

Seals And Crofts "Yellow Dirt"

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He gets up every morning
And he lights upon the floor
He migrates to the washroom
And he opens up the door

The whiskers on his chin tells him
He's in, and then
Through the paste and the soap
Sees an image without hope

He's a broom of a fellow
An oddity in parenthesis
So infected with disease of yellow dirt
Down in his soul

He usually spends his spare time
Counting hairs upon his arm
The ants upon the cupboard
To his thinking add their charm

He never starts to notice
That his shoes are full of lead
He's dead, through cough labored breathing
He is seething

He's a sandwich of a fellow
An all spread personality
So infected with disease of yellow dirt
Down in his soul

Last night a thousand stars were his
To mold like clay, and so
In one split seconds anger
He did reach and take a hold

He saw himself a captain way
Off in some kissin' situation
That would have made his father proud
He laughs out loud

He conceals the hurt, he reveals the dirt
The yellow dirt down in his soul

The yellow dirt down in his soul
The yellow dirt down in his soul
The yellow dirt down in his soul

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