

Dirt

Snail Mail

I've been down countless halls
And once you've seen one it's like you've seen 'em all
And I've seen two open doors
And I can't help but wonder what the second is for

I can't tell myself anything
Even when it feels so seamless
Even when it feels so seamless
Don't get caught in the dirt
The dirt

There's a weight and I feel it and it's pressing down
And it won't be for nothing and it won't stick around
If it is about anything that I can fix
Then I'll see you on the other side if it really exists

I can't tell myself anything
Even when it feels so seamless
Even when it feels so seamless
Don't get caught in the dirt
The dirt

No more clean air, it burns my lungs
No more second guesses, I've had enough
No more clean air, it burns my lungs
No more second guesses, I've had enough

Let's forget it now
Baby when I'm 30 I'll laugh about how dumb it felt
Baby when I'm 30 I'll laugh it out
And oh god it's not funny, it's not funny, it's not funny
But I know we can laugh it out