

Trust

Lucy Dacus

I set a fire on the stove
And fed it every word I wrote
I watched my journals turn to smoke
Now all there is is what I spoke

I decided long ago
To make the most of what I know
And worry not of what I don't
Perfect the art of letting go

Cause if I trust in something else
Then I don't need to trust myself
I've learned a lot since I began
But I think I was wiser then

I've done too much and not enough
In trying to put you above
I cannot tell if I'm in love
Or whose regard I'm thinking of

If beauty is the only way
To make the nightmares go away
I'll plant a garden in your brain
And let the roots absorb the pain

I set a fire to my soul
I hope it ate til it was full
I set a fire to my soul
It burned me and it made me whole