

If These Sheets Were States

All Time Low

I'm lost in empty pillow talk again
I'm lost in empty pillow talk again

This bed's an island made of feather down, and I'm
stuck here alone
With little else but memories of you, on memory foam
Visions of a brighter love, I'd kill for one more day
To pool my thoughts, and find the words to say

If these sheets were the states, and you were miles
away,
I'd fold them end over end to bring you closer to me.
Because I don't sleep at all without you pressed up
against me.
I settle for long distance calls, I'm lost in empty
pillow talk again.
I'm lost in empty pillow talk again

This room's become a mausoleum, filled with relics of
regret
Paying dues to every moment wasted, on words left
unsaid
Collisions of a finer love, I'd kill for one more way
To tell you how you make me better every day

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(Lost in empty pillow talk again)
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