

# Lunch

## Zhala

It's not black enough to see where any white is  
So I'll wait another hour for you and your designer jeans  
And I remember you as heartless as a freeway  
And I wonder if the time will make your eyes like angelines  
Will you shuffle to your seat, greasy head and naked feet?  
And your expensive hands are swinging all your Beverly keys  
The latest colors on your lip, there's a satchel at your hips  
And it's all full of broken Barbie dolls and disassembled dreams  
If you don't want for them to hate you because you're beautiful  
How can you want them all to love you for the same thing?  
For the same thing

You went and left your license on the car seat  
You had a couple drinks with him and then you changed your name  
And then he handed you a tambourine and whistled  
No matter what they call you by, the meaning stays the same  
And now your shotgun on the floor, your window's just a door  
Riding backward 'cross state lines in high heels that they made you wear  
Your steamers in the trunk, it's all loaded up with junk  
Like lead and blood and dust and hair and stuff to kill the sting  
You don't want for them to hate you because you're beautiful  
How can you want them all to love you for the same thing?  
For the same thing

Well your shotgun on the floor, your window's just a door  
Riding backward 'cross state lines in high heels that they made you wear  
Your steamers in the trunk, it's all loaded up with junk  
Like lead and blood and dust and hair and stuff to kill the sting  
You don't want for them to hate you because you're beautiful  
How can you want them all to love you for the same thing?  
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