

Salt On Everything

Sole

Seven thousand day cough
Seven thousand day cough. my lungs of an old woman
Of a racist race called man, I'm a word machine
Without enough words to be composed or the worms to decompose
My old song body pretty for the showing. party women with painted faces
Only pretty for their lawyers, everything's illegal
Cause they're pretending to breathe
Better to be sick in the head than sane in the city
Like there's a difference or a reason to stay in the city
Sell the mob to the king, sleep with the dragon
Slay the princess, lay peaceful in the nothing nest
Laughing outside my opinion, permeates and lives forever
The way people live to be remembered, then and only then
See me perfect, more perfect than the sidewalk
More expensive than my shoes, more meaningful than hidden messages
In a quite safe quiet walk
You forget your personality when they birth
In the after-birth, I still fake it like I'm naked
If you got the right sunglasses, I wrote this on cough drops
With the secret conveyer belt in the sidewalk
And the big laughing gaping drooling lipsticked up
And dressed like the lighter side of death
Neon eyes, cold to the touch and there's salt on (pssst)
Salt on everything. salt on... salt on everything
Melt me a princess thought like an open wound
To bleed to sleep, to plead to work, to heal no loyalty
To things that don't keep clean
Weather my old tongue or old tone
To the man making all the new shadow puppets
I like your style more worthwhile than rubbish
A big break for bad taste acting like faith is a face
A dumpster man singing a dumpster song of redemption
Share the broken note, it's the only note
People here got thick skin to hold the nothing in
There's salt on everything. salt on everything. Salt on everything
But I put it on nothing
Lick your merry lips off and hum it all in a bowling alley
Headaches and hogwash going on in my ears dizzy, dizzy infected of worry
It's never my body, my friends, or my brain
Or my fault to be stranded in a utopian wonderland
For three minutes I could sit still and stare at the wall and let it (die)
This is my favorite mini-series, well-written, under-funded when it all dulls
Never decaffeinated dream and I love a big bleeding heart song we can all learn
Some days we almost feel alive and most days we forget to live

For some reason, that's all I can bring myself to say and
You know what on everything, everything

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