

# Under A Rock

## Waxahatchee

Maybe you got your head caught in a ditch last night  
I got to you, imparting  
Now you're someone else's mess tonight And I got upset, I told you twice  
That I know how to break inside  
The brick house that you built around your cranium You wear it like a crown  
Maybe I let on that I was interested  
In your brand of lonely  
A book you cracked once and never read Your ravenous, insatiable  
Appetite for the expendable  
Will leave you just as hollow as your requiem You'll bang it like a drum

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