

# Bag of Trash

Ryan Adams

If my heart's a bag of trash  
Well you threw it out  
They got his truck that carried it down to the city landfill  
Course it fit right in  
All the things we wasted  
That couldn't be fixed  
It gets replaced  
Replaced every day  
With things that are cheaper  
More things for us to throw away

I feel like I'm in a skiff  
Drifting down the river  
Of your brain right now  
I'm paddling out to my ghost ship  
Hearing voices  
And trusting the way  
With my bat radar  
But it gets replaced  
It gets replaced every day  
It gets replaced  
Replaced every day  
By things that are cheaper  
More things for us to throw away  
Throw away  
Throw away  
Throw away