

Capricorn

Braid

Be little
For now
Your time will come before
The earth rotates winter
Capricorn

He said
I feel like this licorice
And she sticks so well
Oh well

I'm not in your stars
But it's still early

You lie because you're in the bed

Be little
For now
Your time will come before
The flat earth December
Remember

She said
He's so hard to hear
So will I outgrow
Well if he says so

You can't look at the sky
Without looking right through it

I'm not in your stars