

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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