

# Salt On Everything

## Sole

Seven thousand day cough Seven thousand day cough. my lungs of an old woman  
Of a racist race called man, I'm a word machine  
Without enough words to be composed or the worms to decompose  
My old song body pretty for the showing. party women with painted faces  
Only pretty for their lawyers, everything's illegal  
Cause they're pretending to breathe  
Better to be sick in the head then sane in the city  
Like there's a difference or a reason to stay in the city  
Sell the mob to the king, sleep with the dragon  
Slay the princess, lay peaceful in the nothing nest  
Laughing outside my opinion, permeates and lives forever  
The way people live to be remembered, then and only then  
See me perfect, more perfect than the sidewalk  
More expensive than my shoes, more meaningful then hidden messages  
In a quite safe quiet walk  
You forget your personality when they birth  
In the after-birth, I still fake it like I'm naked  
If you got the right sunglasses, I wrote this on cough drops  
With the secret conveyer belt in the sidewalk  
And the big laughing gaping drooling lipsticked up  
And dressed like the lighter side of death  
Neon eyes, cold to the touch and there's salt on (pssst)  
Salt on everything. salt on... salt on everything  
Melt me a princess thought like an open wound  
To bleed to sleep, to plead to work, to heal no loyalty  
To things that don't keep clean  
Weather my old tongue or old tone  
To the man making all the new shadow puppets  
I like your style more worthwhile then rubbish  
A big break for bad taste acting like faith is a face  
A dumpster man singing a dumpster song of redemption  
Share the broken note, it's the only note  
People here got thick skin to hold the nothing in  
There's salt on everything. salt on everything. Salt on everything  
But I put it on nothing Lick your merry lips off and hum it all in a bowling alley  
Headaches and hogwash going on in my ears dizzy, dizzy infected of worry  
It's never my body, my friends, or my brain  
Or my fault to be stranded in a utopian wonderland  
For three minutes I could sit still and stare at the wall and let it (die)

This is my favorite mini-series, well-written, under-funded when it all dulls  
Never decaffeinated dream and I love a big bleeding heart song we can all learn  
Some days we almost feel alive and most days we forget to live  
For some reason, that's all I can bring myself to say and  
You know what on everything, everything  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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