

Singer's No Star

Waxahatchee

Mostly all the time will go to you
Coming up for air for all the people who
Recognize the sadness in a stranger with less to lose

Shoop-eh-doop...

We get comfortable with our detachment to our oldest friends
And you got me here where I'm left alone
I'm not the only thing you ever left

If I were to spoil a victory
Or accept all of your trust and praise in spite of me
Will you recognize the failure in my voice before I leave?

Shoop-eh-doop...

We sit on a crowded ship
It's not the ending that's the tragic part
If you'd get off my shoulders and sit beside me we would both be fine