

## Turn to Dust

Wolf Alice

Keep your beady eyes on me  
To make sure I don't turn to dust  
If fear is in the mind, then my mind lives in fear  
as deep in this voice then a dirty British sea

Keep your beady eyes on me  
To make sure I don't turn to dust

There's paths to make that be  
And paths where I get scared  
And paths to thread lightly with the clouds beneath my feet

(Oooh)

And the light keep falling, the blinds are dancing with everyone  
e  
It's just so passive, tiny hands with everyone

Keep your beady eyes on me  
To make sure I don't turn to dust