

Coast to Coast

Waxahatchee

Chest seat is empty,
Blood on the back seat.
Lives in disgrace,
Scarface he doesn't need.
I sail from coast to coast.
I'll try to brace the lows. We lay at night,
Cursed as I stay dry.
Living on highs to the empty lows.
Dodged every wreckless world.
What is the way that we do not barely know?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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