

A Hat

Russian Red

The point is still the silence of your words
I listen to you more
I listen to you hiding far from the crowd
In the middle of the cold

The point is still the silence for your voice
I listen to you more
I listen to you crawling right from the door
You don't even make a noise
Take for the falling rain a hat
Find another story to be told to your ears at night
Oh, my my
I pray every night, I was never this scared before
I wonder where the dark keeps you awake for someone new
Time is a friend of mine, but we always get into a fight
Whenever your name is brought up, even for good
Take for the falling rain a hat
Find another story to be told to your ears at night
Oh, my my...