

Catherine Wheel, Eat My Dust You Insensitive Fuck

I think I have the best of me
Inside my head
No one else competes with me
I think I'm great
Got spirit tucked away inside

I know the ghosts of angel notes to kiss
Everything I sing is part of this
Got honey brushed across my lips

I know, I know, I know, I know

If you can call this luck
If you can call this luck
If you can miss this much

Eat my dust you insensitive fuck
Eat my dust you insensitive fuck
Eat my dust