

Don't Worry - Everything - Lyrics

Take me up the stairs I said
I don't wanna hear it no more
I'm running out of time and breath
and both are sacred rituals
Throw me down the stairs I said
I don't wanna be here no more
The past has taught me I mustn't be scared
of things I haven't caught
'Cause in the future I don't wanna be a broken screen
I wanna be the height of summer
when the leaves are fully green
But I know only the brave are capable of self-reflection
I spent an awful long time eating up your misconceptions

But I'm not willed to be scared at all
I wanna be somebody's summer sun
Before you win, you've gotta lose it all
I wanna be somebody's laughter
I wanna be everything you're after, oh oh oh

Walk me through the trees and scatter me
among the hills and rough
The customer service chat-bot just called
and said it's had enough
The pen is wet, the page is dry, so scribble the ineffable
You Saturday night takeaway's expensive and inedible

But I'm not willed to be scared at all
I wanna be somebody's summer sun
Before you win, you've gotta lose it all
I wanna be somebody's everything
Somebody's platinum promise ring
The box that Father Christmas brings
The morning chorus singing - oh oh oh
I wanna be, the sum of everything you see

I wanna be somebody's magnet, I wanna be somebody's tablets
I wanna be somebody's Sudocrem, your overflowing savings tin
I wanna be your salt and pepper, I wanna be your Black & Decker
I wanna be somebody's bag for life, your chicken balls and egg fried rice
I wanna be your bathroom mirror, I wanna be your birthday dinner
I'll be your winter coat, your favourite bloke
Your warm seat on the last train home
I wanna be somebody's paperweight, I'll be somebody's aftershave
I'll be your kitchen sink, your favourite drink
I wanna be your everything...
I wanna be your Tesco flowers, I wanna sit and talk for hours
I'll be your £10 note, your golden yolk, your deep inspirational quote
I wanna be your box fresh knickers, I wanna be your king size Snickers
I'll be your closest mate, your second date, your unexpected tax rebate
Your misdirected, uninfected, oven-ready, never-ending.