

Salt

Widowspeak

So you were leaving
Headed south
I grit my teeth on
Dust in my mouth
Well I have your number
You know mine's the same
Still tasting salt
What I wouldn't say

I'm happy for you
I'm happy for you
'Cause I swore
I'd be happy for you

Salt of the earth
In a high rise
Say something to cut deep
And make them all cry
Well they called your number
Mine's the same
Still tasting salt
Of what I wouldn't say

I'm happy for you
I'm happy for you
'Cause I swore
I'd be happy for you
I'll be happy for you
I'll be happy for you
I'm happy for you