

Swellers, The "Dirt"

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This is for all my friends and family.
Something I need you to understand.

The accident,
the overdose,
the suicide whatever it was.
Malpractice,
the homicide, etcetera.
Something took me sooner than we planned.

Now take these steps for me.
It might not be what you wanted,
but it's what I need.

No funeral.
There's not a goddamn dime you need to spend.
I won't be there to thank you in the end.
Put me in the ground to decompose
and inside of your heart always.

This is for all my friends.
Who are these motherfuckers?
Behind my eyes,
they never knew me in life.

No,
no casket please.
I'll rot out with the leaves.
No
clothes for me to wear.
The dirt won't care.
Don't
scatter any ashes.
Scatter all my things
to
the deserving ones who really need.
No
production here,
so
assholes walk around
and try to get your sympathy and say, "I'm glad it

wasn't me."

And with that said,
don't say a prayer for me today.
God and I, we never really spoke anyway.
I tried sometimes, but he never wrote back.

And I know
there's no headstone where I'm lying.
So where do you go when you're crying?
Just hold on to a memory of me
inside of your heart always. [x7]

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