

Chemistry Sold

Josh Pyke

Digging this hole
Sure takes it out of you,
But it's something to do and I really have nothing else
To dig into.
Can't wear the face if you don't have the head for it.
And it starts to, fit like a skin with no pores cut to
Breathe through.
Suffocating
Can't breathe the air if you don't have the height.

Show me those shells again
I know we don't fit in.
But I can still hear the sighs
Of all the chemicals released and born again,
It's such a relative high.

Yeah, you can find it balled up in your gut,
And though anger lies dormant it's quick to erupt
And burn through the night burns through the night.
Burns through the night

Show me those shells again
I know we don't fit in.
But I can still hear the sighs
Of all the chemicals released and born again,
It's such a relative high.

We chose the road,
We chose the road and I was delighted.
But these things grow old, and the furniture's gone,
The chemistry's sold, and I want my money back.

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We chose the road and I was delighted.
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