

Stale by Noon

Waxahatchee

Ethereal, I'm in bloom
Torturing the afternoon
Simple things will light me up
I can imitate some kind of love
Or I could see it for what it is and stop kidding myself
We are not that alike
I can be a ray of light
But you are always in my head
Down on Earth, rest in bed
I could stop praying for everybody, I'm just wasting my time
I'll read your philosophy and get a new lease on life

I get lost looking up
I get lost looking up