

Sharon Van Etten "Magic Chords"

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You're talking too loud
Won't you walk over, whisper,
Motion hands or bat a lash?
You gotta see there's too many eyes.
You're walking too fast.
Why the hurry? Let me pace myself.
No need to run a lap.
You gotta lead.
You gotta lead.

You got to lose. You got to lose.
You got to lose sometime.
You got to lose. You got to lose.
You got to lose sometime.

Hear what I say
When you waltz over, whistle
And you try to have your way.
You got to see you felt the same.
You come in today with a hop in your step
You kind of marvel at yourself.
You gotta breathe.
You gotta breathe.

You got to lose. You got to lose.
You got to lose sometime.
You got to lose. You got to lose.
You got to lose sometime.

Cowardice.
You felt it yourself.
You're telling lies.
You said too much.

You got nothing to lose, nothing to lose
Nothing to lose this time.
You got nothing to lose, nothing to lose
Nothing to lose this time.
You got nothing to lose, nothing to lose
Nothing to lose...

