

You're Welcome

Waxahatchee

I cried all night when you came to my side
It was late
It was trite
Mothers pray for a padlock on their door
Half their love is just ignored
You can run
You can fight
You can hunt for company tonight
We can roll on the floor
You can pretend you don't hold back anymore
And if we sleep half the day
You could say that your luck is on its way
We live by the word a stranger overheard
You'll seem tall
A healthy machine
Heavy breathing
In the lake of an ancient mistake
That lingers