

Sleeveless

Wellwater Conspiracy

What's up your sleeve Is it like mine What you got in your head
is coming out your eye What's wrong with that Touching the sky

Is it up to me What's up our sleeves Is that how we learned the
word cry

When you feel naked and can't stand still Find a place you love
and lift your curse I'll find what hurts and sic your curse We
can both bleed

Is it up to me What's up our sleeves Is that how we learned to
bleed in rhymes