

Last Words Of A Shooting Star

Mitski

All of this turbulence wasn't forecasted
Apologies from the intercom
And I am relieved that I'd left my room tidy
They'll think of me kindly
When they come for my things
They'll never know how I'd stared at the dark in that room
With no thoughts
Like a blood-sniffing shark
And while my dreams made music in the night
Carefully
I was going to live

You wouldn't leave 'til we loved in the morning
You'd learned from movies how love ought to be
And you'd say you love me and look in my eyes
But I know through mine you were
Looking in yours
And did you know the Liberty Bell is a replica
Silently housed in its original walls
And while its dreams played music in the night
Quietly
It was told to believe

I always wanted to die clean and pretty
But I'd be too busy on working days
So I am relieved that the turbulence wasn't forecasted
I couldn't have changed anyways

I am relieved that I'd left my room tidy
Goodbye