

Prelude

Tessa Violet

I'm insecure
Of that I'm sure
Don't need a counselor or seminar to see
And even when it's only you and me
There seems to be
Somethin' that you keep behind your teeth
You think I would know
How this would go
But maybe that's exactly what I wanted
No need to hope
Count to three
You get what you see
And every time you go out here thinkin'
Maybe it's me
Mmm...

You think I'd know better by now...