

# Charlotte Martin, Obstacle 1

I wish I could eat the salt  
Off of your lost faded lips  
We can cap the old times  
Make playing only logical harm  
We can cap the old lines  
Make playing that nothing else will change  
Well she can read, she can read  
She can read, she can read, she's bad  
She can read, she can read  
She can read, she's bad, oh, she's bad  
But it's different  
Bow that I'm poor and aging  
I'll never see this face again  
You'll go stabbing yourself in the neck  
And we can find new ways of living  
Make playing only logical harm  
And we can top the old times  
Play making that nothing else will change  
But she can read, she can read  
She can read, she can read, she's bad  
She can read, she can read  
She can read, she's bad, oh, she's bad  
It's different  
Now that I'm poor and aging  
I'll never see this place again  
And you'll go stabbing yourself in the neck

But it's different  
Now that I'm poor and aging  
I'll never see this place again  
You'll go stabbing yourself in the neck  
It's in the way that she poses  
It's in the things that she puts in my hair  
Her stories are boring and stuff  
She's always calling my bluff  
She puts then, she puts the weights  
Into my little heart  
And she gets in my room  
And she takes it apart  
She puts the weight  
She puts the weight  
She puts the weight  
She puts the weight  
She puts the weight  
She puts the weight  
She puts the weight  
It's in the way that she walks  
Her heaven is never enough  
She puts the weights in my heart  
She puts the  
She puts the weights into my little heart