

The Lips "Cotton Mouth"

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In my head, I see said, I feel dead, but I'll never let go.
Tell my friends I'm gone.

I my room, tied my shoes, heard the news, I'll never let
go.
Tell my friends I'm wrong.

Tell my friends I'm gone.

In my place, washed my face, am erased, but I'll never
let go.
You might need advice.

In the air, I don't care, who was there, I have a cotton
mouth.
I might be advised.

You might need advice.

I'm warning you, secure the truths, burn down the roof,
I'm telling you.
You might need advice.

(repeat)

So in my head, I feel dead, seeing red, but I'll never let
go.
Tell my friends I'm gone.

Tell my friends they don't know anything about me.

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