Cyclone

Pinegrove

If it's better, then why am I crying?
Why am I so struck with grief
About this one way things could be?
Why am I so stuck together?
And I fixate on the same cyclone now
How's that help?
How's that settle anything?
And when will it end?

'Cause it's been in my head for a long time
And it feels wrong
I don't want it anymore
It spun in my head for a long time

If it's better, I mean it's improved
Not that it's fine, not that I'm mad
It's more that I want to be precise
Well, alright
When it visits unbidden in the night
And I know I'm gonna cry
I know you're trying to help
But I don't need you right now, or ever again

'Cause you've been in my head for a long time
And it feels wrong
I don't want it anymore
It spun in my head for a long time

Get out of my head
Get out of my mind
And it feels wrong, it feels wrong
And I don't want it anymore
It spun in my head for a long time

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