

# Heatwave

Julien Baker

Shell of an engine, unexplained  
Burst to fire engulfed in flames  
Breathing exhaust, a heatwave mirage  
Nothing to lose till everything's really gone  
It's worse than death than life compressed  
To fill a page in the Sunday paper  
I had the shuddering thought:  
"This was gonna make me late for work"

Biting a chain, free like a lame  
Oh, can you be healed?  
Scratch my knees on the gravel  
Say it's all part of the deal  
Covered in scars a canyon deep  
It's not like I thought it'd be  
The gruesome beauty of your face in everyone I meet

I was on a long spiral down  
Before I make it to the ground  
I'll wrap Orion's belt around my neck  
And kick the chair out  
On a long spiral down  
Before I make it to the ground  
I'll wrap Orion's belt around my neck  
And kick the chair out  
And I'll kick the chair out  
Kick the chair out