

Charlotte Martin

"Grave Clothes"

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I'm a wanted woman for another man's crime
With the usual ghosts foggin' up on my mind
I was in the wrong place at the wrong time
With a hearty spill and a little crooked wire

I'm a big-mouth introvert, a stretch mark thigh
I'm a sick-head looking for a band-aid
I'm a goodness kind of your lemonade
With a bullet proof hat for my memory brigade

I know I'll feel the most
The fury vanishes as I'm shaking off my grave clothes

Never was a girl to hide from herself
But I got my boxes of distractions
What I love so much 'bout America
Is there's still a sweetness in reactions
And you know I'm doing everything I can
I have been your woman and have tried to be your man
My hands are open and my prayers are wide
The river's flowing like my growing child

I know I'll feel the most
The fury vanishes as I'm shaking off my grave clothes

And all the bravery it takes to love you
All the maybes I have to know
All the bravery it takes to love you

Now I'll clean out my closet
That the page is white and the black sure pouring out
my fingers
I am every colour of a comet's night
I'm an open door to every stranger
To every stranger

I know I'll feel the most
The fury vanishes as I'm shaking here
I know I'll feel the most
The fury vanishes as I'm shaking here
You know I'll feel the most

The fury vanishes as I'm shaking off my grave clothes

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