

Tangled Envisioning
Waxahatchee

E B A (repeat throughout)

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