

# American Weekend

## Waxahatchee

I watch these projections of us  
You're magnetic and I cannot keep up  
And I feel as you move in real close  
And I feel as your head arose  
You're a figment  
I believed it  
I depart, your dog died today  
And you drive all the way here to tell me I'm okay  
And I left and I didn't say goodbye  
And I ran all the way home in the gray moonlight  
It's dark now but we made it that way  
With what we drink and how we think and what we say  
We degrade ourselves  
And then expect help  
Its morning, we're still in the same place  
We are diluted, we are the only ones awake  
And you hold me like you do it everyday  
I chase a graceful way to erase or to run away  
We diverge and I collapse into my bed  
And you are shoved awkwardly into my head  
Wage sleep to sleep in  
American weekend

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

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