

My Neck

July Talk

Someone started a rumor saying
Scars are made of rope
But you didn't tell your hands to tie that knot around your throat
Isadora Duncan is it convertibles you crave
Decisions make, decisions break
And enter in your grave

My neck, my neck
She's a total wreck

Hands up baby, table dancing
Numb that little heart
Smashing glass and talking loudly
How'd you get so smart
Tell the men just what you crave
Some you give and some you take
Laced up summed up
Never thought you'd actually cave

My neck, my neck
She's a total wreck
My neck, my neck
She's a total wreck

I'm not that skinny or tall
I'm not that skinny or tall
This is redressing a wrong
I'm not that skinny or tall

My neck, my neck
She's a total wreck
My neck, my neck
She's a total wreck

My neck, my neck