

## Dirt

King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard

Handshakes and bitter rows  
Are the common conjecture  
I can dissect anything  
And save the skin for later  
I know its just a time  
And things will get better  
But I don't mind much anyway  
Vampire reflection

Gestured in our selfish understanding  
Tensions only surface when you're hurt, h-h-h-hurt  
Like a magpie's morning monologue  
Whispers bending backwards in the dirt  
The dirt, the dirt

Make time to say you're right  
You should already know this  
With next to no pretension  
Still I'm walking on egg shells  
Catch your breath, I'm heading out  
Be sure others will notice  
This is just a product of  
Lack of reflection

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Whispers bending backwards in the dirt  
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