

## Silver

Waxahatchee

I stare at myself  
The whole world keeps turning  
I went out in the storm  
I felt the house burning

Oooh...

The kiss on my lips starts to feel unfamiliar  
A part of me rots  
My skin all turns silver

Oooh...

You tell a classic story  
Smothered underneath formality  
I'll portray the old shag carpet  
You can walk all over me

If I turn to stone  
The whole world keeps turning  
I went out in the storm  
And I'm never returning

Oooh...