

Lively

Waxahatchee

Doctors and naive love
Silver spoons over fire
You tell a lazy lie
And I tell them you're a liar
And we sit in the dark
Needles and tubes in your arm
I see you in dark glasses
Writers and old movie stars
And you'd die before you look me in the eye

I had a dream last night
We had hit separate bottoms
You yell right in my face
And I poison myself numb and
You will lick your wounds
In only the most crowded room
I'm longing for my youth,
You were lively then, too
And you lie when the truth is hovering vast as the dark and grey sky

We were crowded and blue
You were lively then, too

You were lively then, too...