

## Age Of Spitting

Discount

i've reached the age of discharge  
of spitting up what they put in  
you look at me all sigh and sigh  
ask me have i cut it  
yeah i cut it all the time  
break it right down to the skin  
scrape it down to the skin  
talking to the walls new turned  
i'm talking to your face  
i've reached the age of discharge  
digression had its years of storming backstage  
storming backstage  
folded arms all  
trembling  
dying just to  
dying just to crash you precious car  
i'm dying just to  
dying just to crash your precious car  
he never hears his own voice  
i brace my lips too tight  
half spent on hoping for it  
to go right just to f\*\*k it up  
i can't hold my hands still  
so how could i ever hold yours  
i invited you over for a locked door  
don't get there  
don't get there with me  
dont get there  
don't get there with me