The Path

Lorde

Born in the year of OxyContin
Raised in the tall grass
Teen millionaire having nightmares from the camera flash

Now I'm alone on a windswept island
Caught in the complex divorce of the seasons
Won't take the call if it's the label or the radio
Ahh
Ahh

Arm in a cast at the museum gala
Fork in my purse to take home to my mother
Supermodels all dancing 'round a pharaoh's tomb

Now if you're looking for a savior, well that's not me
You need someone to take your pain for you?
Well, that's not me
'Cause we're all broken and sad
Where are the dreams that we had?
Can't find the dreams that we had
Ah, ah, ah
Let's hope the sun will show us the path
Let's hope the sun will show us the path
Ah, ah, ah
I just hope the sun will show us the path

Savior is not me
I just hope the sun will show us the path
Savior is not me
I just hope the sun will show us the path
Path, path

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