

Brooke Waggoner

"Lungs Speed, Lungs Sped"

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It's the sound of dogs at noon
When the feast is freshly brewed
It's the sound of dogs at noon

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When the feast is freshly brewed
It's the sound of dogs at noon

She was breathin' like a girl
Atop her wedding bed
Lungs speed and lungs sped

She was breathin' like a girl
Atop her wedding bed
Lungs speed and lungs sped

Ooo ooo ooo

It's the sound of dogs at noon
When the feast is freshly brewed
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She was breathin' like a girl
Atop her wedding bed
Lungs speed and lungs sped

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Atop her wedding bed
Lungs speed and lungs sped

Ooo ooo ooo

But my tender side was wounded
Cut up, built and split for bruising
It's laughter that kept me sane
And my choice could not be rattled
It just brought unwanted battles

I'm not made for love
I'm not made for love

I'm not made for love
I'm not made for love

And I weeded weeded it
Now I water it water it
I weeded it weeded it
Now I water it water it
I weeded it weeded it
Now I water it water it
I weeded it weeded it
Now I water it water it

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