

The Sound Of Coming Down

The Long Winters

Quit hiding that you're trying to get close to me
I believe it's the one thing you said without smiling
It's dubious or it's cruel
I'm losing my homemade cool
Are you fueling the loose ends?
Are you cooling your jets?
You hide in my bed and I'm hiding in my bed
I can't face the cold grey cold
You can't play nursemaid and be the crazy patient

Hey, you know nobody's chasing us
This is the honest sound of coming down

Press your lips against the cool glass of my face
Bear down on the lost art of having skin
One false move came too late
To save your favorite place from the silent sin
Are you needling me for not knowing the date?
Can you see me better for all this finger-tracing
At least we have blankets in our cage
The last time you remembered to put out your fire
You said: Hey!