

6 Gig "Bag Mask"

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Chord spine the way of a splinter,
masked bags with mixed days that didn't
rhyme to me or speak to me,
rhyme to me or speak to me.
Tan lines that burn in the winter,
mixed up with masks that didn't
rhyme to me or speak to me.
I cried my quarters to sleep,
I didn't leave them
one on one
with the woman in a magazine,
looking at fast drying paint cans,
looking at fast drying paint cans.
Chord spine the way of a splinter,
mask bags with mixed days that didn't
rhyme to me or speak to me.
Stuffed chokes the day in my heartbox,
early mourning heatlamp that couldn't
rhyme to me or speak to me.
I cried my quarters to sleep,
I didn't leave them
one on one
with the woman in a magazine
looking at fast drying pant cans,
looking at fast drying pant cans.
And I look forward to hearing from you,
hearing from you.
And I look forward to hearing from you,
hearing from you.
And I look forward to hearing from you,
hearing from you.
And I look forward to hearing from you,
hearing from you.
And I look forward to hearing from you,
hearing from you, I'm hearing from you,
I'm hearing from you, I'm hearing from you.

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