Turn To Dust

Wolf Alice

Keep your beady eyes on me To make sure i don't turn to dust If fear is in the mind, then my mind lives in fear as deep in this voice as a dirty British seaKeep your beady eyes on me To make sure i don't turn to dustThere's paths to make that be And paths where i get scared And the path to thread lightly with the clouds beneath my feet(Oooh)And the light keeps falling, the blinds are dancing with everyone It's just so passive, tiny hands with everyoneKeep your beady eyes on me To make sure i don't turn to dust

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