VBS

Lucy Dacus

In the summer of '07 I was sure I'd go to heaven
But I was hedging my bets at VBS
The preacher in a t-shirt told me I could be a leader
Taught me how to build a fire and to spread the word

In the evening everybody went to worship and weep
Hands above our heads, reaching for God
Back in the cabin, snorting nutmeg in your bunk bed
You were waiting for a revelation of your own

Sedentary secrets like peach pits in your gut
Locked away like jam jars in the cellar of your heart
Waiting to be tasted and ultimately wasted
You were gonna win me over from the start

The poetry was so bad
It took a lot to not laugh
You said that I showed you the light
But all it did in the end
Was make the dark feel darker than before

Your dad keeps his sleeves down through the summer for a reason
Your mother wears her makeup extra thick for a reason
When I tell you you were born and you are here for a reason
You are not convinced the reason is a good one

While you're going to sleep your mind keeps you awake
And it makes your heart beat fast and loud
There's nothing you can do but the only thing you found
Playing Slayer at full volume helps to block it out

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