

Ingenue

[Lisa Mychols](#)

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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