

Vanishing Point

Julien Baker

Foot on the dash, with the headlights off
In the backseat, you're swallowing chaos
I'm out on a drive
Wishing I were impaled on the pass
At the vanishing point of the Tennessee Line

And I didn't know what you meant
Oh, when your history was mine to write, I find
Somebody else with a knife in a side
Who can hold me together at night

No I couldn't get back, if I tried
The hero I saw go out with the tide
When I said I could make it I lied
Slipping into the undertow
Nobody knows why

Don't feel bad
I've always been too far down to reach
And I was long long gone
Before you got to me

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