

Witches

Waxahatchee

Stave it off, don't let it get away
The hold you had was ironclad, don't sway
You take it just like a man, babe
Scathing at the first sight of pain
A link in that old chain

Marlee's in the back just trying to maintain
Her wind on the weather vane
There's nothing here to gain
But if you wanna buy a round, we might hang out
Give us all something to talk about

The myth won't love you like no other babe
The myth will always be fair weather babe
We do stupid things in the right way
Spineless at abandon in vain
A link in that old chain

Lindsey's giving me a little faith about
What tomorrow might bring
There's nothing here to gain
Allison always had a heavy disdain
For every link in that old chain, chain, chain
Ooh

You can't bluff or outsmart
All reasons fall apart
Yeah, the myth without struggle, babe
It can't fill your heart