

Dirty Dishes

Deer Tick

And I cried all night
You created a stream and it flows forever
It's made of dreams that didn't come true
And I'm sorry, there's nothing more that I can do

When we get together
Take apart my fantasy
And when we are done
We'll work on you
It's sweet, lie motionless just staring at the ceiling
With your back turned up against the wall

And now I clearly see
Straight to the back of my skull
And I've been shivering all night long
And my skin is clear and you can see what I'm thinking
I'm thinking hard about all the things I've been dreaming
I've been dreaming about you and only you

Turn the land into waste
And bury it in parking lots
And I'm constantly turned off
By the look of the clock
And it's turning in hours
And I got nothing to look forward to
'Cause I killed all the flowers

And that cold wind will blow
Tear the skin off your nose and you've got nothing to be grateful for
It's your list of wishes

It's some dirty dishes and you wanted more
And you got left, and it hurt
Oh but it could be worse
Yeah, things could be so much worse