

War

Waxahatchee

Listening to the outside
Happiness swelling landslide
I'll show you, I'll fill up the room
I'll devastate you, it's true

I run my soul and body down
If I kept a parasite around
I'll keep lying to myself
I'm not that untrue
I'm in a war with myself
It's got nothing to do with you

In my head there's a war room
Keeping score, ripe to exhume
I'll come in hot, I'll fill up the room
Possessed and consumed, it's true

I wonder how I wound up here
I try to say it loud and clear
But I mostly keep to myself
What I'm going through
I'm in a war with myself
It's got nothing to do with you

Listening to the outside
Stagnant air on the front lines
A dark star on a clear night
Rightly born under a bad sign

I run my soul and body down
If I tote this dead weight around
I'll keep lying to myself
I'm not that untrue
I'm in a war with myself
It's got nothing to do with you