

Nicotine

The Dirty Nil

Let me burn through your trees honeybee, I believe
Do me wrong do me right, I don't care, outta sight

But you don't let me know how you feel
But you don't let me know how you feel

I could care, I could cry bout a thorn in my side
No sweat on my back, no skin off my hide
But a heart will sail, don't wait up alone

Work and toil your soil with spade
I bust my back to dig my own damn grave

But you don't let me know how you feel
But you don't let me know how you feel
But you don't let me know how you feel

Don't wait up alone too long