

# 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