

You're Damaged

Waxahatchee

Come right back.
Buy all that they have.
Convenient disguise,
We distantly laugh

You are eleven.
1997.
God is implicit.
Your luck is consistent.

And no I can not see into the future,
No I cannot breathe underwater.
Bit your last word, I
Call out to you,
This place is vile, and I'm vile too.

My gal and father,
Vomit and water,
We're not alone here,
We invent our own fear.
And separately we will see
Chaos condolence defeat

And now in this place,
You talk to my shell
You keep double wides
You dream in motels

And my words are ugly,
And you can't discern me,
God's buried under,
Your damaged wonder

And no I cannot see into the future,
No I cannot breathe underwater.
With sabers and sticks, we'll run to our peace
Kept undisclosed and told of a memory.

And in this dejection, lives a connection
Tattoo your vain silence
And all my resistance,
We'll cut our hands agape and manifest
Compassion we'll lose with time and test