

## Katy Rose

### "Splinters"

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My luck sits sultry in a paper cup  
Drowned in hotel coffee  
I drink it so it's sucked into  
My pale and slouching body

It makes my one foot shake  
And my hands know what I mean  
When I say that I'm not lucky  
But it could be the caffeine

Well I bury my secrets well  
I never kiss and tell  
I knock on wood  
But I got splinters in my hands  
And that ain't good  
My stories are hard to tell  
I never end them well  
I knock on wood  
But I've got splinters in my hands  
And that ain't good

I should of said so from the start  
Will I never not be broken  
Got truth trees in my shopping cart  
In case I came to help here

Sick of fortune's taunting games  
Searching for something to blame  
When it happened baby once again  
Crazy cause I'm mad and deep  
I'm posing in the den maybe  
I need to need a friend

Well I bury my secrets well  
I never kiss and tell  
I knock on wood  
But I got splinters in my hands  
And that ain't good  
My stories are hard to tell  
I never end them well  
I knock on wood

But I've got splinters in my hands  
And that ain't good

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