

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