

Evil Spawn

Waxahatchee

Take my money, I don't work that hard
I fall asleep in the beating heart
Of a dying breed peddling some lost art
Watch it fade, watch it fall apart

You let me go on and on
In the tall grass of a con
The prestige of some evil spawn
Well, I guess that's yours to settle on

But there ain't nothing to it, babe
We can roll around in the disarray
In the final act of the good old days

What you're holding so close calls you by name
What you thought was enough now seems insane

If we stand out in some wild city street
Dodging every car, every thief, and disease
Catching tiny crumbs in the heartless breeze
Say we're tough as nails, say we're both naive

You let me fill every room
Wax poetic and presume
Your principles ripen into
A fragile tomb, watch it split in two

What you do and you say sustain harmony
What you thought was enough, well, it works for me

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In the final act of the good old days
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Good old days
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Good old days
Good old...