

## Big Night

## Cool For August

Big nights are black and blue, they get cold and they get wet  
They calling out for you, like no one you've ever met  
No one dreams in the hours around me  
The more I lose, the more you'll find me  
I lose track with every kiss, we shouldn't be isolated by this

Yeah, you're my friend, and when we're lost I'll still  
Hold your hand  
Revealing white when the shadows fail  
And any shadow that you can name  
I'll be the shadow of your name...

Hold the prize close to your heart  
Prizes made for those who fail  
Hold the prize away from you, so maybe you can hold me as well  
Time peels off your statued skin, I'll still be fooled by what  
remains  
And whatever's left of you, you'll be my dream

Yeah, you're my friend, and when we're drunk I'll still  
Hold your hand  
Revealing white when the shadows fail  
And any shadow that you can name  
I'll be the shadow of your name...