

Misery Over Dispute

Waxahatchee

Revive the summery dusk
I'll run fast, leave you in the dust
And the first soul that I pass on the street
Cannot rid me of a cheating defeat

If I claim the sole regret
I love only enough to accept
And I'll be spineless and sick in your eyes
Until death or the dragging of time

I chose misery over dispute
I've whispered and walked on eggshells
Just to choose misery over dispute
Choose misery over dispute