

# Dry Lips (live @ The Daytrotter Sessions)

## Lightspeed Champion

So now I'm holding in my sides  
And my bags are over spilling  
This leads me to think  
My guts have started to boil  
And my stomach keeps on spinning  
Thank you, my friends The next stop is not echo park  
So I shut my eyes, I'll pretend instead  
You don't have to tell me this is wrong  
I know but I can't erase two years of my life  
Even in my dreams if you turn up I'm unhappy I take a step and carve all the horns  
The wings are trapped in the door  
I sure feel the spit  
And everyone is staring, it's all so overwhelming  
If they didn't look would I still complain?  
Of course I would A disquieting preoccupation  
The keys to a nightmare which I taped  
And made sure I watched daily  
This required a careful touch and a swinging chain  
Put the salty water in my broken wounds Tell her I give up, he's won  
I have lost all my humanity  
Tell her I give up  
I give this planet another ten years at least Sarah, my sweet, Sarah, my treat  
Tell her, tell her, tell her, tell her  
Tell her, tell her

Songwriters

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DOMINO PUBLISHING COMPANY USA Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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