Michel

Waxahatchee

Hands under my clothes We can't let it go You set it up masterfully And then blame it all on me Cynicism smothering Implanted, blossoming in me Our fun is toxic and bold Embellished and oversold Embody me because i am weak I moved out but I never opened my mouth I never opened my mouth It's late, I'm up on the roof In New York, I hung up on you I can't pay for the mistakes I made So I'll just let this die and decay