

Wilt

Phoebe Bridgers

I've got a surgeon's precision and a drunk man's hand
They say I've stopped growin', so I do what I can
Nothin' ever changes but the cigarette brand
But don't panic, it's just routine
Don't panic, this is just routine

You've got roses on the brain, and I'm all wilt
You've got snowflakes in your veins, and I'm all melt
You don't got blame on your breath
God bless, but all I taste is guilt
Ooh

Misery will bury you
I'm so sorry if I'm scarin' you
What was I supposed to do
As opposed to lovin' you?

I've got a surgeon's hand and a drunk man's passion
Totally limbless and I'm ready for action
Nothin' ever changes but the taste of tobacco
But don't panic, it's just routine
Don't panic, this is just routine

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