

Clean Of You

Envy on the Coast

I love it just love it
Oh... what a pretty picture now lets...
Jump off the corners and
Swap out the colors
Keep 'em comin' keep 'em comin'
Keep 'em shorter my brethren
Shimmy out another one
Thought about your mother
I'm tryin' to beat the process it's nonsense
You've got to be the farthest thing from artists
No
You're a head on a suit
I'm the living proof that you don't have to lie to
Keep 'em positive

I think that boy's got a sweet coat
So I'll put sugar in his gas tank
Ohh, ohh
Then I'll wash my hands clean of you
I said oh boy you've got a sweet coat
I've got some sugar for your gas tank
Ohh, ohh
But I'll wash my hands clean of you.
Clean of you...

Who doesn't love the feeling of being a stranger
Breathing amongst all the people that you should call
When you need a feeling
I will continue to speak
To honor the sheep
To wreak of an easing a song of kids
Cause they haven't used open meaning

They fed us the works... ahh
And then they changed all my words
Cause I wouldn't say that to you...
Cause I don't have to lie
Can't you fucking tell?

I think that boy's got a sweet coat
I'll put sugar in his gas tank
Then I'll wash my hands clean of you
Clean of you.