

# 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

Your fear is crowdin'  
and there is still  
No place  
for someone  
like me to fill  
x2

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to hear you cast a spell so sweet  
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