

## Catfish

Waxahatchee

Crave, desolate, you dive in, we follow along  
I contrive you with Whiskey and Sam Cooke songs  
And we lay on our backs  
Soaking wet below a static TV set  
Conversation flows, counting shooting stars and catfish  
But I'll never make a wish

Barefoot, parking lot  
Getting high in Portland, Oregon  
We echo 17 and we glue it back and poke fun  
And it gets real quiet, I don't care  
Darting with moonshine, truth or dare  
I say just what I'm thinking and second guess instantly  
And you laugh at me  
We stick to our slow motion memory  
It's 1 in the morning and 90 degrees  
And though now it is hovering darkly over me  
It'll look just like heaven when I get up and leave  
You're a ghost and I can't breathe