

Once Nothing, The Dust Of A Town

My mama said to me, "Darling, you've got your daddy's temper.
So you better watch your mouth, cause it'll lead you to the fire."
I never did learn how to listen and I can't hold my tongue.
Now all the smoke is clearing from the shots ringing out.
And the water from the rivers will flow into the ocean,
Like my heart pumps the blood to the tips of my fingers.
Here's to the night...to my coma and my brand new set of eyes.
A corpse for a bride is dead in my hospital bed.
I don't need to write it down.
I don't need to spell it out.
Thank God these walls can't talk cause they could go on for days.
You don't know where I've been.
You don't know what I've seen.