

Mud

Waxahatchee

We're the same, have it out
Down in the mud
Glance at your name written out
In your blood
I might take it upon myself
Yearning for a restless hell

Call me an angel in the background
Singing I'm not the one
Not your haven at the bottom
Or some miserable companion
I might beam with empty virtue
But I'm a feather blowing in your storm
Garbage, weather worn

I take my aim at a girl
Suffering
We share a name and a need
To not be seen
She might take it personally
Put on airs, undercut me

So if I call you up tomorrow
Screaming I'm not the one
To be privy to your fiction
Help you get your shit together
I'm a fool in angel's clothing
I'm a glutton for being let down
But I can't help you, I can't stick around

Said I don't want nothin' to do with it
Yeah - I'm not the one
To keep betting against the odds, yeah
It won't go my way forever
If I held you any tighter
Call me terrified, call me unprepared
Well you might be stupid but you're not scared