Stuck In My Teeth

Circa Waves

I swear to god I'm not the same As I was the other week I got you stuck in my teeth

And though you take me for a fool I've got better things to do Then to prove myself to you

But you know I won't get back on That road end is too long Another year with no strings But it's fine

I'm a little too young with not enough time I'm a little too young with not enough time

I woke up half the man I was Fingers burnt down to the bone Conversations on my own

If I could take me in, I would And contradict the batting good And find myself a brand new home

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