

The Lash Whistled Like a Singing Wind

Norma Jean

Our friendship has a white flag
I'll surrender if that's what it takes
But I'll never admit defeat
If that's the road then you have the map
You and I mean way less to me than anything
In the isolation of the thoughts and judgments
And whatever happens to be spewing out of your dependency jail
There's a slow dance soiree of trouble and you threw the party
We're all doused in gasoline with no fear of flame
Well there's a lot of things that can start a fire
I hope you're satisfied because we all know that it's the last
thing
That I'll hide and it's the last that you can expect
No! You make your own damn mistakes!