

Bathtub

Waxahatchee

Take my word for it, I'm not worth it
I ignored you all night and you don't deserve it
Morning, bathtub, my skin soft and hot
I was sure you were right but you're not
I contemplate my ruined fate
Someone will hurt me so bad one day
And you'll resonate or I'll apologize
Or maybe I'll make the same mistake twice
I hide from phone calls under the warm water
Malice desists, no it woefully recurs
And it plays like daytime TV shows, I confuse you
and I tell you not to love me
But I still kiss you when I want to
And I lament, you're innocent
But somehow the object of my discontent
And it's fucked up, I let you in
Even though I've seen what can happen
You make a tape, receive it in the mail
And I force myself busy, the diversion will prevail
And I will swallow all my guilt with little pills and forge my
chin up
And I will only think about it in the morning, in the bathtub