

Peace and Quiet

Waxahatchee

Indepedent alabaster,
The radio can't hear the words.
You grow as big as the ocean.
Soon they will and destroy.
But you can run,
You can hide,
You're a giant.
They depend on the damned
That you call yours.
If I muster the strength to reflect you,
I won't feel any better at all.
Some cosmetic illusion,
You'll rest your callow bones.
Blame my hardworking father,
For harm you cannot atone.
But you can argue the truth,
You're a seer.
You will rest on your morals in store.
If I muster the strength to reflect you,
I won't feel any better at all.

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

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