

Powder

TENDER

Only call me cause you need someone to drink with
I'm fine with that
Look of despair on your face
Keeps you looking so distinctive, almost instinctive
Live your life through a lens
What's real and what's pretend?
Live for the strangers
Of so called friends

You'll never go without again
It's the fear of missing out when the money's on the weekend
Only got yourself to blame
It's the sugar so shallow, you're brushing off the powder

Only money with a purpose, nobody come disturb us
Lay your cheek to the cold sink
We'll be sifting through a haze for a whole week
Trade me in for cheaper thrills
No matter what you knock or spill
Whatever you have to say to get your way

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