

If Winter Ends

Bright Eyes

i dreamt of a fever,
one that would cure me of this cold, winter set heart.
with heat to melt these frozen tears
and burned with reasons as to carry on.

into these twisted months
ill plunge without a light to follow
but i swear that i would follow anything
if it would just get me out of here.

and so you get six months to adapt
and you get two more to leave town
and in the event that you do adapt
we still might not want you around.

but I fell for the promise
of a life with a purpose
but I know thats impossible now
and so I drink to stay warm
and to kill selectred memories
cause I just cant think anymore about that
or about her tonight.

and I give myself three days to feel better
or else I swear am driving off a fucking cliff
because if I cant learn to make myself feel better
how can I expect anyone else to give a shiiiiit

and I scream for the sunlight
or a car to take me anywhere
just get me past this dead and eternal snow
cause i swear that im dying
slowly but its happening
and if the perfect spring is waiting somewhere
just take me there
just take me there
just take me there
and lie to me and say
and lie to me and say
it's going to be alright
its going to be alright
yeah you worry too much kid,
its going to be alright.