

We'll make it real loud
Four years, we'll barely speak
and you've got a husband now
I have Waxahatchee Creek
And you used to come here with me
I need a heavy heart
Allison's only calling me when her life's falling apart
So I pour it tall and talk to myself in my head alone
But it's really better until I learn how
To gracefully let someone in and back out
But I won't worry about it right now
Say what you're thinking
I'm watching thoughts dance around in your head
You'll let me down easy or you'll beg for my empathy
Your lips are moving, your mouth is so close to mine
I almost can taste your spit, Pilsner brew and cigarettes
If it keeps up we'll run out of time
I'll write you letters and I'll write you songs
And you will be endlessly distracting and then
It falls flat onto paper again
You're in the Carolinas and I'm going to New York
And I'll be much better there
Or that's what I'm hoping for
And we will never speak again