

# Shirt

## Art Fact

I am dry, I'm your shirt, and I've been hung out on a line  
And I have designs so if you stain me, I will still seem fine  
But really, you're just wearing me out  
Yeah really, you're just wearing me out  
Yeah I've been told, my momma said, I wear my heart on my sleeve  
But I try to hide and roll it up, but every time it comes back creased  
And no one is gonna iron me out  
No, no one is gonna straighten me out  
Yeah one of these days, it's coming on  
I think that I might just unfold  
  
I'll rip the seams and tear some holes  
And I'll probably get sold  
But no one's gonna wear me out  
No, no one's gonna wanna wear me out  
Yeah one of these days, you'll put me on  
I might not fit you anymore  
But I won't mind, I'll always find  
My way into another drawer  
And no one's gonna wear me out  
No, no one's gonna wanna wear me out  
I am dry, I'm your shirt, and I've been hung out on a line

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