

Grey Hair

Waxahatchee

Maybe, you're not the only one
You might, wait and see me become
A candle, precarious psychically among
The ill at ease, the summer breeze
But sugar soda pop songs play on the radio
I get short of breath because I can't slow down

Maybe, you'll learn to live on stage
Rambling in a staggering haze
And maybe American kids will start a craze
Devoid death, bleeding heads
But lusting for hollowness releases a cold sweat
I get short of breath because I can't slow down