

Healthier Folk

Palehound

Too stoned, taking antibiotics
I feel my infections
Wrestle in my bonesMouth ajar, watching cuties hit the half pipe
I only feel half-right
Around healthier folkBut oh, why don't hold me?
They just
Cradle me like a homesick child
And my wide eyes are a reflex
That keep me
Stained and young inside this mild home
Oh
Drizzle honey on my open salt wound
Mom said, use a harpoon
If I ever need a mealMouth ajar, watching cuties hunt for supper
I'll just down an upper
My almost-voice congealed
But oh, why do they tease me?
They just
Dangle me over promised piles
And my wide eyes are a reflex
That keep them
Stained and young inside this mild home
Oh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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