

## 8 Ball

Waxahatchee

Hey  
I'll go away  
You let me take my own damn car  
To Brooklyn, New York, USA  
I'll dream  
Embarrassing reverie  
I'm all detached feeling like myself  
I'll drink too much, I'll cause a big scene

And I'll breathe  
I don't care who sees  
I'll be nobody  
I'll be the wind blowing through the leaves  
When I fall  
I will not be ashamed at all  
You'll see a failure  
You wanna brand my losing streak  
You wanna be the 8 ball

Why  
I curiously catch your eye  
The blood that's keeping it alive  
Is the illusion of the limelight  
Manhood  
The tragically misunderstood  
And you will bury the bad blood  
I am remiss  
I am bodiless output

What you see  
It could not possibly be me  
I'm your diversion  
I am the wind blowing down your tree  
It's plain  
I lit the groundwork up in flames  
We watch the smoke rise  
You wanna name my weakness  
You wanna be the rain