

Grimes, California

This music makes me cry
It sound just like my soul
I;m not ready to win
Lord, coz, I don't wanna know what they say
Coz I get carried away
Commodityfying all the pain

The things they see in me
I cannot see myself
When you get bored of me
I'll be back on the shelf
And when the ocean raises up up above the ground
Baby I'll drown in

California
You only like me when you think I'm looking sad
California
I didn't think you'd end up treating me so bad

I,I,I
Come Monday, it's a dream
I,I,I
Broken me own heart again
Chassing something beautiful
But I don't understand what they say
Coz I get carried away
Commodityfying all the pain