

# The Used, The Back Of Your Mouth

The worms they crack like words and  
Turn you teeth up and run,leave.  
I'm all drinks.  
So i clean  
I fall down.  
Should i fit these.  
So politely.  
All praises sugar coated.  
Looking between her mouth and mine.  
I got scars from dirty scratches.  
Scabs and ashes.  
The back of your mouth!

In this exchange I often touch myself,  
To go ahead and let those dirty words pass right through me.  
Just passing through,  
Not stopping by,  
Not saying hi,  
Girl you can't kill a liar.

You throw up everywhere(yea)  
Enjoy the cup and coffee.  
I am the puddle.  
Make me.  
Dancing hoes and stagnance. okay.  
These words are sugar coated.  
Crossed up they still cut out to touch.  
Got scars from dirty scratches.  
Scabs and ashes.  
The back of your mouth!

In this exchange I often touch myself,  
To go ahead and let those dirty words pass right through me.  
Just passing through,  
Not stopping by,  
Not saying hi,  
Girl you can't kill a liar.

You can't kill...(can't kill, can't kill you can't kill)-(whispered)

in this exchange i often touch myself,  
to go ahead and let those dirty words pass right through me.  
just passing through,  
not stopping by now,  
not saying hi,  
girl you can't kill a liar.  
girl you can't kill a liar.  
girl you can't kill a liar.  
girl you can't kill a liar.  
girl you can't kill a liar.