

# Dixie Cups and Jars

## Waxahatchee

i'm not a whipper in the wind  
or solace laying at the bottom of a bottle  
or your thick skin  
escape yells both our names out loud  
we run like hell, i'll write a tragic epilogue and you'll act it outi watched your dad give you away  
i watched him drink the bitter taste in his exertion away  
make-up sits on your face like tar  
the champagne flutes poorly engineered  
employ dixie cups and jarslike minds let go of doubt  
i watched it blow right out and  
we danced on gaffs and graves  
you'll remain, i will find a way to leave gracefully or i'll escape  
i do not fall to losing face  
i dream i dive into something greater  
something to take my grief away  
dead leaves crunch, i will not be missed  
i fill my jar up to the brim  
i am an arid abyss  
i'm an arid abyss

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