

## Seascapes

### "Yellow Dirt"

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He gets up every morning  
And he lights upon the floor  
He migrates to the washroom  
And he opens up the door

The whiskers on his chin tells him  
He's in, and then  
Through the paste and the soap  
Sees an image without hope

He's a broom of a fellow  
An oddity in parenthesis  
So infected with disease of yellow dirt  
Down in his soul

He usually spends his spare time  
Counting hairs upon his arm  
The ants upon the cupboard  
To his thinking add their charm

He never starts to notice  
That his shoes are full of lead  
He's dead, through cough labored breathing  
He is seething

He's a sandwich of a fellow  
An all spread personality  
So infected with disease of yellow dirt  
Down in his soul

Last night a thousand stars were his  
To mold like clay, and so  
In one split seconds anger  
He did reach and take a hold

He saw himself a captain way  
Off in some kissin' situation  
That would have made his father proud  
He laughs out loud

He conceals the hurt, he reveals the dirt

The yellow dirt down in his soul  
The yellow dirt down in his soul  
The yellow dirt down in his soul  
The yellow dirt down in his soul

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