

FANTA

Black Dresses

Shh, mama's gone
Anything you want
Yard sale bookstore backyard haunts
Getting lost
Scan line cockroach fantasies
Moths, woods
Nobody can see us
Nobody even wants to know
Nobody even wants to know
I tried so hard to be pretend
Didn't wanna be held, didn't wanna be left
You saw it in my eyes
Porch lights flicker as we pass
Irritation in your sweat, leading me by the hand
Or maybe something else

One day when we're alone
When we're alone

Do you see it?
Do you see it?
Do you see it?

Can't take the world in you
Cos you're an unfilmable casket
A casket that fills itself with itself
I feel the sky thin out the fibers of my skeleton:
Hills and farms, hills and farms
I reassure myself
I try to hear myself
But the signal seems fractured
A system that fucks itself with itself
I put the world on you:
Won't admit my fascination
Still we're rooted
I know the trees scream "hallelujah"
Even as they're trapped in place

I thought you'd always felt that it's obvious
I don't, what the problem is
It'll be the same as it always is