Amoeba

Clairo

Between the gaps I was swimming laps
Got close to some epiphany
I'll convince a friend to join deep ends
Have your toes touch the lack of cement

Gather to one corner of the woods
Echo chambers inside a neighborhood
And centerfold, humility shown
You're not as good as what your mama's sewn

Aren't you glad that you reside
In a hell and in disguise?
Nobody yet everything
A pool to shed your memory

Could you say you even tried?
You haven't called your family twice
I can hope tonight goes differently
But I show up to the party just to leave

Between the gaps, keep it under wraps
How I got to some epiphany
I'll convince myself when it turns to twelve
The photos keep the sentiment

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Pulling back I tried to find
The point of wasting precious time
I sip and toast to normalcy
A fool's way into jealousy

I mock and imitate goodbyes
When I know that I can't deny
That I'll be here forever while
I show up to the party just to leave

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