

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