

Mystery Jets, Someone Purer

I was gripped with a bitter fear,
worried the one thing that I loved,
back when I was just a kid,
might now never be enough,
That the body I was in,
might belong to someone else, someone kinder, someone surer, someone
innocent,
young and beautiful, someone purer.

I was scratching at my skin,
hoping the changes would begin,
but what layed beneath was blind, would've caused
what the hell was I thinking of?
won't you take me down to the creek?
wash away our sins and sleep, I feel so tired
as though I might not wake at all on the other side
thats no way to go