

## 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