Gemini Moon

Reneé Rapp

Never know who you're gonna get
We're in love, or we never met
Sour lemons or cinnamon
Every day I'm different

I talk shit, then I bite my tongue
Moving in, then I'm on the run
I exist on a pendulum
Swingin' high or swingin' low

You're the driver, I'm the passenger
You're so fucking perfect
How come I'm not feeling more?
Hope this doesn't make you insecure
But yesterday was heaven, now I'm bored

I bet you're sick of it
Believe me, so am I
Always the problem kid
I could never pick a side
I bet you're sick of it
I could blame the Gemini Moon
But really, I should just be
Better to you

Memorizing every smile line
Compatibility down to the science
Breaking beds just to buy some time
To avoid myself

You're the driver, I'm the passenger
You're so fucking perfect
How come I'm not feeling more?
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