

Dixie Cups And Jars

Waxahatchee

I'm not a whipper in the wind
Or solace laying at the bottom of a bottle
Or your thick skin
Escape yells both our names out loud
We run like hell, I'll write a tragic epilogue and you'll act it out

I watched your dad give you away
I watched him drink the bitter taste in his exertion away
Make-up sits on your face like tar
The champagne flutes poorly engineered
Employ dixey cups and jars

Like minds let go of doubt
I watched it blow right out and
We danced on gaffs and graves
You'll remain, I will find a way to leave gracefully or I'll escape

I do not fall to losing face
I dream I dive into something greater
Something to take my grief away
Dead leaves crunch, I will not be missed
I fill my jar up to the brim
I'm an arid abyss
I'm an arid abyss