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