

Felicity

Miya Folick

Sweet sound of a rare bird
With combination skin
Walk away from the car wreck
Two bruises on her bare arms
Sucking on the medicine

Sweet pain of a cold glass
On the table that you set for me
Counting down to the car crash
Three secrets on a mattress
It's the turn of the century
Turn of the century

And everything will feel better
When we get it out
That's called Felicity
Felicity

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That's called Felicity
Felicity

Sweet sight of an old friend
With abalone eyes
He says you gotta be conscious
Stop acting like you've lost it
Both punishment and prize
Both punishment and prize

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That's called Felicity
Felicity

Spit it in the palm of my hand
That's an anger I can understand
Say what you've been meaning
Get it off your jaw
Punch me in the viscera
I can take it

Spit it in the palm of my hand, yeah
That's an anger I can understand
Say what you've been meaning
Get it off your jaw
Punch me in the viscera
I can take it

And everything will feel better
When we get it out
That's called Felicity

(Felicity)

And everything will feel better
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