

# Air

## Waxahatchee

It fogged up again  
My spotless exit  
So we walked two-by-two  
With tedious intent  
When I am gone, at least I won't be thinking I left you out like a carton of milk  
You were quick to query me  
But I wanted you still  
To relay something warm  
To break off a good piece  
But you won't be, you won't be You were patiently giving me every answer as I roamed free  
It fogged up again  
My liar's remorse  
We stand hand-in-hand  
Idle in our course  
When we are moving, we just pretend to be strangers lamenting a means to an end  
You were patiently giving me everything that I will never need

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>