

The Wolves

Waxahatchee

There's a car on the corner
She's waiting for me to come out
And I ain't said a word in weeks
These old habits'll weigh you down
I can't talk to God, I can't light it up
I can't take something that I'm unworthy of
You might sing it wrong, clumsy
Off-key, top o' your lungs
Smile at everyone

You don't ease up on me
You know I stay in a hurry, babe
I miss a lot of good things
If I throw my body
On a plane, in a car, on the ground
I'm living like I'll never die
And your ax is not a key

There's a lock on the door
That costs more than my car, babe
And I ain't ever come close
To crossing that threshold anyway
I can't hear our song on the radio
Without a clear recollection of the touch-and-go
I can't prize my certainty
Let bygones fade away
For my own sake

I walk a paper-thin line
I know there's something for everyone
But I've got a one-track mind
If I throw myself
To the wolves, I did it all for the glory
Not the fruit rotting in my shade
Who's begging to get inside

There's a reason I fold
I'm sure it'll become clear
You've been proving yourself wrong
With or without me here
You don't look around
You don't check the score
You cause all that trouble, and you beg for more
On every warm horizon of what I let disappear

You don't ease up on me
You know I stay in a hurry, babe
I miss a lot of good things
And when I throw myself to the wolves
I do it all for the glory
Not the wind shaking off my leaves
Not begging for a key