

Cold Summer

Seabear

Your teeth too big for your mouths
Every summer we'd pull the stinger out

Drinking like our parents did
Drunk at the dance, I knew you'd hid
Picture of her eyes under your skin
She wasn't old enough to let love in

I can see your eyes turn blue
I can see the weather changing you
Cold summers, one after the other
Got old fast, grew tired of each other

Born across from you
Proud sleepless child, followed her
It's getting harder to find it in me
Bite my lip and fall asleep

But now, but now can be
Falling down
Filling, filling the empty

She could sing to shipmen
I lay my eyes on you
Down where we grew lost
Find your mouth and winter skin

It's getting harder to find it in me
I scab my wounds and fall asleep
But now, but now can be
Falling down
Filling, filling the empty