

The Dirt

Waxahatchee

Loaded, you'll eulogize before you will preach
Rubbing your filthy hands on my speech
My hedonistic sugar-white beach
And the grievance that I breed

If I fill you with fiction that won't hurt
Will you eat up my words with the dirt?
Outside in my inept hands or my active eyes
I'll use the oxygen in this room

To call everyone I know and unhinge
Disrupt neutrality

You'll deliver a fable I could live
And I'll throw it off the nearest cliff
Long since I was as empty as a young child
Hope lying in prospect

I wasted my boredom hastily
I'm a basement brimming with nothing great