Ingenue

Atoms For Peace

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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