

## Oxbow

## Waxahatchee

Barna in white  
Married the night  
What dreams become concrete, they may feel trite  
Makes a dull mind

Well, I'll give it all to you for a while, that's fine  
A speck in the oxbow, depressing by design  
If I go along with it, am I lying to you?  
Watching from a distance, whispering close  
About anything else  
But it's not that far

I want it all  
I want it all  
I want it all, oh  
I want it all  
I want it all  
I want it all, oh  
I want it all  
I want it all  
I want it all, oh