

Keep Quiet

Hot Chip

When the wind dies down and the howling stops
The hurting starts, then I hear your name
In this quiet time, this aching time
I can hear your fingers on the window pane

If I was in the dark, if I was in the light
If we were walking through the forests of the night together
If we were taken down, down into the heart
Of the blackest night where we could sleep forever

Keep quiet, I hear you
Keep quiet, I hear you

When you sing, I think I know more than I hear you speak
I have to keep it close enough to me
'Cause I don't want to disrupt all you think
And I don't want to disturb what we keep quiet

Baby, with these open arms I pray, I will not see the day witho
ut you
Homeless is the driving wind and I will run away with him witho
ut you, without you
Without you, without you
Without you

When you sing, I have to keep it close just as a hymn
And in your breath I know just what you sing
And spoken words might not be what we speak
'Cause in our lungs there's something that we keep quiet