

Veteran

Dessa

This is a whisper into your satellite dish
This is a death threat in cross stitch and I demand a hostage
And then I want a motor boat
And then I'll let your hostage go...
It's like life is a death-bound train
And every day is just a stop along the way
And every era is the modern age for the people in it
Every prayer is paramount for the owner of the steeped fingers

I know better but
I'd hoped for better boy
Boy, I'd hoped for better than this
A veteran never forgets no matter what she forgives
No matter what she forgives
And I know better but
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Boy, I'd hoped for better than this
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Like opportunity knocks
Misfortune'll pick that lock and pick your pockets
Pick your poison boys, and here I'll pick it for ya
Sure your habit dies hard
But your bottle kills easy
See me cut my Coke with Captain
Cut Captain with Ron Diaz
And mind if you don't cut when he's been good to me how he has
You don't cut when he's been good to me
Princeton, Minnesota

And to everybody talking about my tits
I guess that it's because you can't find shit to diss
About the way that I spit
I'll blow my lips a kiss
Another feel you couldn't cop
I've got shit to do in Pro Tools while you're fuckin' around in PhotoShop
The road don't stop, while you got off to take a breather
Either I'm an over-eager emo alcoholic
With a nice chest and a press list
Or maybe you just jealous

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Shake me, and hear the filament rattle
Awake and save me, from this bit of the battle
My pride is like an ember in my chest that sets my blood to burning
So you'll forgive me if a tongue is in the cheek I'm turning
Hurts me just to think of one more curtsy for the king
These knees don't bend easy, please receive me on my feet

I pull my shadow off the street, retreat
Believe me, you don't want to follow me
These hollow dreams
That walk around in full-color 3D
Just to see how petty the daily drama and diorama really can be
I'll pull a Peter Pan and set ya free
When you can, see what you can do for me cause
A quiet night before the crackle of my fuse lit
A vocal booth is just another padded room, shit
A quiet night before the crackle of my fuse lit
A vocal booth is just another padded room, kid

Put all your words away, for all the noise you make
Put all your words away, for all...
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