Air

Waxahatchee

It fogged up again
My spotless exit
So we walked two-by-two
A tedious ascent
When I am gone, at least I won't be thinking

I left you out like a carton of milk
You were quick to query me
But I wanted you still
To relay something warm
To break off a good piece
But you won't be, you won't be

You were patiently giving me every answer as I roamed free

It fogged up again
My liar's remorse
We stand hand-in-hand
Idle in our course
When we are moving
We just pretend to be strangers lamenting a means to an end

You were patiently giving me everything that I will never need
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