

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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