

U.S.D.A.

"Back Of Your Mouth"

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Yeah yeah!

The worms they crack like words and
Turn you teeth up and run, leave.
I'm all drinks.
So I clean
I fall down.
Should I fit these.
So politely.
All praises sugar coated.
Looking between her mouth and mine.
I got scars from dirty scratches.
Scabs and ashes.
The back of your mouth.

In this exchange I often touch myself,
So go ahead and let those dirty words pass right
through me.
Just passing through.
Not stopping by.
Not saying hi.
Girl you can't kill a liar.

You throw up everywhere now.
Enjoy the cup and coffee.
I am the puddle.
Make me.
Dancing hoes and stagnance. okay.
These words are sugar coated.
Crossed up they still cut out to touch.
Got scars from dirty scratches.
Scabs and ashes.
The back of your mouth.

In this exchange I often touch myself,
So go ahead and let those dirty words pass right
through me.
Just passing through.
Not stopping by.
Not saying hi.
Girl you can't kill a liar.

You can't kill (whispers)
Can't kill (whispers)
Can't kill (whispers)
You can't kill (whispers)

You can't kill
You can't kill
You can't kill
You can't kiiiiill

In this exchange I often touch myself,
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Girl you can't kill a liar.
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Girl you can't kill a liar.
Girl you can't kill a liar.

Yeah yeah!

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