

Smoking Section

St. Vincent

Sometimes I sit in the smoking section
Hopin' one rogue spark land in my direction
And when you stomp me out, I scream and I'll shout
"Let it happen, let it happen, let it happen"

And sometimes I feel like an inland ocean
Too big to be a lake, too small to be an attraction
And when you wander in and start to flail a bit
I let it happen, let it happen, let it happen

Sometimes I stand with a pistol in a hand
I fire at the grass just to scare you right back
And when you won't run, I'm mad, but I succumb
Let it happen, let it happen, let it happen

Sometimes I go to the edge of my roof
And I think I'll jump just to punish you
And if I should float on the taxis below
No one will notice, no one will know

And then I think
What could be better than love, than love, than love?
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What could be better than love, than love, than love?

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