

# Bread, I Use The Soap

I use the soap to wash the dirt off my face  
I write with pencil so that I can erase  
But what's to do when someone's taken my place with you, with you  
I know to stop when the light turns to red  
And when it rains I know to cover my head  
But what's to do when I wished I were dead over you, over you, over you  
Do do do do do etc.  
Plannin' to write off tomorrow  
Do do do do do etc  
Hopin' to wash off the sorrow  
I woke to find that my world was not there  
It ceased to me when I found you did not care  
And my ambition vanished into thin air along with you, with you  
Now my emotions find it hard to let go  
And as for me I'll find a new road to hoe  
But maybe this time I will take it more slow than before, before  
Than before