

# Ozark Henry, Ocean

Whatever key's me up  
It's something close to trust  
It's something saying  
If I may, I must  
Change my ways, looks, mind,  
Although I'm not that kind  
I'll have to make it worth her while  
If she's all that matters  
I'll invent what it takes to have her  
A bebop hype  
Or kinder: music for a film  
A hip groove to loop  
Or salt mouse with mayonnaise  
Mention money and I'll buy you fame

All that to get myself close to be her lotion  
I'm slipping away from me, girl

I know I really get trapped in this  
And I'll go on to I get wired of myself  
It's a wave  
And I'm on top to fall