

Small Poppies

Courtney Barnett

I stare at the lawn, it's Wednesday morning
It needs a cut but I leave it growing
All different sizes and all shades of green
Slashing it down just seems kind of mean
In a way it's a a shame you get a way
Thinking it's just a game
Who am I to deny myself a pawn for you to use?
At the end of the day it's a pain that I keep seeing your name
But I'm sure it's a bore being you

I don't know quite who I am, oh but man I am trying
I make mistakes until I get it right
An eye for an eye for an eye for an eye for an eye
I don't agree with that, why can't we just talk nice?

Oh! The calamity, I wanna go to sleep for an eternity
Who am I to deny myself a pawn?
Oh! The humanity I wanna disappear into obscurity
But I'm sure it's a bore being you

I don't know quite who I am, oh but man I am trying
I make mistakes until I get it right
An eye for an eye for an eye for an eye for an eye
I used to hate myself but now I think I'm alright

I don't know quite who I am, oh but man I am trying
I make mistakes until I get it right
An eye for an eye for an eye for an eye for an eye
I dreamed I stabbed you with a coat hanger wire