

Lips and Limbs

Waxahatchee

Could you be extraordinary?
Stems and seeds, bucket seats.
This house is full of slurred speech.
You're tormented, I watch you bleed.

And with this drink I'll take you back home
We are shimmering bright.
Stagger through uncharted parks
The stars could be tawdry streetlights.

And we don't have too much to say,
I can't feel a thing.

Is this just a wrinkle
On a page that ends dismally?
I choose a path and run so fast
You are bored of following me.

And with this drink I'll swallow the intangible
I can't illustrate.
Control my limbs and lips
cause you're too crowded to commiserate.

And we're mechanical in your double bed,
Remorse hung overhead to approach me.

Could you be extraordinary?
We're alone in this gaudy mess.
In the house of slurred speech
Sharing gravity to suppress.

And in your ear I will whisper weakly
Things that I do not mean.
You are deaf and dumb and I am numb
And we're illuminating

I never had too much to say,
I can't feel a thing.