

JERICHO

Låpsley

Roll the sleeves of your shirt
Wristwatch, Skye Scotch, sugar cane
Floor light, amber haze
Like I'm twenty-five again, and nothing's changed
Candles in the bathroom
Swallow pride and walk through the fire again
Your green shirt, coffee-stained
We take our turn to heartbreak and walk away

I'm not here to tell you that I want you back, I got your back
I want it bad
I'm not here to tell you that we'd never last, but what we had
I want it bad
I'm not here to spear my shovel in the grass, dig up past
I want it bad
I'm not here to take up all of your time and make you feel sad
I want it bad

I want it bad, I want it
Bad, I want it
I want it bad, I want it
Bad, I want it
I want it bad, I want it
But I'm a good girl now

Gibson, Martin Co, fallen walls of Jericho
Holy place
Hold your tongue, hesitate
Hot tears down my face
Barricade
Liminal corridor
Run the track, matador
Petrichor
Fade to black, shades of gray
Eighty million miles away
Say my name

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But I'm a good girl now