

You know like the back of your hand
Who let me in
You got me into this mess so
You get me out.

You know like the back of your hand
Your bell jar.
Your collection.
Ingenue.

You get me into this mess.
Fools rushing in, yeah,
And they know it.

The seeds of the dandelion you know blow away.
In good time, I hope, I pray.
If I'm not there now physically,
I'm always before you
Come what may.

And you know it.
Fools rushing in
Yeah
Well you know it.
Who let them in?
Yeah

Well you know it
Gone with a touch of your hand
Gone with a touch of your hand
Move through the moment
Though it betrays
Transformations
Jackals and flames
If I knew now
What I knew then
Just give me more time
I hope and pray
I mistake all you say
The seeds of the dandelion you blow away