

Half Moon

Waxahatchee

Curious impulse drifting slow in a state
In the darkness, in music, our imperfect escape
You're a good girl, a daughter of liars avenged
And you paint such a picture, the departed, unhinged
You make a splash

You're adored by strangers through glass
When we fuck up our rhythm this idea is a curse
I invite myself in and I think I kissed you first
But this glimpse at the past, it is tattered and trite

Our love tastes like sugar but it pulls all the life out of me
Out of me

You cry to an old friend, to a hole in your heart
To a ghost in the fading strokes of your glorious art
And she lied when she said she would call you today
And you know I couldn't blame her
The pain that you make
It never dies
I hung it up in a wistful disguise