

I Use the Soap

Dickey Lee

I use the soup to wash the dirt off my face
I'll write with pencil so then I can't erase
But what's to do when someone's taking my place with you with you I know to stop when the light turns to red
and when it rains I know to cover my head
But what's to do when I wished I were dead over you over you over you
La la la la la la la la la la la la let 'em to ride off tomorrow
La la la la la la la la la la la la hopin' to wash off the sorrow
I hope to find that the world was not there
It seems to me when I'm down you did not care
And my ambition vanished into thin air long with you with you
I use the soup...

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