

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...