

Delicate Roots

Yebba

Maybe I could be your superhero
Set it off in the end
Swinging from the edifice
And landing in the palm of your hand
Or maybe I could be some old forgotten trinket
Put on a shelf
Moving it from here and there
Till pride's the only thing you got left

Delicate roots
These are the lines in my room
Collecting the dust
Come way too close and I'll shoot
I'll shoot, I'll shoot
I'll shoot, I'll shoot, I'll shoot

Clean-cut like a razor blade
You sting just like a sore in my mouth
Body like a bottle
Made no effort any way to stand out
You say nobody's perfect
But my filter wouldn't work in a drought
Our levels of perception had me moving
Even further down South

Delicate roots
These are the lines in my room
Collecting the dust
Come way too close and I'll shoot
I'll shoot, I'll shoot, I'll shoot
Ah
I'll shoot, I'll shoot, I'll shoot
I'll shoot, I'll shoot, I'll shoot

Maybe
Maybe, just maybe
Maybe

Maybe I could be your superhero
Set it off in the end
Swinging from the edifice
And landing in the palm of your hand
Or maybe I could be a trinket on a shelf
Moving here from there
Pride's the only thing you got left