

Thorns

Wolf Alice

Did it help to take the thorn out?
Telling the whole world you'd been hurt
Your hands won't clean, you wish to wash your mouth out
And did you have to dish the dirt?

Ooh, I must be a narcissist
God knows that I can't resist
To make a song and dance about it
Maybe I'm a masochist
Don't know why I must persist
To make a song and dance about it

Did you have to take the knife out?
The silver would've shone had you not twist
Would the wounds have healed had you not wrote the words down?
Must you deliver the blow, you could have flexed the fist?

Ooh, I must be a narcissist
God knows that I can't resist
To make a song and dance about it
Maybe I'm a masochist
Don't know why I must persist
To make a song and dance about it

To make a song
To make a song
I make a song and dance about it
To make a song
To make a song
I make a song and dance about it
I'll sing a song and dance about it

Maybe I'm a masochist
The sun goes down, the curtain lifts
And I sing a song