

Walking Through That Door

Future Islands

As processions fade,
New hearts doubt.
But you are Golden and no one questions it.

But who you fake and how you sound,
Asks the best of men
To share your sentiment

I want to be the one to help you find those years
That you've been talking about.
Dreaming of the South
And all those lost goodbyes,
And all those lonely tears,
You never got to cry,

It never works out right,
Unless you're one to follow.
Where the silence takes too long,
When the night falls--when the night falls oh so slow,
And caution isn't ours.
When the night falls--when the night falls oh so low,
We may lose control.

I want to be the one to help you find those years
That you've been talking about.
Dreaming of the South
And all those lonely nights,
And all those lost goodbyes,
You never got to sigh.

I want to be the one to help you find those dreams
Because you've been hanging around,
Talking about the South,
And all those balmy nights,
And all those lonely songs,
You never got to write.

And I'll hold your hand as I walk you through that door,
I'll hold your hand as you held my hand as I walk you through the door