

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

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