

## February Air

### Lights

If you don't believe me,  
If you don't like my plans,  
You mustn't tell me,  
How I know your face like the back of my hands.  
We walk the city,  
I talk to you, understand  
So won't you tell me.  
How I know this place like the back of my hands.

My arms get cold,  
In February air.  
Please don't lose hold of me, out there.

And I know you're near me.  
I know you understand.  
Say that you're with me.  
Say you know my face like the back of your hands.

My arms get cold,  
In February air.  
Please don't lose hold of me out there.

My arms get cold,  
In February air.  
Please don't lose hold of me, out there.

My arms get cold,  
In February air.  
Please don't lose hold of me out there.

My arms get cold,  
In February air.  
Please don't lose hold of me out there.

And I know this place like the back of my hands