

# Last Words of a Shooting Star

Mitski

All of this turbulence wasn't forecasted  
Apologies from the intercom  
And I am relieved that I'd left my room tidy  
They'll think of me kindly  
When they come for my things They'll never know how I'd stared at the dark in that room  
With no thoughts  
Like a blood-sniffing shark  
And while my dreams made music in the night  
Carefully  
I was going to live You wouldn't leave till we loved in the morning  
You'd learned from movies how love ought to be  
And you'd say you love me and look in my eyes  
But I know through mine you were  
Looking in yours And did you know the liberty bell is a replica  
Silently housed in its original walls  
And while its dreams played music in the night  
Quietly  
It was told to believe I always wanted to die clean and pretty  
But I'd be too busy on working days  
So I am relieved that the turbulence wasn't forecasted  
I couldn't have changed anyways I am relieved that I'd left my room tidy  
Goodbye

Songwriters

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