

Wye Oak, Civilian

I am nothing without pretend
I know my faults
Can't live with them
I am nothing without a man
I know my thoughts
But I can't hide them

I still keep my baby teeth
In the bedside table with my jewelry
You still sleep in the bed with me,
My jewelry, and my baby teeth

I don't need another friend
When most of them
I can barely keep up with
I'm perfectly able to hold my own hand,
but I still can't kiss my own neck

I wanted to give you everything
but I still stand in awe of superficial things
I wanted to love you like my mother's mother's
mothers did
Civilian, civilian