

Bad Books "Texas"

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My love has gone away
Packed up her bags and then boarded that plane
And I guess that the time I figured you'd wait
Teary face, leaky breath, a bitter taste

Tripped out for six hundred years
Who would have thought that I'd make it last year?
In a way it makes sense that I died and reappeared
As that fly you've been swatting for years

Calm down and make him a drink
Pretty small town and the gossip repeats
She took off her clothes
And sat on the bed next to me

My heart is pumping my blood
Your heart's not beating at all
In a way it makes sense that it isn't
It just never was

Right now, a sinful exchange
Once done, unspeakable shame
And I should've known where I took the blame
The sweat and the shame fireless flame

Please god, don't take him too
Take me, a replicant fool
Lost a gear and now I hardly move
He's a kid, I'm a fool

Please son, where is your faith?
Take off your bushels, set fire to your pain
You will heal like a cut
Let it scar, let it scab, let it stain

In a while I promise you'll see
You're alive, not the blemish or burns
That you keep on your feet

I am a towel that is soaked to the core
Heavier now than it's gotten before
And something inside of me needs more and more

Sooner than later, never no more
Sooner than later, never no more

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