

Trust

Lucy Dacus

I set a fire on the stove
and fed it every word I wrote.
I watched my journals turn to smoke.
Now all there is is what I spoke. I decided long ago
to make the most of what I know
and worry not of what I don't.
Perfect the art of letting go. Cause if I trust in something else
then I don't need to trust myself.
I've learned a lot since I began,
but I think I was wiser then.
I've done too much and not enough
in trying to put you above.
I cannot tell if I'm in love
or whose regard I'm thinking of. If beauty is the only way
to make the nightmares go away,
I'll plant a garden in your brain
and let the roots absorb the pain.
I set a fire to my soul.
I hope it ate til it was full.
I set a fire to my soul.
It burned me and it made me whole.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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