

# 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