

Youre Damaged
Waxahatchee

E, A

Come right back.
Buy all that they have.
Convenient disguise,
We distantly laugh

You are eleven.
1997.
God is implicit.
Your luck is consistent.

And no I can not see into the future,
No I cannot breathe underwater.

B A

Bit your last word, I
Call out to you,
This place is vile, and Iâ€™m vile too.

E

My gal and father,

A

Vomit and water,

E

Weâ€™re not alone here,

A

We invent our own fear.

E

A

And separately we will see

E

A

chaos condolence defeat

E A

And now in this place,
You talk to my shell
You keep double wides
You dream in motels

And my words are ugly,
And you canâ€™t discern me,
Godâ€™s buried under,
Your damaged wonder

And no I cannot see into the future,
No I cannot breathe underwater.

B A B

With sabers and sticks, we ll run to our peace

A B A

Kept undisclosed and told of a memory.

E A

And in this dejection, lives a connection

Tattoo your vain silence

And all my resistance,

Weâ€™ll cut our hands agape and manifest

Compassion we ll lose with time and test