

# LORDE, The Path

Born in the year of OxyContin  
Raised in the tall grass  
Teen millionaire having nightmares from the camera flash  
Now I'm alone on a windswept island  
Caught in the complex divorce of the seasons  
Won't take the call if it's the label or the radio

Arm in a cast at the museum gala  
Fork in my purse to take home to my mother  
Supermodels all dancing round a pharaoh's tomb

Now if you're looking for a saviour, well that's not me  
You need someone to take your pain for you? Well, that's not me  
'Cause we are all broken and sad, where are the dreams that we had, can't find the dreams that we  
Let's hope the sun will show us the path