

# I Think I Love You

Waxahatchee

It's late  
We are not awake  
And I smashed my phone  
I am learning how to be alone  
Resoundingly unpretty girl stares back at me  
And I become what everyone's harboring from  
And is it your fault?  
No I think it's my fault  
We digress  
You're inhaling smoke, emotionless  
Somewhere on a map  
Unaware that I am falling flat  
And you will hurt me  
And I deserve it  
It's late  
You are not awake  
And it's nothing  
I want you so bad it's devouring me  
And I think I love you  
But you'll never find out