

You Won't Feel A Thing

Maya Hawke

Let's take a bath and do masks, you said
I'll get the spider off the back of your neck
Staying up and watching The Professional
Holding your hand from the trundle bed

Black skirt with a slit down the side
When she laughed she closed her eyes
Pulled out her Virginia Slim cigarette
I pulled out the light

We're just crocodile eyeballs rising in the canal
Cock-smile bird calls crushing on an old pal
Call the doctor, let him in
Squeeze my hand, you won't feel a thing
You won't feel a thing

Kiss the mood ring, just a coin toss
Gave my things back in a shoebox
Wore my ribbon all through twelfth grade
A spider in my lemonade

Not guilty, I swear I'm clean
I don't you know what you mean
Protect myself from a retreating enemy
Beat myself up with a rewritten memory

Crocodile eyeballs rising in the canal
Cock-smile bird calls crushing on an old pal
Call the doctor, let him in
Squeeze my hand, you won't feel a thing
You won't feel a thing

My trust is like an outdoor cat
Leave food on the window
She'll probably come back
A first kiss is a suicide pact
Swear I didn't feel a thing
I swear

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Cock-smiled bird calls crushing on an old pal
Call the doctor, let him in
Squeeze my hand, you won't feel a thing
You won't feel a thing