

## ...Familiar Place

Lucy Dacus

I came through the backyard  
You let the garden die  
How did I get here?  
How did I get here?  
What did I do to deserve this?

The mountain was taller than I could've fathomed  
I hardly believe it from here at the bottom  
I can't imagine why you'd want to be at the top  
Oh my god, what will I do if you ever stop?

Without you, I am surely the last of our kind  
Without you, I am surely the last of my kind