

# 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)