

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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