

This Wave

St. Vincent

He's gonna burn up deep in Texas
I'll freeze alone in New York City
We made the best of a disaster
And I pull my jacket closer

I lit a candle for you in Rome
I did the same in Mexico
Oh, won't you tap me on the shoulder
When the scary scene is over

I feel as guilty as Jiminy
And like a piggy-headed Yankee
But I did not see this wave coming
In time to wake you up
In time, in time to warn you of
In time, in time to pull you from it