

The Grownup Noise

"All Hashed Out"

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(B. Wallace - K. Winter - B. Cummings)

People, taking me for a ride
People, nothing left inside.
Knowing all along they could be the ones you're beside.

Running, circumstances are all the same.
Running, by now they've forgotten your name.
How can they look at you bleeding and tell you the dish
ran away with the spoon.

All hashed out
All hashed out
All hashed out
All hashed out

People, taking me for a ride, sitting but never just
thinking
People, nothing left inside, people just looking but
nothing remaining
Knowing all along could be the ones you're beside.

All hashed out
All hashed out
All hashed out
All hashed out

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