

## 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 i  
t 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 es  
cape

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