Trash Day

Butch Walker

Trash Day in Beverly Hills
All the sad little mama's with their happy little pills
They flirt with the lawn boys as they clean out the pools
While the Mexican nannies take the children to school

So much to be and nothing to do
How did it ever end up that way?

Trash day in Nashville, Tennessee
No one can smell this religion but me
I see it in hairstyles of young Christian men,
That drink, smoke, and fuck like the world's gonna end

Someday will come and we'll all just pretend
That it never really happened that way
Happen that way
Happen that way
Happen that way

I can tell a lot by the way that you walk
And I can hear the confessions in the way you talk
And it's all the actions that give yourself away

So I still don't talk, don't breathe
It'll all be over soon

Trash day in Atlanta, GA
I can hear the sanitary truck from 2 miles away
I've said everything that this town has to say
Won't you bring me your waste and let me throw them away

Maybe I was wrong to call your heart a spade
But I wish it didn't happen that way
Happen that way
Happen that way
Happen that way

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