

Ice Cold

Waxahatchee

Run it back, boys
It's didactic
It's white noise
Counteractive

We say the same thing
Yet we argue
Some pendulum swings
To an ambivalent muse

A rusted-out sign
Jesus loves you
Landmark of mine
I drill it into

Some folktale
I'm keeping alive
While the curtain falls
Dramatic demise

And I might fall in love with
The next story I'm told
But I'll never have another
Burning hot
Coursing through me

This is water
It's blood loss
Call it a gamble
Or a tightrope walk

You show your face
Keep your eyes shut
Call your own fouls
Cheat your own gut

If I'm losing touch with
Everything I once held
I wouldn't think much of it
Run on fumes
Abide by nothing

I might have it out with
The next person I see
But I'll never have another
Burning hot
I run ice cold
I run ice cold
I run ice cold