

# The White Trash Period of My Life

Josh Rouse

Careful of words  
They are so meaningful  
You discover  
Like the blues from her breath  
His genius is dead  
Happy and willing to die  
For your love  
Happy and willing to die

Back in the bedroom  
It's four a.m.  
Hear the clatter  
From the neighbors upstairs  
Happy and willing to die  
For your love  
Happy and willing to die

Laid off for weeks now  
And feel the sore  
Still I'm tireless  
From the smell of you  
Happy and willing to die  
For your love  
Happy and willing, still am  
So come

I won't make a sound  
I sleep on the floor  
Lay on the couch  
Put yourself out  
I sleep on the floor  
Lay on the couch  
Put yourself out  
Put yourself out

Sounds so absurd  
Just to be lying here  
One more hour  
And I'm gone  
Happy and willing to die  
For your love  
Happy and willing to die

I won't make a sound  
I sleep on the floor  
Lay on the couch  
Put yourself out  
I sleep on the floor  
Lay on the couch  
Put yourself out  
Put yourself out

Say it's okay  
Say it's alright  
Tonight  
Say it's okay  
Say it's alright

Tonight