

Stars, Midnight Coward

Sweetness, sweetness never suits me
When I get it out to take you home
Maybe it's love, love at first light
lightly drunk and now I'm walking with the sun
In my mouth

Worry, worry is a well
Gonna let it fall tonight from where we stand
What can't be decided
In the morning it will bring itself to you
I can't see what's coming
But I'm not saying it

Sickness, weakness at the thought
Of how you're gonna play it
How long should I stay?
Promises, promises never cease to assist it
And now I'm back on my bike
Please bite your words
Hurry, hurry to believe
I can't always trust as much as you deceive

What can't be decided
In the morning it will bring itself to you
I can see what's coming
But I'm not saying it

What's your middle name?
How do you play the game?
I'll be the first to leave

When did I grow up?
I don't want to say too much
I'll be the first to leave

What can't be decided
In the morning it will bring itself to you
What can't be decided
Before you enter thinking maybe you can choose
And I can't see what's coming
I can't see what's coming
I can't see what's coming
But I'm not saying it