

Has This Hit?

King Krule

(Dimly man I'll call you)

Another disappointed soul
Well I tried, I tried to keep it in control
Well I, I will end up on the dole
It's my life
And now, fall into it I go

Well Blue
You've got me on the go
But don't worry
You'll never know
Your eyes, are never cold
To me, well at least, that's what I've been told

Girl, you made
My dreams
Come true
It's all a clue
It's all for you

Myself is still eighteen
In cue
And it's all
That I want to do

I know when I look into the sky
There is no meaning
Girl I'm the only one believing
That there's nothing to believe in

I'm dreaming
My aspirations got a ceiling
Well I'm constantly cleaning
The skies of your dealings

Well, my guts are on the floor
For you to adore me
And all that I can be

See
Girl what I say
On the horizon
The skies are grey
The skies are grey

Has this hit?
Has this hit?

See girl I wish it here
You know I wish it here
You see I'm tired every night
See things never seem quite right
I'm never fully content
I wish it worked and went

Well, for once

If you're kind
Then people are cunts
They pull stunts
To stunt your progress

I know it's slow to digest
The way you're inside stress
You're not blessed
You're definitely not blessed
I don't deserve history repeating itself
I Always see myself getting picked up and left back on the shelf
Again and again
Again and again

You're not my pen
You're my paper
You're not my heart
You're its breaker
You're its breaker
You're its breaker
You're its breaker
You're its breaker