

Dixie Cups and Jars

Waxahatchee

i'm not a whipper in the wind
or solace laying at the bottom of a bottle
or your thick skin
escape yells both our names out loud
we run like hell, i'll write a tragic epilogue and you'll act it out
i watched your dad give you away
i watched him drink the bitter taste in his exertion away
make-up sits on your face like tar
the champagne flutes poorly engineered
employ dixie cups and jarslike minds let go of doubt
i watched it blow right out and
we danced on gaffs and graves
you'll remain, i will find a way to leave gracefully or i'll escape
i do not fall to losing face
i dream i dive into something greater
something to take my grief away
dead leaves crunch, i will not be missed
i fill my jar up to the brim
i am an arid abyss
i'm an arid abyss

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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