

# Michel

## Waxahatchee

Hands under my clothes  
We can't let it go  
You set it up masterfully  
And then blame it all on me  
Cynicism smothering  
Implanted, blossoming in me  
Our fun is toxic and bold  
Embellished and oversold  
Embody me because i am weak  
I moved out but I never opened my mouth  
I never opened my mouth  
It's late, I'm up on the roof  
In New York, I hung up on you  
I can't pay for the mistakes I made  
So I'll just let this die and decay

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>