

## No Curse

Waxahatchee

I'll jump in the swelling line  
I'll envelop the meantime  
You classify every bruise  
I'll tell you I'm satisfied

You got lost, you skim off the top  
You tell yourself it's something it's not  
It's not me, it's no curse or disease  
That led us to the ending, babe  
Wavering, free

I'll jump in the swelling line  
I'll envelop the meantime  
You were too much to unscrew  
I'll tell you I'm satisfied

You fuck off, you say your goodbyes  
You trip up all of your favorite punchlines  
It was me, clumsily unforeseen  
I got lost in the moment, yeah  
A blaze of glory

I'll jump in the swelling line  
I'll envelop the meantime  
You got so hard to see through  
I'll tell you I'm satisfied