

Menace

Maya Hawke

Turn my gaze away
Relieve the impressions
That I've made
Like rain in my creeping hand
I want to behave
It's a small concession
All my regressions
I don't understand

But they're painful old news
And pale in comparison
To choosing you

Well, I don't wanna be a menace anymore
What could a menace be good for?
So I will catch my wandering eye, watch the roses pass me by
And I'll try to make my menace into someone you'd adore

It's dangerous and short
Covertly calls for
An encore
The attention of strangers
As long as loving lasts
You don't want to
Here forever
Everybody loves a lover

Well, you really shouldn't ask
'Cause the answer's always, "Always"
'Til always is in the past

Well, I don't wanna be a menace anymore
What could a menace be good for?
So I will catch my wandering eye and watch the roses pass me by
And I'll try to make my menace into someone you'd adore

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Well, I don't wanna be a menace anymore
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