Tokyo

Julien Baker

Circling Tokyo
Waiting to land
Holding pattern thirty stories high

Don't wanna stay here
But I'll crash anyway
Never learned how to come down without burning up on the runway

Don't look
God, it's a mess
A seven-car pileup of every disastrous thing that I've been
Crane your neck
The aftermath
The imprint of my body left

Like a hotel patron in your bed
A postcard, no return address
It's nothing like you said you wanted
Nothing like you'll get and

You want love
This is as close as you're gonna get
Not enough
Just as much as you think you can live with
Hunt 'til it's all gone, baby
It's all gone, baby

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