

Maya Hawke, Blue Hippo

She sat on the cliff of the bed
Tackled me with a plastic comb
Pressed her fingers into my head
Start at the blond search for the bone

She tried to tame me her nails and my knots.

Bathe with the sandman, dress up for what's not.

Let me tangle, let me dry
Want it wicked, let me rile

Come into my cave
blue hippo into the black
I'm your problem child,
you're matter of fact

I slyly side step sorry
Drag my heels across the street
She tells me I'm unlettered while
I read the backs of her knees

Catch me in-habits
one tight skyward eye
Pull hats out of rabbits
and salt out of the sky

Let me tangle, let me try
Want it wicked let me rile

Come into my cave
blue hippo into the black
I'm your problem child,
your matter of fact

What a thought was in whale water
Was really running through the pipes
To show off her flex-ability
she made a fool of my fight

I bit her belly,
she bellowed like a swan
Cured me like a petal
pressed in her open palm

Let me tangle, let me try
Want it wicked, let me rile

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