

Moisture

Dishwalla

Let it out let me pull the shades
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
Burning blisters on my hand
Why did you take
Water from my well
I am dry, I sigh
Take this torture from my head
How you said, the sand would burn my hands
How you said, the sand would burn my feet again
Almost drowned inside your head
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
How you said, the sand would burn my hands
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
How you said, the sand would burn my feet again
How you said, the sand would burn my hands
How you said, the sand would burn my feet again

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