

Laika, Falling Down

They're moving out boxes
Piled in the hall
Birthday gifts and houses
Redirect them all
I need you like water
I love you like air
But I am the girl in ill-fitting underwear

Walk into nighttime
No more than a name
Baggage and raindrops
Feeding the flames
Like footprints in fresh snow
I'm easy to see

Seemingly hoping
For moss to grow on me
Watching and willing at you
Intoxicating
Injury as something to do
All reciprocating

Still in the same skin
All the old clothes
Nothing changing
Nothing to know
A point in the distance
A drop of a man
Bet double or nothing
And never understand

Watching and willing at you
Intoxicating
Injury as something to do
All reciprocating