Tangled Envisioning

Waxahatchee

The river's clouded thick with mud I can't hear your scream or see your blood And I do not trust your cheating luck I don't console you in the back of his truck

I do not hold the means to mend You had a pain I could not comprehend Been in tangled envisioning We lived in water at the tops of trees

We'd never see the same blue sky It wasn't far I had to fly