

California

Grimes

This, this music makes me cry
It sounds just like my soul, oh
Oh I'm not ready to win
Oh lord cause I don't wanna know what they say
Cause I get carried away
Commodifying all the pain

The things they see in me, I cannot see myself
When you get bored of me, I'll be back on the shelf
And when the ocean rises up above the ground
Baby I'll drown in...

California
You only like me when you think I'm looking sad
California
I didn't think you'd end up treating me so bad

Oh, I, I, I
Come Monday, it's a dream
Oh, I, I, I
Broken my own heart again
Chasing something beautiful
Oh, but I don't understand what they say
Cause I get carried away
Commodifying all the pain

The things they see in me, I cannot see myself
When you get bored of me, I'll be back on the shelf
And when the ocean rises up above the ground
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Oh, I, oh, I
Oh na, na, na, ne