

# Ingenue

## Atoms for Peace

You know like the back of your hand  
Who let 'em in?  
You got me into this mess  
You get me out  
You know like the back of your hand  
Your bell jar  
Your collection  
Ingenue  
You got me into this mess  
Fools rushing in, yeah  
And they know it The seeds of the dandelion you blow away  
In good time, I hope I pray  
If I'm not there now, physically  
I'm always before you, come what may  
And you know it  
Fools rushing in, yeah  
Well you know it Who let them in?  
Yeah well you know it  
Gone with a touch of your  
Gone with a touch of your hand Move through the moment  
Though it betrays  
transformations  
Jackals and flames  
If I knew now what I knew then  
Just give me more time I hope and pray  
I mistake all you say  
The seeds of the dandelion you blow away

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