

You know like the back of your hand  
Who let me in  
You got me into this mess so  
You get me out.

You know like the back of your hand  
Your bell jar.  
Your collection.  
Ingenue.

You get me into this mess.  
Fools rushing in, yeah,  
And they know it.

The seeds of the dandelion you know 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 hand  
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