Save Me From What I Want

St. Vincent

Keys are in my pocket
And they rattle you away

Seventh floor apartment
and a fiery escape

But I'm a wife in watercolors
I can wash away

What seventeen cold showers
Couldn't wash away

Save me
Save me
Save me from what I want

Save me
Save me
Save me from what I want

Save me
Save me
Save me from what I want

Honey, what reveals you
is what you try and hide away
You could tell the planets
or your pillow case

But I'm a wife in watercolors
I can wash away
what seventeen cold showers
Couldn't wash away

Save me save me save me from what I want
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