

Wavves, Demon To Lean On

You and I pace along the grass
And think of what we had
Ambivalent and young
We're probably just dumb

The truth is that it hurts
And what's it really worth?
No hope and no future

Holding a gun to my head
So send me an angel
Or bury me deeply instead
With demons to lean on

In the sky, it's never coming back
No hope and no future
We'll die the same loser

Holding a gun to my head
So send me an angel
Or bury me deeply instead
With demons to lean on

No, from it all
Not at all, at all, at all, at all
No, from it all
Not at all, at all, at all, at all, at all,

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Holding a gun to my head
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