

Maisie Peters, Coming Of Age

Your face in fluorescent
Looks different in the daylight
Like, was it a love affair
Or just a lot of late nights?
Like, you had the speaking parts
But I guess I was the playwright
Oh whoa, oh

I couldn't escape you
Like the airwaves of the baseline
And I couldn't erase you
Like a tattoo on my waistline
If it was a first kiss
How come it felt like a snakebite?
Oh whoa, oh

I wish I would've seen it sooner

Why did it take me
Ages to say it?
I wasn't your cliché
Oh no, this is my coming of age

Oh oh, my coming of age
Oh oh, my coming of age

I'm quarrying new ground
And I'm burning all your CDs
Baby, I am the Iliad
Of course, you couldn't read me
So I'll leave you behind
But that don't mean it's easy
Oh whoa, oh

I wish I would've seen it sooner

Why did it take me
Ages to say it?
I wasn't your cliché
Oh no, this is my coming of age

I send my silence away
Printing my blood on the page
You stole my love and I paid
But you couldn't keep
What you couldn't tame

I know I made you the big star
I let you butcher my big heart
But it's my song and my stage
And it's my coming of age

Why did it take me
Ages to say it?
I wasn't your cliché
Oh no, this is my coming of age

I wish I could've seen it, God
I wish I could've seen it, God
I wish I could've seen it, God
God, I wish that I could've seen it, God