

6Gig "Bagmask"

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chord spine the way of a splinter
masked bags with mixed days that didn't
rhyme to me or speak to me rhyme to me or speak to
me
tan lines that burn in the winter
mixed up with masks that didn't
rhyme to me or speak to me.
I cried my quarters to sleep I didn't leave them
one on one with the woman in a magazine
looking at fast drying paint cans
looking at fast drying paint cans.
Chord spine the way of a splinter

mask bags with mixed days that didn't
rhyme to me or speak to me
stuffed chokes the day in my heartbox
early mourning heatlamp that couldn't
rhyme to me speak to me.
I cried my quarters to sleep
I didn't leave them
one on one with the woman in a magazine
looking at fast drying paint cans
looking at fast drying paint cans.
I look forward to hearing from you.

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