

# Braille

## Cnn 199

She was lying on the floor and counting stretch marks  
She hadn't been a virgin and he hadn't been a god  
So she named the baby Elvis  
To make up for the royalty he lacked And from then on it was turpentine and patches  
From then on it was cold Campbell's from the can  
And they were just two jerks playing with matches  
'Cause that's all they knew how to play And it was raining cats and dogs outside of her window  
And she knew they were destined to become sacred road kill on the way  
And she was listening to the sound of heavens shaking  
Thinking about puddles and, puddles and mistakes 'Cause it's been turpentine and patches  
It's been cold, cold Campbell's from the can  
They were just two jerks playing with matches  
'Cause that's all they knew how to play  
When they knew how to play Elvis never could carry a tune  
She thought about this irony as she stared back at the moon  
She was tracing the years with her fingers on her skin  
Saying why don't I begin again With turpentine and patches  
With cold, cold Campbell's from the can  
After all I'm still a jerk playing with matches  
It's just that he's not around to play along, yeah I'm still an asshole playing with candles  
Blowing out wishes, blowing out dreams  
Just sitting here and trying to decipher what  
What's written in Braille upon my skin, oh yeah  
On this skin She was lying on the floor and counting stretch  
She was lying on the floor and counting stretch  
She was lying on the floor, lying, lying, lying and counting stretch

Lyrics provided by

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