

## Comadre "60 Grit"

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I'm gonna pick a fight with everyone I love,  
how bout I make things right to rest their hearts at sea?  
This time I'll really drown and carry down worries,  
this time I'll really drown.  
I got bad eyez but am living a cat's nine lives.  
I love the smell of dynamite at 9:00am  
and can taste the fear I put upon your chest.  
Now I've counted way too short,  
if I really wanted to sink  
I'd cut you off and say goodbye  
with a bit of tongue and a wink,  
a bit of tongue and a wink.  
Bruises, fuses, everyone loses.  
So tonight I'm running out the rest of my life.

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