

40 Grit "Wide Mouth"

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Life
You think you just know it all
You're frayed
As your concentration breaks
Come down
Off this politician rage
For now
Just think, just stink,
Just think, just stink of me
It can be your way
Write the book of life
I can be your way
Is this arranger?
Is this right?
Is it the way that you come at me?
This is arranged. This is deranged
This is arranger. This isn't right

Why don't you just think, just stink
Just think, just stink like me?

CHORUS

More have suffered
War has suffered
Whore of suffrage
More have fucked alone
It's been years since I've
Figured out
I've seen you dead
We died, reformed
Many reasons why
Wished voices come true
Just for you, just for you
Life - you're frayed
Come down - for now
For now
CHORUS

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