

Air

Waxahatchee

It fogged up again
My spotless exit
So we walked two-by-two
With tedious intent
When I am gone, at least I won't be thinking I left you out like a carton of milk
You were quick to query me
But I wanted you still
To relay something warm
To break off a good piece
But you won't be, you won't be You were patiently giving me every answer as I roamed free
It fogged up again
My liar's remorse
We stand hand-in-hand
Idle in our course
When we are moving, we just pretend to be strangers lamenting a means to an end
You were patiently giving me everything that I will never need

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