

Grass Stain

Waxahatchee

I don't care
I'll embrace all of my vices
And we'll black it out or
At least slow everything down
And I'll fish for compliments
And I'll drink until i'm happy
And I'll wonder what you're doing
But I won't call
Our paths split
It's morning but I still feel it
And we skate around
Why our intemperance feels so profound
And I let you in real slow
And I regret it immediately
And I run away so fast
You fall too deep too easily
I don't care If I'm too young to be unhappy
Or I recklessly impair
This newfangled proclivity
And I won't answer my phone
And I'll never leave my bedroom
And I'll avoid you like the plague
Because I can't give you what you want
I won't give you what you want