

Swan Dive

Waxahatchee

I cling to indifference, you to your worst memory
Dark winter morning you honk your car horn at me
And I will grow out of all the empty bottles in my closet
And you'll quit having dreams about a swan dive to the hard asphalt
Ooh, ooh...

Won't you sleep with me every night for a week
Won't you just let me pretend this is the love I need
And I will grow out of all the empty words I often speak
And you will be depleted, but much better off without me
Ooh, ooh...

You hold on to the past, you make yourself miserable
And I'm ruled by seasons and sadness that's inexplicable
And we will find a way to be lonely any chance we get
And I'll keep having dreams about loveless marriage and regret
Ooh, ooh...