

Lilacs

Waxahatchee

I wake up feeling nothing, camouflage the wavering sky
I sit at my piano, wander the wild whereby
And the lilacs drink the water, and the lilacs die
And the lilacs drink the water, marking the slow slow slow passing of time

I get so angry, baby, at something you might say
I dream about an awful stranger, work my way through the day
I run it like a silent movie, I run it like a violent song
I run it like a voice compelling, so right it can't be wrong

If I'm a broken record, write it in the dust, babe
I'll fill myself back up like I used to do
And if my bones are made of delicate sugar
I won't end up anywhere good without you...
I need your love too

When I live a sparse existence, I'll drop down in the fold
Lean in to an urgent falter, spin silence into gold
I run it like the crop of kismet, I run it like a dilettante
I run it like I'm happy, baby, like I got everything I want

If I'm a broken record, write it in the dust, babe
I'll fill myself back up like I used to do
And if my bones are made of delicate sugar
I won't end up anywhere good without you
I won't end up anywhere good without you...
I need your love too

And the lilacs drank the water
And the lilacs drank the water
And the lilacs drank the water...