

Window

flipturn

Soap suds
Slicken the mud
Making new sludge
I was spilling my guts
Spilling my lungs
And that's a problem
In the long run

But so what? You're too much fun
And taming my tongue
Gets lonesome
So sink your teeth into my gums
If you want some

If you want some

I could give you so much
I could tell you 'bout the things I've done
Old love, new drugs
Who I am and who I was
And who I'm bound to become

Holding a grudge like a hand-grenade dud
Keeping a crutch to cripple my trust
I'd been piling up dust

But you called my bluff, hushed my fuss
Said, "Baby, enough is enough
And maybe you ain't that tough."

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I could tell you 'bout the things I've done
Old love, new drugs
Who I am and who I was
And who I'm bound to

I could give you so much
I could tell you 'bout the things I've done
Old love, new drugs
Everything I'm ashamed of
Who I am and who I was