

# Thumbs Again

Lucy Dacus

You hung up the phone  
And I asked you what was wrong  
Your dad has come to town  
He'd like to meet  
I said, "You don't have to see him"  
But for whatever reason, you can't tell him no

So we meet him at a bar  
You were holding my hand hard  
He ordered rum and Coke  
I can't drink either anymore  
He hadn't seen you since the fifth grade  
Now you're nineteen and you're 5'8"  
He said, "Honey, you sure look great  
Do you get the checks I send on your birthday?"

I would kill him  
If you let me  
I would kill him  
Quick and easy  
Your nails are digging  
Into my knee  
I don't know how you keep smiling

I love your eyes  
And he has 'em  
Or you have his  
'Cause he was first  
I imagine my thumbs on the irises  
Pressing in until they burst

I clear my throat  
And say we ought to get home  
He offers us a ride  
I reply, "No, that's alright"  
And when we leave  
You feel him watching  
So we walk a mile in the wrong direction

I would kill him  
If you let me  
I would kill him  
Quick and easy  
Your nails are digging  
Into my knee  
I don't know how you keep smiling

I wanna take your face between my hands and say:  
"You two are connected by a pure coincidence  
Bound to him by blood, but baby, it's all relative  
You've been in his fist ever since you were a kid  
But you don't owe him shit even if he said you did  
You don't owe him shit even if he said you did"