

## Brass Beam

Waxahatchee

I took a pill  
I went to sleep for the first time in weeks  
You kept me up  
With all your manic energy  
I had to go  
I put it out just like a cigarette  
I'd never be a girl  
You'd like or trust or you'd respect  
When I think about it I wanna punch the wall  
When I remember everything I wonder  
If I'll always feel small

You look for me  
In the broken glass and styrofoam  
Painting yourself  
As a sufferer, a stepping stone  
You work real hard  
To herd your friends into a gallery  
Narcissistic injury  
Disguised as masterpiece  
I just wanna run, yeah, I don't wanna fight  
I just want to sing my songs  
And sleep through the night

I endured your criticism  
Self-loathing and all your doubt  
I held you up above myself  
Trying to ride it out  
I got lost in your rendition of reality  
All my offering  
Rendered boring hyperbole  
I couldn't see the sun from there, just a beam  
I thought it would never come out, yeah  
I had to leave

Ooh...