

Josh Rouse, The White Trash Period Of My Life

Careful of words
They are so meaningful
You discover
Like the blues from her breath
His genius is dead
Happy and willing to die
For your love
Happy and willing to die

Back in the bedroom
It's four a.m.
Hear the clatter
From the neighbors upstairs
Happy and willing to die
For your love
Happy and willing to die

Laid off for weeks now
And feel the sore
Still I'm tireless
From the smell of you
Happy and willing to die
For your love
Happy and willing, still am
So come

I won't make a sound
I sleep on the floor
Lay on the couch
Put yourself out
I sleep on the floor
Lay on the couch
Put yourself out
Put yourself out

Sounds so absurd
Just to be lying here
One more hour
And I'm gone
Happy and willing to die
For your love
Happy and willing to die

I won't make a sound
I sleep on the floor
Lay on the couch
Put yourself out
I sleep on the floor
Lay on the couch
Put yourself out
Put yourself out

Say it's okay
Say it's alright
Tonight
Say it's okay
Say it's alright
Tonight