

This Is Sally Hatchet

Father John Misty

Born the daughter of a comedian
Middle of the 80s
Someone turn that awful mouth-breathing down
Or else

Sally Hatchet lives in a hole in the ground
The longer it keeps raining, the more she has to struggle
To maintain a wonderful time
Oh yeah

Oh wanna love it up without me
I've got smoke in my lungs
And a past life in the trunk
Oh

Could he rattle by the way that she
Empties a few clips out
Do I have a choice now?
Point that thing away from me
Lady, oh