

Wet Your Whistle

Sierra Ferrell

I met my muse today, oh no
He came with sad eyes, wet tattered clothes
Well my chest was empty when you came knocking
I didn't hear the coins you dropped in
Yeah, from the start

I love to paint his little toe, its cracked and caved in like o
ur souls [?]
Well you love to love me when you're drinking
Although the motive it was quite clear
Oh yes sadly you know it was dear

And dont you ever forget me, my dearest friend
I'll be right here yes, If you need me
You know everyone is not who they seem to be
Oh my love, don't you dare hide in your insecurities