

# Dishwalla "Moisture"

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Let it out let me pull the shades  
mix it up make it lemonade  
I've no intention of living this way  
No intention of living...  
Moisture  
Moisture  
A thousand miles across the sand  
Burning blisters on my hand  
Why did you take  
Water from my well  
I am dry, I sigh  
Take this torture from my head  
How you said, the sand would burn my hands  
How you said, the sand would burn my feet again  
Almost drowned inside your head  
Crawled back to the shore instead

Why did you take  
And drag me through your hell  
I am dry, I sigh  
Take this torture from my head  
How you said, the sand would burn my hands  
How you said, the sand would burn my feet again  
Moisture  
Moisture  
Take this torture from my head  
How you said, the sand would burn my hands  
How you said, the sand would burn my feet again  
How you said, the sand would burn my hands  
How you said, the sand would burn my feet again

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