

# Heavy Feet

Local Natives

Powder in your hair  
Staples in your jeans  
Fireworks at the water  
You were holding a styro-foam cup  
Held between your teeth  
Telling me how you're going to outlive your body

What you said I wrote it down,  
It won't say,  
It won't speak the same  
Maybe I know better than  
To read more  
Than what's written

After everything  
After everything  
Left in the sun, shivering.  
After everything.

Gathering your storm  
I talk to fill the space  
You know where so and so was  
When they were our age  
And every night you seem  
To talk me out of everything

Careful what you say next,  
Don't waste a sin-gle drop  
What you said I wrote it down,  
Won't say, won't speak the same

After everything,  
After everything.  
Left in the sun, shivering.  
After everything.

What you said I wrote it down,  
It won't say,  
It won't speak the same  
Maybe I know better than  
To read more  
Than what's there

After everything,  
After everything.  
Left in the sun, shivering.  
After everything.