

# 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