gown  
Now way up in my arms

You know I love you just a little bit more  
Raisin' nose down to chin  
Smoke after smoke they all trickle in  
Anythin', for anythin'  
And endin' up with nothin'  
Simple pimpled young man  
Sores all over his hands  
He's sleepin', not so silently  
I'll mop the floors for you all  
I'm a fly on the wall  
Really big and listenin'  
Burned a hand of a friend of mine  
And now Bub I know  
That you could fly a mile high  
You told me nothing's ever gonna come between  
And nothing's ever gonna come between  
Nothing's ever gonna come between  
My dump truck and me

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