

# To The Winter

Brett Anderson

Called you on your private number  
Left a message on your mobile phone  
Even tried the operator  
When I call, no one's home  
Trying just so hard to reach you  
Try to keep this thing alive  
You are the woman I need to speak to  
Didn't you know there's a monster inside

If you're gonna carry on then deep inside  
I'll give my heart to the winter  
If you leave I'll take this blade to carve your name into my ugliness

So I went and sat in the Crystal Palace  
By the plastic dinosaurs  
In my pocket was a piece of paper  
And the writing look like yours  
Starting picking thru' our conversations  
Kicking thru' the rotten leaves  
Never realize the implication  
Didn't you know there's a monster in me

If you're gonna carry on then deep inside  
I'll give my heart to the winter  
If you leave I'll take this blade to carve your name into my ugliness

Summer's gone and there's no sun what have I done  
I lost my love to the winter  
Now my heart is cold and dark what have I done I've given our love away