

Summer of Love

Waxahatchee

I didn't think, now I'm here
Treading water without you
My reflection is wry, it's enticing

But I couldn't last long here without you
And I gave it up, the mystique
The colors allure me but I can't make out
A face in the picture of palm trees

The summer of love is a photo of us

I lose a thought and I'm here
Reaching for poise as I'm speaking
Conversations are dry, I absolve