

You're Damaged

Waxahatchee

Come right back
buy all that they have
convenient disguise
but this time we laugh
You are 11, 1997
God is implicit
You're luck is consistent
No I cannot, see into the future
No I cannot, breathe underwater
Bit your last word
I call out to you
This place is vile and I am vile too
My gallant father
vomit and water
We're not alone here,
We invent our own fear.
And separately we will see
chaos condolence defeat
And now in this place
you talk to my shell
you keep double wise
you dream in hotels
my words are ugly
and you can't discern me
gods buried under
you're damaged wonder
and no I cannot see into the future
no I cannot breathe underwater
Sabres and sticks
we run to our peace
Kept undisclosed and told of a memory
and in this dejection
lives a connection
tattooed in vain silence
and all my resistance
will cut our hands agape and manifest
compassion we'll lose with time and test

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

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