

No Curse

Waxahatchee

I'll jump in the swelling line
I'll envelop the meantime
You classify every bruise
I'll tell you I'm satisfied

You got lost, you skim off the top
You tell yourself it's something it's not
It's not me, it's no curse or disease
That led us to the ending, babe
Wavering, free

I'll jump in the swelling line
I'll envelop the meantime
You were too much to unscrew
I'll tell you I'm satisfied

You fuck off, you say your goodbyes
You trip up all of your favorite punchlines
It was me, clumsily unforeseen
I got lost in the moment, yeah
A blaze of glory

I'll jump in the swelling line
I'll envelop the meantime
You got so hard to see through
I'll tell you I'm satisfied