

American Weekend

Waxahatchee

I watch these projections of us
You're magnetic and I cannot keep up
And I feel as you move in real close
And I feel as your head arose
You're a figment
I believed it
I depart, your dog died today
And you drive all the way here to tell me i'm okay
And I left and I didn't say goodbye
And I ran all the way home in the gray moonlight
It's dark now but we made it that way
With what we drink and how we think and what we say
We degrade ourselves
And then expect help
It's morning, we're still in the same place
We are diluted, we are the only ones awake
And you hold me like you do it everyday
I chase a graceful way to erase or to run away
We diverge and I collapse into my bed
And you are shoved awkwardly into my head
Wage sleep to sleep in
American weekend