

## 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...