

Eat My Dust You Insensitive Fuck

Catherine Wheel

I think I have the best of me
Inside my head
No one else competes with me
I think I'm great
Got spirit tucked away inside

I know the ghosts of angel notes to kiss
Everything I sing is part of this
Got honey brushed across my lips

I know, I know, I know, I know

If you can call this luck
If you can call this luck
If you can miss this much

Eat my dust you insensitive f**k
Eat my dust you insensitive f**k
Eat my dust