

Rose, 1956

Waxahatchee

Sharp hangover, it is Christmas Eve
It fades and evaporates
Passing the trains and lakes and trees
Your breaths are short and urgent and it is unsettling You got married when you were 15 Now I hide out from
telephone wires at Waxahatchee Creek
Your body, weak from smoke and tar and subsequent disease You got married when you were 15 No
miscalculation, each other's only living means
Your arms wane thinner
Your legs surrender
Sunlight probing, it is christmas eve
No stitch of shade, we pass by lakes and big mimosa trees
Your breaths are short and urgent and it is unsettling
You got married when you were 15
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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