

Big Toe

The Growlers

I'm a dealer with an infinite tab
A gentleman in some of the sense
She acts like I'm ripping off scabs
No wonder she has no friends at all

She's a lost cause
So count your losses

How's I supposed to know she'd ruin me?
Beauty strong enough to trick me
Quick clouds of storms, so moody
Got me looking around in a forbidden city

She's the coldest
She's turning me silver
She's got me on the bridge
Looking down at the old cold river

She can hex like a crow
She howls harder than the wind can blow
Her love's so uncomfortable
She strikes down like a hammer on your big toe

She's a lost cause
So count your losses

Wasting her window of beauty
The only thing she has to offer
The grace of her face is a terrible waste
Behind, it's something awful

She's a lost cause
So count your losses

She's a cold bitch
She's turning me silver
She's got me on the bridge
Looking down at the old cold river