

The Chills

Peter Bjorn and John

Your tongue is sharp
but I miss the taste of it

You said time heals
there's not enough of it

The lessons are too cruel to keep
to lock the door to hide the key

To hear you cast a spell so sweet
to still have hours left to sleep

Your fear is crowdin'
And there is still
no place
for someone
like me to fill

Don't know about luck
but I know the lack of it

Don't know about luck
but I'm losing track of it

The lessons are too cruel to keep
to lock the door to go to sleep

I know that time until it kills
You're giving me the chills

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and there is still
No place
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x2

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