Shirt

The Belle Brigade

I am dry, I'm your shirt, and I've been hung out on a line
And I have designs so if you stain me, I will still seem fine
But really, you're just wearing me out
Yeah really, you're just wearing me out
Yeah I've been told, my momma said, I wear my heart on my sleeve
But I try to hide and roll it up, but every time it comes back creased
And no one is gonna iron me out
No, no one is gonna straighten me out
Yeah one of these days, it's coming on
I think that I might just unfold
I'll rip the seams and tear some holes
And I'll probably get sold
But no one's gonna wear me out
No, no one's gonna wanna wear me out
Yeah one of these days, you'll put me on
I might not fit you anymore
But I won't mind, I'll always find
My way into another drawer
And no one's gonna wear me out
No, no one's gonna wanna wear me out
I am dry, I'm your shirt, and I've been hung out on a line

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