

Lips and Limbs

Waxahatchee

Could you be extraordinary?
Stems and seeds, bucket seeds.
This house is full of slurred speech,
your turn in that I watch you bleed.
And with this drink I'll take you back home
where you shimmer in bright.
Stagger your charted parts
starts to be tied to sweet light.
And we don't, it's your turn to say,
I can't feel a thing.
Is this just a wrinkle on a page that ends in glee?
Choose a path don't run so fast
you were born to follow with me.
And with this drink I'll swallow the intangible
I can't get straight.
Control my limbs and lips
cause you're credit is to misery.
Though mechanical a little bit,
from worse than overhead to approach me.
Could you be extraordinary?
We're alone in this gaudy mess.
In the house of slurred speech
sharing gravity to suppress.
And in your ear I will whisper
weekly things that I do not mean.
Here a different diamond ring
now I won't feel a thing.
I never had my turn to say, I can't feel a thing.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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