

Mirth

Maya Hawke

Twistin' around on blue leather booth
My ears still popping from travel and use
I picked at my oatmeal and plumped up my lips
He gives his hand a suggestion, wish
It's not you, it's New York I miss

I've got a problem I think he could fix
He seems to undo all my usual tricks
But the marks on his belly, the lines I trace
Shadow softness and romantic grace
It's not you, it's New York I face

I dreamt of him on a JetBlue flight
Nursing me into a feverish night
Lay on my back, whisperin' his name
Letting him unravel a decade of blame
It's not you, it's New York I claim

Well, in a thunder breath, I coughed up my heart
My life in my hands, a good place to start
Little creature born of joy and mirth
Loving without the help of anything
Little creature born of joy and mirth
Loving without the help of anything
On earth
It's not you, it's New York that works