

YMCA Pool

Palehound

Get sober, drive home
Get blown
Stop, drop, roll over, I've lied
To put out fires

And when you say that you want it bad
I start to feel like I'm dead

In summers I swim, and I drive
YMCA pool wide-eyed when I dive

And when you say that you can't be sure
I start to feel like I'm your whore