

Magic Dirt, Worry

When you took the milk key
You said come and meet me
You taught me some history
And then you felt guilty
Just because I say my worry it doesn't have to be your worry
When you're sayin' you're leading me on
Make me wait with your promise right
Make me wait with your happy eyes
When you knock and you never come in
Fix my hair with burning ashes
Fix your stare with long eyelashes
When you say that we're getting it, no we're not getting along
Cos I'm thinking
yes I'm thinking
but it doesn't matter I guess
cos I don't even think I want your kiss
Cos it's only gonna make it worse