

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