

# Dig It Up

Jace Everett

Dig it

I need the pulse in the middle  
I got the knife on the side  
A little sway in the socket if it gets too tight  
He dig it up

Now if you crack like a mountain or you stick like a stone  
There'll be blood down in the valley, yea you can't go home  
Too much blood here in the valley, at least you're not alone  
He dig it up

We give gold to the monkey  
To wash away our sin  
And when it's too much honey  
You can throw him back again  
He dig it up

Now I'm serving silver fishies and some rusted rings  
Gotta take out dinner for a fever dream  
I've been running wild wondering if the digging never stops  
Thought I hit rock bottom, but I only hit a rock

We give gold to the monkey  
To wash away our sin  
And when it's too much honey  
You can throw him back again  
Dig it

(Alright)  
He dig it up  
He dig it up  
Yeah!

I got a trunk full of Russians  
I drilled a hole in the head  
And we can drain it right down  
If anybody turns up a little dead  
(Alright)

He dig it up  
He dig it up  
He dig it up  
Dig it now, now  
He dig it up  
He dig it up  
Oh, pass me that shovel, Danny