

Save Me from What I Want

St. Vincent

Keys are in my pocket and they rattle you away
Seventh floor apartment and a fiery escape
But I'm a wife in watercolors, I can wash away
What seventeen cold showers couldn't wash away

Save me, save me
Save me from what I want
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Honey what reveals you is what you try and hide away
You could tell the planets or your pillow case
But I'm a wife in watercolors, I can wash away
What seventeen cold showers couldn't wash away

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