

# Sunlight

Spacey Jane

Maybe that's how we do it  
Fuck  
Are you alright?

Oh, thirty percent sunlight  
I don't know what that means  
Doesn't like its feet wet  
Keep the pot well-drained

Leaving for the weekend and, oh  
Will I see you smiling again?  
Growing in sunlight  
Happy under my eyes

Love hypochondriacal  
Lost, swimming in your head  
You come undone when you can't hold me  
I feel the same

Sunlight fills the room up  
I open up my eyes  
Illuminates my nightmare  
She's gone, I don't know why