Clara Bow

50 Foot Wave

I didn't use you but I wish I had
I never liked you but I wish I did
But I wish I didWhether it was soaking in your poppy tea
Or your Southern hospitality
Your voice has a sing song quality
And bones were made to be broken
And bones were made to be brokenYes, alright, I can
With sunburned lips I can bitch
Yes, alright, I can
With sunburned lips I can bitchAbout another stupid summer
About another stupid summer
About another stupid summer
About another stupid summerPaste eaters like this sad season
Strong women gripe
And bite your heavy tongues
And bite your heavy tonguesWhether it was soaking in your poppy tea
And on Southern hospitality
Your voice has a sing song quality
And bones were made to be broken
And bones were made to be brokenYes, alright, I can
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