

## Sister Saint

Waxahatchee

Weak knees, fuck your sympathy.  
I'll be my own best friend.  
She prays as the radio plays  
"I See A Bad Moon Rising.." again.  
Foretold, she lives on hold.  
What is she trying to save me from?  
Blindspot in the adjacent lot,  
waiting for my time to come.  
I won't wait in this line.  
I've got nothing left in me.  
My weight on your shifting spine.  
I fuck up and you fabricate me.

Gray days on paper plates,  
our vibrations collide.  
Arcane, sister's a saint.  
She sets herself aside.  
Pitfall, publish, appall,  
I fall down right in the street.  
You blow smoke, you sugarcoat,  
then you take a front row seat.  
And I think I've had enough.  
I'm not listening to it.  
Lay all of your cards on the table.  
I know that you'd take every bit.

I won't wait in this line.  
Sooner or later it goes awry.  
And you live your life like a chore  
and I'm not listening anymore.