

Speech Bubble

Flyte

Let me make it better
Let me be square
Let me be a good boy
Let me be there
You can throw your sadness at me
I just want to make you happy
I just want to make you happy

Let me be the pencil
That holds up your hair
The dollar in a suitcase
Under the stairs
In the corner of a memory
Somewhere only you can find me
Somewhere only you can find me

Let me be the phone-call
An hour behind
Explaining me to your
Family line
They could catch me
Through your cracked screen
Hanging around in the background
Hanging around in the background

Let me be the long legs
That stick out of the bed
Let me be the one who falls
Over the edge
Heartbreak it takes practice
And I think I'm getting better at this
I think I'm getting better at this

Let me be the city
That you're moving to
Maybe it's one good year
Maybe it's two
Do I walk up to your table?
Well in I go willing and able
Here I am willing and able

Let me be the mattress
Let me be home
Shape your future
In the memory foam
On the six string you sing softly
Laying your darkness on me
Laying your darkness on me

Laying your darkness on me