

Grace Gale, Part Time Gravedigger, Full Time Scumbag

Put on your boots my dear
The blood gets deep here
Such a far way to walk and
It's too deep
My fingers freeze
I'm catching cold
Sidestep this grave
I'll take you home
Another botched attempt
But now I've barely slept
Put on your boots my dear
Self pity is rough here
Such a far way to walk
And it's too deep
I got a chill (you're cold)
I'm in over my head (so fucking cold)
Fate calls me out
For winding up dead
Another botched attempt
But now I've barely slept
I got this worked out
This is all you need to know I'm clean
I look down on you
Somehow that's just not good enough for you
Down on you
Take me down
Take me down
Take me out
This is a fashion show down
This is a teenage throwdown
This piece it fits
And I know it works
But again you are unused
All alone again
This piece it fits, it's not your heart that part is meaningless to me so tell me why the fuck are you so
We're not in love so this wont work it's up to you
Slow down
Gear up
Mainline
Take out
I will
You won't
I will
You won't
Take me down