

## **Drown**

# **"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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