

Little Changes

Clairo

I see the fog as a clean slate
There's room for us
There's room for anything

The usual urge I'd see clear
A flower for you and the dogs are near

But white light comes from nothing at all
For the first time it feels
Good
Good to fall between
The ones I love and the ones that faded
He loved me good enough to calm me down
But tried to trick me into little changes

I see the end before it begins
No use to work, no use in anything
A crack in the sky
The heaven's hand
A cloud just for you and a place to land

But white noise comes from nothing at all
And finally I feel
Good
Good to fall between
The ones I love and the ones that faded
He loved me good enough to calm me down
But tried to trick me into little changes