

## The Blankets Were the Stairs

Sunny Day Real Estate

lost myself when pain from your heart left it's trace  
in written words held like a seam i have no hand to heal  
i can't imagine your emotions wrapped around inferior  
hold that iron.inferior my hand to heal your wounds won't  
heal my longing for your warm embrace why can't it see  
the thinking to me my sense of one is open time to run and  
drink like astiocles so sideways inferior hold that  
iron.late again my breathing is leaving after yours  
stay one time holding things i know you're asking for you're  
always there inferior my time to let it go to my brother  
hold that iron time to collide your face is strong  
your eyes want to unfold inside of me inferior.late again  
my breating is leaving after yours stay one time holding  
things i know you're asking for throw away for these things  
can go no longer