

## Unsalted Butter

### The Long Winters

You're so cold, right  
You've been cold all night  
Now you're holding on like you're holding a child

Your eyes are shining  
But it's dark outside  
Do you feel alright?

Making dinner dates?  
What, are you blind?  
I hold down two jobs just to keep one from flying

It was late, my mistake  
A whole two hour left of daylight  
My dinner date was hung-up on sun

If you think you're gonna to be here long  
I'm gonna miss you so much when you're gone

All that wasted time  
They call it: Murdering your own apartment  
Daylight glows  
The patterning is desolate

Now it's breakfast time  
You're holding Hollywood above my head  
Unsalted butter is my punishment

I'm gonna miss you so much when you're gone

My dinner date was hung-up on sun