

# The Dirt

## Waxahatchee

Loaded, you'll eulogize before you will preach  
Rubbing your filthy hands on my speech  
My hedonistic sugar-white beach  
And the grievance that I breed If I fill you with fiction that won't hurt  
Will you eat up my words with the dirt?  
Outside in my inept hands or my active eyes  
I'll use the oxygen in this room  
To call everyone I know and unhinge  
Disrupt neutrality You'll deliver a fable I could live  
And I'll throw it off the nearest cliff  
Long since I was as empty as a young child  
Hope lying in prospect  
I wasted my boredom hastily  
I'm a basement brimming with nothing great

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>