

Michel

Waxahatchee

Capo on 6th fret (like so many of her songs).
The same 3 chords repeat through the entire song.

C **Em** **Am**

Hands under my clothes

C **Em** **Am**

We can't let it go

You set it up masterfully

And then blame it all on me

Cynicism smothering

Implanted, blossoming in me

Our fun is toxic and bold

Embellished and oversold

Embody me because I am weak

I moved out but I never opened my mouth

I never opened my mouth

It's late, I'm up on the roof

In New York, I hung up on you

I can't pay for the mistakes I made

So I'll just let this die and decay