

## Demon To Lean On

Wavves

You and I pace along the grass  
And think of what we had  
Ambivalent and young  
We're probably just dumb

The truth is that it hurts  
And what's it really worth?  
No hope and no future

Holding a gun to my head  
So send me an angel  
Or bury me deeply instead  
With demons to lean on

In the sky, it's never coming back  
No hope and no future  
We'll die the same loser

Holding a gun to my head  
So send me an angel  
Or bury me deeply instead  
With demons to lean on

No, from it all  
Not at all, at all, at all, at all  
No, from it all  
Not at all, at all, at all, at all, at all,

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Holding a gun to my head  
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