

**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