

Blue Trash

The Dead South

Cry baby cry, crying all about
Cause you be missin' that banjo sound
Finger pickin' good and greasy bound
So you run, all the way back to mamma
To grab your gun

You keep playing in your mind
That mando's playing time, after time
Those backchop beats are feelin' just fine
Take it away, foot stomps and gravy trains
Where is the heart?

Sun down day turns to night
Angel's singing, it sound just right
Demon's playing, there ain't no fight
You pray
This music will go away
You pure old heart

I'm feelin' salty but I'm drinking sprite
That tangy banjo's sounding
So dang bright
Heavy hearts to an empty stage right
You say
There is no bass today
Low day don't feel so right

Sun down day turns to night
Angel's singing, it sound just right
Demon's playing, there ain't no fight
You pray
This music will go away
You pure old heart
Blue trash don't touch my art
We want it back to how it was at the start
Dead on the tracks why did we depart
You done?
Cause you cannot take away
What's in our hearts today
What's in our hearts

Sun down day turns to night
Angel's singing, it sound just right
Demon's playing, there ain't no fight
You pray
This music will go away
You pure old heart

Blue trash won't call it art
They want it back to how it was at the start
Dead on the track
Why did we depart
Well you done?
Cause you cannot take away
What's in our hearts today
What's in our hearts this way
What's in our hearts