

# Dark

**Maya Hawke**

I don't want to cry in your t-shirt ever again  
Well, my anger was a compliment  
I like how your brain works  
Magical thinkers trying to be friends

Tried to let you forget me but  
My celtic cross was heavy  
When it hit your fucking teeth  
I'm sorry you felt undermined  
Now I'm trying to make a racket  
In the back of your mind

I try to wait the night out  
Try to keep the light out  
Only the moon left to out smart  
We cannot want our way out of the dark

I've got agency  
But imagine me  
Laying naked in your lap  
Before a gathering of screaming fans  
I'm your guitar  
Mute me gently  
With the palm of your hand

So self-conscious  
Awareness just the catalyst  
I'm scared  
I close my eyes and picture this  
Summer corn and a tea tree toothpick  
A new song that makes you wanna make music

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I imagine you  
Back in the cocoon  
I know you miss your mommy  
You can change your name  
I know you didn't get to do  
Everything you wanted to  
You leave your body  
Just one more ice cream scoop out of your brain  
Pink matter dark matter glass shattered corporate ladder  
Cake batter splatter paint patron saint  
All this pain

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Only the moon left to out smart  
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