

## Black Candy

Waxahatchee

Short breaths, our living death.  
You take me for a ride.  
Mouth shut, all blood and guts  
and social suicide.  
Why don't you go, pretense in tow?  
We'll be alright.  
Eyes wide, good looks preside,  
you take me for a ride.  
We ascend, hand in hand.  
I toss and turn, you understand.  
We learn to synchronize,  
tirade provoke and inside jokes  
and you just go.

Moonlight pours in tonight  
and you are infinite.  
We squeeze out dark disease,  
ex-boyfriend jealousy,  
and then you take off.  
Your name aloft,  
we'll be alright.  
Fair-weather friends forever  
and I just wait in line.  
We ascend, hand in hand.  
I toss and turn, you understand.  
We learn to synchronize,  
tirade provoke and inside jokes  
and you just go.

Skinned knees, Christmas Eve,  
it meant everything.  
Train tracks, we sit back,  
watch it atrophy.  
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