

Excuses

The Morning Benders

Intro: F Dm Gm C

F Dm Gm C

You tried to taste me,

F Dm Gm C

And I take my tongue to the southern tip of your body.

F Dm Gm C

Our bones are too heavy to come up,

F Dm Gm C F

Squished into a single cell of wood.

I made an excuse.

You found another way to tell the truth.

I put no one else above us.

We ll still be best friends when all turns to dust.

(F Dm Gm C)

We are so smooth now.

Our edges are beaten, drift wood whittled down.

Old bodies slip when they make love.

We ll mine our sparks to shoot us above!