Whiskey + Math

Waxahatchee

I'm not singing our song.
I've been waiting here for way too long,
working out long equations,
drinking from paper bags.
And I've spent 14 summers
fucking around with this idea
and I'll strain every connection
and show you what I'm made of.
You said again.
"you get what you put in".
My phone won't ring.
I've put in nothing.

I'm not blaming myself.
You're down to dusty bones
and I read about women in black
floating up to the grey sky.
And if I was wherever you are,
I'd tell you pretty things like
"we can stay as long as you want,
tangled in sunny daylight".
You said again.
"you get what you put in".
My phone won't ring.
I've put in nothing.
Those ladies in black,
I saw them ascending, half-smiling.
And we live this scripted fate
in these moments we drop it and run away.

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