

Obstacle 1

Charlotte Martin

I wish I could eat the salt
Off of your lost faded lips

We can cap the old times
Make playing only logical harm
We can cap the old lines
Make playing that nothing else will change

Well she can read, she can read
She can read, she can read, she's bad
She can read, she can read
She can read, she's bad, oh, she's bad

But it's different
Bow that I'm poor and aging
I'll never see this face again
You'll go stabbing yourself in the neck

And we can find new ways of living
Make playing only logical harm
And we can top the old times
Play making that nothing else will change

But she can read, she can read
She can read, she can read, she's bad
She can read, she can read
She can read, she's bad, oh, she's bad

It's different
Now that I'm poor and aging
I'll never see this place again
And you'll go stabbing yourself in the neck

But it's different
Now that I'm poor and aging
I'll never see this place again
You'll go stabbing yourself in the neck

It's in the way that she poses
It's in the things that she puts in my hair
Her stories are boring and stuff
She's always calling my bluff

She puts then, she puts the weights
Into my little heart
And she gets in my room
And she takes it apart

She puts the weight
She puts the weight
She puts the weight
She puts the weight

She puts the weight
She puts the weight
She puts the weight

It's in the way that she walks
Her heaven is never enough
She puts the weights in my heart
She puts the
She puts the weights into my little heart