

# Coming Of Age

Maisie Peters

Your face in fluorescent  
Looks different in the daylight  
Like, was it a love affair  
Or just a lot of late nights?  
Like, you had the speaking parts  
But I guess I was the playwright  
Oh whoa, oh

I couldn't escape you  
Like the airwaves of the baseline  
And I couldn't erase you  
Like a tattoo on my waistline  
If it was a first kiss  
How come it felt like a snakebite?  
Oh whoa, oh

I wish I would've seen it sooner

Why did it take me  
Ages to say it?  
I wasn't your cliché  
Oh no, this is my coming of age

Oh oh, my coming of age  
Oh oh, my coming of age

I'm quarrying new ground  
And I'm burning all your CDs  
Baby, I am the Iliad  
Of course, you couldn't read me  
So I'll leave you behind  
But that don't mean it's easy  
Oh whoa, oh

I wish I would've seen it sooner

Why did it take me  
Ages to say it?  
I wasn't your cliché  
Oh no, this is my coming of age

I send my silence away  
Printing my blood on the page  
You stole my love and I paid  
But you couldn't keep  
What you couldn't tame

I know I made you the big star  
I let you butcher my big heart  
But it's my song and my stage  
And it's my coming of age

Why did it take me  
Ages to say it?  
I wasn't your cliché  
Oh no, this is my coming of age

I wish I could've seen it, God  
I wish I could've seen it, God  
I wish I could've seen it, God  
God, I wish that I could've seen it, God