

Michel

Waxahatchee

Hands under my clothes
We can't let it go
You set it up masterfully
And then blame it all on me
Cynicism smothering
Implanted, blossoming in me
Our fun is toxic and bold
Embellished and oversold
Embody me because i am weak
I moved out but I never opened my mouth
I never opened my mouth
It's late, I'm up on the roof
In New York, I hung up on you
I can't pay for the mistakes I made
So I'll just let this die and decay