

Ozark Henry, Ocean

Whatever key's me up
It's something close to trust
It's something saying
If I may, I must
Change my ways, looks, mind,
Although I'm not that kind
I'll have to make it worth her while
If she's all that matters
I'll invent what it takes to have her
A bebop hype
Or kinder: music for a film
A hip groove to loop
Or salt mouse with mayonnaise
Mention money and I'll buy you fame

All that to get myself close to be her lotion
I'm slipping away from me, girl

I know I really get trapped in this
And I'll go on to I get wired of myself
It's a wave
And I'm on top to fall