

Sole

"Salt On Everything"

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seven thousand day cough.

seven thousand day cough. my lungs of an old woman
of a racist race called man, i'm a word machine
without enough words to be composed or the worms to
decompose.

my old song body pretty for the showing. party women
with painted faces

only pretty for their lawyers, everything's illegal
'cause they're pretending to breathe.

better to be sick in the head then sane in the city
like there's a difference or a reason to stay in the city.

sell the mob to the king, sleep with the dragon,
slay the princess, lay peaceful in the nothing nest.
laughing outside my opinion, permeates and lives
forever.

the way people live to be remembered, then and only
then

see me perfect, more perfect than the sidewalk,
more expensive than my shoes, more meaningful then
hidden messages.

in a quite safe quiet walk

you forget your personality when they birth
in the after-birth, i still fake it like i'm naked.

if you got the right sunglasses, i wrote this on cough
drops

with the secret conveyer belt in the sidewalk
and the big laughing gaping drooling lipsticked up
and dressed like the lighter side of death.

neon eyes, cold to the touch and there's salt on (psst).
salt on everything. salt on...salt on everything.

melt me a princess thought like an open wound.

to bleed to sleep, to plead to work, to heal no loyalty
to things that don't keep clean.

weather my old tongue or old tone

to the man making all the new shadow puppets,

i like your style more worthwhile then rubbish.

a big break for bad taste acting like faith is a face,

a dumpster man singing a dumpster song of

redemption,
share the broken note, it's the only note.
people here got thick skin to hold the nothing in,
there's salt on everything. salt on everything. salt on
everything.
but i put it on nothing.

lick your merry lips off and hum it all in a bowling alley,
headaches and hogwash going on in my ears dizzy,
dizzy infected of worry.
it's never my body, my friends, or my brain,
or my fault to be stranded in a utopian wonderland
for three minutes i could sit still and stare at the wall
and let it (die).
this is my favorite mini-series, well-written, under-
funded when it all dulls.
never decaffeinated dream and i love a big bleeding
heart song we can all learn.
some days we almost feel alive and most days we
forget to live.
for some reason, that's all i can bring myself to say
and
you know what on everything, everything.

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