

Hatchie, Nosedive

What you want and what you've got aren't always what you need
Spend your time trying to walk a line, seeking serendipity
Keep serving your head on a platter expecting loyalty
When all you need is a glimpse into a parallel reality

Wasted youth is a tragedy when you're in the driver's seat
Pray for someone to take control while you ignore your basic needs
Stop spinning the wheel with a plan, forget fortuity
Nothing quite like a drop of blood to reveal who's circling

Forget about the casualties
I'm not a fan of subtlety
I only wanna help you see
How different it can be

I'm so ready to fuck fortuity
I'm so sick of the bruises on my knees