

Pull up the blinds
Open the door wide
Feel the cold arrive
In my bones
Put on my face
The way I dressed today
Feel like you tonight
On my day

Falling little more
You bumped and crashed in dirty snow
Up to our sin, I might as well
Melt into Sunday
Remember the time
We stood there by the lake
Watching boats and planes
Pretty white clouds

The sun will sweat
In fact the song begins
Trees are your skin
On my tongue
Falling little more
You bumped and crashed in dirty snow
Up to our sin, I might as well
Melt into Sunday

Pull up the blinds
Open the door wide
Feel the cold arrive
In my bones
You, me and more
We bumped and crashed in dirty snow
Up to our sin, we might as well
Melt into Sunday

La la la la la
La la la la la la la la la
We know you're, you're not how it seems
Don't have a point

You're not there for the stay
When I will wish you could
Wish that you were there
You could
You're dying in here
You could be here soon
You stumble on a river