

Cotton Crush

Kevin Devine

The bricks get laid,
And they get torn up,
And laid again,
But the bricks always get torn up again.

Your friends won't wait,
So don't believe that shit,
When they say they'll wait.
Trust me; your friends will not wait for you.
Then you'll be stoned in some park,
Just nodding your head and pinching your arms,
When a girl walks along.
She's humming your song,
With your t-shirt on.
That's when you're done,
Oh, that's when you're done.

There's a cotton crush
Down in the southern states.
But back up here, man, we've got
So much thread and space
To waste, waste, waste.

There's a microphone
Picking every word up
And it shuts itself off
When it's sure that's its heard enough.

The quiet can scrape
All the calm from your bones,
But maybe it should.
Maybe we need to be hollowed
To get up and grow,
And stop fucking around,
To kick off our braces and start straightening out.
Let's sift through the static
To find a simpler sound
Let's sift through the static
To find a simpler sound.
Simpler sound than the shit that's clouding our heads now.