

# The Eye

Waxahatchee

I leave my home, desolate but not alone  
I have a gift, I've been told, for seeing what's there  
And I will chase all the rain, put it down, call it paint  
To possess something arcane, oh it's a heavy weight

We leave love behind  
Without a tear or a long goodbye  
And as we wait for lightning to strike  
We are enthralled by the calling of the eye

Oh and one of these days you'll call up  
You'll give me something beautiful to think and sing and follow  
Our feet don't ever touch the ground  
Run ourselves ragged town to town  
Chasing uncertainty around, a siren sound

Oh and you watch me like I'm a jet stream  
A scientific cryptogram lit up behind the sunbeam  
You paint my body like a rose  
A depth of beauty in repose  
A complicated love you chose  
Where love will land nobody knows

We both dig a grave  
To immortalize all the shortest waves  
We can try to let stillness be  
But if I spin off will you rescue me?  
Or will I beg you to set me free?  
I think what's wild might be meant to be  
You and me

We leave love behind  
Without a tear or a long goodbye  
And as we wait for lightning to strike  
We are enthralled by the calling of the eye  
We come running, we always abide  
Powerless against the calling of the eye