

The Dirt

Waxahatchee

Loaded, you'll eulogize before you will preach

Rubbing your filthy hands on my speech

My hedonistic sugar-white beach

And the grievance that I breed If I fill you with fiction that won't hurt

Will you eat up my words with the dirt?

Outside in my inept hands or my active eyes

I'll use the oxygen in this room

To call everyone I know and unhinge

Disrupt neutrality You'll deliver a fable I could live

And I'll throw it off the nearest cliff

Long since I was as empty as a young child

Hope lying in prospect

I wasted my boredom hastily

I'm a basement brimming with nothing great

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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