

Crowbar

Waxahatchee

I left your heart of glass in my unmade bed
In the right time, you could shine so bright in my doubtful eyes, and
I imprint all your ideas on mine
I move awkwardly at the speed of light

Maybe it's easier to be afraid
Drenched in tragedy, man-made, and my
Compass is an antique
But if I'm not back soon, don't come looking for me

You can take it pretty far on a prayer that's pale and synthetic
Bending my crowbar with tension that's telekinetic
A paradox poetic, you get choked up reading the classics
Your pride'll take a gluttonous bite, a stupid question, I'd rather not ask it

I take a sip of something I can barely taste
Dull as dusk, with a skull and crossbones to bring us luck, and
I, I know that you can't read my mind
I swear I said the same thing a hundred times

Maybe it's harder than it should be
Variations on a theme, I could
Wear it right on my sleeve
When an antagonist emerges, don't blame me

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