

Hollow Bedroom

Waxahatchee

I left like I got my way
But truly I left with nothing at all
When I saw you the next day
I knew they'd hear our breath through these walls
And we are late
And we are loud
And we'll remain connected as you're reading out loud
Mirroring a staggered youth
Flowered with nerves and shadows and truth
And it swept in
Like a strong wind
And I don't believe I are at all
What they hear through these walls