

## Stale by Noon

Waxahatchee

Ethereal, I'm in bloom  
Torturing the afternoon  
Simple things will light me up  
I can imitate some kind of love  
Or I could see it for what it is and stop kidding myself  
We are not that alike  
I can be a ray of light  
But you are always in my head  
Down on Earth, rest in bed  
I could stop praying for everybody, I'm just wasting my time  
I'll read your philosophy and get a new lease on life

I get lost looking up  
I get lost looking up