The Dead Part Of You

American Music Club

The price of your soul is worth less than the cab fare
That gets you home before the living end.
The dead part of you leaves me with a blessing
From a destruction of your beauty, your self-hatred, your self-pity.
There's so little of you left.
There's so little of you left.
The dead part of you takes me out.
It says the beast in me is fading fast.
It leaves me with a great big goodbye hug.
It's busy clinging to the dead part of the past.
Oh, you only love one thing.
There's so little of it left.
He has taken everything.And there's so little of you left.
You're just a baby in the back seat.
That a door slam sends crying into the world.
And a cab driver's in a hurry that man is more than,
More than anything we could hope for
From the world.
You only love one thing.
There's so little of it left.
He has taken everything.
There's so little of you left.
There's so little of you left.
There's so little of you left.
There's so little of you left.
There's so little of you left.

Songwriters
EITZEL, JOHN MARKPublished by
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