Sweet Potato

Sia

She cooks you sweet potato, you don't like aubergine
She knows to boil the kettle when you hum bars from Grease
She senses you are lonely but still she can't be sure
And so she stands and waits, stands anticipating your thoughtsHow can she become the psychic
That she longs to be to understand you
How can she become the psychic
That she longs to be to understand youHe brushes thoroughly
He know she likes fresh breath
He rushes to the station
He waits atop the stepsHe's brought with him a Mars bar
She will not buy Nestle
And later he'll perform
A love lorn serenade, a tradeHow can he become the psychic
That he longs to be to understand you
How can he become the psychic
That he longs to be to understand youSo give her information to help her fill the holes
Give an ounce of power so he does not feel controlled
Help her to acknowledge the pain that you are in
Give to him a glimpse of that beneath your skinNow my inner dialog is heaving with detest
I am a martyr and a victim and I need to be caressed
I hate that you negate me, I'm a ghost at beck and call
I'm failing and placating, I berate myself for stayingI'm a fool
I'm a foolHe greets the stranger meekly, a thing that she accepts
She sees him waiting often with chocolate on the steps
He senses she is lonely, she's glad they finally met
They take each other's hands, walk into the sunset
Do you like sweet potatoes?

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