

Arkadelphia

Waxahatchee

I lose my grip, I drive out far
Past fireworks at the old trailer park
And folding chairs, American flags
Selling tomatoes at five bucks a bag

When she was young, she kept to herself
Now she regrets sending me straight to Hell
She kissed my cheek, she touched my skin
She said "you're just as stupid as I was back then"

If I burn out like a lightbulb
They'll say "she wasn't meant for that life"
They'll put it all in a capsule and save it for a dark night

When we were kids, free as the air
With a violence craving to turn up somewhere
A tap dancer, a memorized number
An avalanche of the deep red clay earth

When it got bad, Arkadelphia Road
I couldn't cry, I just pick up the load
And feign a strength, try to force your hand
But you leave a promise wherever it may land

If you get real close to the ending
I hope you know I did what I could
We try to give it all meaning
Glorify the grain of the wood
Tell ourselves what's beautiful and good

I hold on tight, come in from far
I watch the baby run around the yard
Get lonely for what I'll never know
Losing the thread of a story, overtold

If we luck out, free as the air
With an unrest craving to spill everywhere
We'll weigh what's good and get real old
Keep driving straight searching for a heart of gold

If we make pleasant conversation
I hope you can't see what's burning in me
To see a slip as a failure
A balance I couldn't keep
You count the rings for truth you'll never cheat