

Best Left

The Beths

Pulling it up
From the wet ground
I couldn't stop
Had to find out
Some things are best left to rot

If I knew less
I'd be less down
But I'm already up to my neck now
Some things are best left to rot
Some things are best left to rot

Picking the scar
I know it's the wrong call
It won't bring the relief
I know that I long for
Some things are best left to rot
Some things are best left to rot

Well past productivity
Deep down in my misery
This instinct will bury me
Bury me
Bury me
Bury me

Pulling it up
From the wet ground
I couldn't stop
Had to find out

The days fall like leaves
I can never sleep
Never be at peace
No no no

Some things
Some things
Some things are best left to rot