

# Stuck In My Teeth

Circa Waves

I swear to god I'm not the same  
As I was the other week  
I got you stuck in my teeth

And though you take me for a fool  
I've got better things to do  
Then to prove myself to you

But you know I won't get back on  
That road end is too long  
Another year with no strings  
But it's fine

I'm a little too young with not enough time  
I'm a little too young with not enough time

I woke up half the man I was  
Fingers burnt down to the bone  
Conversations on my own

If I could take me in, I would  
And contradict the batting good  
And find myself a brand new home

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Another year with no strings  
But it's fine

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