

Magic Dirt

"Locket"

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I don't want to regret the stuff I never said
Or the chance we never get
Is it special or easy, am I free or am
I anywhere near your neck

Fuck it I locked it I lost it again
Fuck it I locked it I lost it again
Maybe you save it for your rainy day
Maybe you change it with nothing to say

Fuck it lock it I can't say, fuck it lock it lock it away
I think I'm going mad (from the) tiny writing on my
hands

My test is subtle and yours is so mean
She tells me to do it in room seventeen
It all comes together and it all falls apart
There's room in your closet and stuff in your heart
Anywhere near your neck

It arouses past to present
Like a happy little accident and I'm waiting like a
thunderling
And I'm waiting wanna go over the edge

Coffins are shining above your ceiling
Nicola Radcliffe is understanding

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