

# Christine

Lucy Dacus

You're falling asleep on my shoulder in the back of your boyfriend's car

We're coming home from a sermon saying how bent and evil we are  
I tried to imagine what you're dreaming, you're muttering nonsense between steady breathing

I have to wake you up to get out, your man waves from the end of the drive 'til I'm in the house

He can be nice, sometimes

Other nights, you admit he's not what you had in mind

All in all, nobody's perfect

There may be better, but you don't feel worth it

That's where we disagree

You always wanted to raise a baby by the lake

Maybe they'll grow up and never make the same mistakes

Knowing you, they'd be the first kid to never hurt another

I see you look at him and wonder if he'll make you a mother

But if you get married, I'd object

Throw my shoe at the altar and lose your respect

I'd rather lose my dignity

Than lose you to somebody who won't make you happy