

Maya Hawke, Sweet Tooth

Told my mother that I love her
and that I'd lie to the accountant
if she wants

I'll do whatever to protect her
I'll say anything
just to make her stop

Saw a movie everybody hated
in an empty theatre in Duluth
Swear I really loved it
Love is such a better thing to do

I'm grateful for everything you put me through
It's the only reason I'm any good to talk to
When I'm sick or suffering
I'll still call you about my big sore sweet tooth

Search frantic for the moonlight
I bat I get cold
beneath the stars

And instead I found a soundbite
of someone I love saying something
mean and hard

Forgot I have a piece of plastic
in the place where my molar used to be
Sucking on a summer cherry
when you called
I bit hard into the seed

I'm grateful for everything you put me through
It's the only reason now I'm any good to talk to
When I'm sick or suffering
I'll still call you about my big sore sweet tooth

So my molar collapsed on me
like a glacier melting in the heat
My mouth full up with lightning
I'm an outlet shock a hole a need

So everybody loves you,
every little bit helps
I broke my bone it was the
worst she ever felt

I'm grateful for everything you put me through
It's the only reason now I'm any good to talk to
When I'm sick or suffering
I'll still call you about my big sore sweet tooth

Big sore sweet tooth
Da da da