

Spiral

Wye Oak

Thoughts becoming her
Mean on, let it
When our lips come together
I come over
Wake up notices you made it
Beauty, baby
When our lips come together
I get, older

One more time
And this is what you wanted to know
You are mine, hope
One more time
And this is what you wanted to know
You are mine, hope

Got yourself in the constant, content
You are over my shoulder
Distant, past
When our lips come together
I come over
As we're coming our present
I get, older

One more time
And this is what you wanted to know
You are mine, hope
One more time
And this is what you wanted to know
You are mine, hope.