

Tangled Envisioning

Waxahatchee

The river's clouded thick with mud
I can't hear your scream or see your blood
And I do not trust your cheating luck
I don't console you in the back of his truck

I do not hold the means to mend
You had a pain I could not comprehend
Been in tangled envisioning
We lived in water at the tops of trees

We'd never see the same blue sky
It wasn't far I had to fly