

Soap

Penelope Scott

There's all this dirt
Under my nails
Wouldn't you like to see
Where I went to high school?

Blood
Under my knuckles
You should've heard
The way I spoke last night

There is salt inside my mouth
Sugar on my tongue
Freckles on my cheeks
From good old-fashioned West Coast sun
I feel so beaten up and bruised
I don't know what I'm gonna do
I can't keep anything at all
From slipping through my raccoon claws
Except for (Mhm)

Soap
Under my nails
Can you imagine being
Back in high school?

Blood
Scratched from my knuckles
You should've called
But I guess so should I (Mhm)

There's salt inside my veins
Sugar on my tongue
Crinkles by my eyes
From goddamn fucking West Coast sun
I feel so beaten up and bruised
I don't know what I'm gonna do
I can't keep anything at all
From slipping through my raccoon claws
Except for all

This soap
Under my nails
I never asked for this
I'm just one creature

Blood
Trapped in my knuckles
I don't know what I wanted
I didn't think it was this

There's sugar in my mouth
Liquor on my tongue
Freckles on my cheeks
From fucking goddamn West Coast fun
I feel so beaten up and used
I don't know what I'm gonna do
I can't keep anything at all

From slipping through my raccoon claws
Except for all
The soap
And blood
And guts (Mhm)