

We'll make it real loud  
Four years, we'll barely speak  
and you've got a husband now  
I have Waxahatchee Creek  
And you used to come here with me  
I need a heavy heart  
Allison's only calling me when her life's falling apart  
So I pour it tall and talk to myself in my head alone  
But it's really better until I learn how  
To gracefully let someone in and back out  
But I won't worry about it right now  
Say what you're thinking  
I'm watching thoughts dance around in your head  
You'll let me down easy or you'll beg for my empathy  
Your lips are moving, your mouth is so close to mine  
I almost can taste your spit, Pilsner brew and cigarettes  
If it keeps up we'll run out of time  
I'll write you letters and I'll write you songs  
And you will be endlessly distracting and then  
It falls flat onto paper again  
You're in the Carolinas and I'm going to New York  
And I'll be much better there  
Or that's what I'm hoping for  
And we will never speak again