

## Dropout Year

### "The Dirtiest Hand"

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You hold what you have to hold on to

The bluest eyes are the saddest eyes  
I know this all too well  
The blankest stare  
The I don't care  
A crawl inside type of hell  
All of this reminds me  
Of how much I really don't fit  
I come to you black and blue  
And you won't deal with it

So I'm left holding the dirtiest hand  
I am told that it's getting old  
Just how dirty I am  
How dirty I am

A soulless whore, an even score  
The eyes in the back of my head  
My lack of class, this empty glass  
A drink here with the dead  
All of this reminds me of how much I really don't fit  
I'm begging you please make me new or keep me out  
of it

Now I'm left holding the dirtiest hand  
I am told that it's getting old  
Just how dirty I am

I'm left holding the dirtiest hand  
I am told that it's getting old  
Just how dirty I am

Wash me clean  
So, wash me clean

Now I'm left holding the dirtiest hand  
I am told and it's getting old  
Just how dirty I am

I'm left holding the dirtiest hand

I am told and it's getting old  
Just how dirty I am

How dirty I am

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