

Sitting

White Denim

What's new to me
Are the old n-n-n-news to you
We shed skin
Oh and we'll sign
All the letters with our fingers
We'll rewrite the names

What's blue for me
Is repentant for you
And with mouthfuls of spiders
We'll reach for our ladders
On those tree trunks
Are red for us
Do I have to play Poppa to earn a little respect
Oh honey, I'm so fortunate we met

(1,2,3)

And their plans and their guns
Train the soldiers 'til they are all caught
They worked so hard

All the trucks and their gears
You can sat into fears
When they guard
When they worked so hard

On the road that is closed
With the babies they close until then
It gets too hard

Go frozen our noses
At the smellin' of roses
I've thought
They worked so hard
They worked so hard
They worked so hard

They worked so hard
They worked so hard

(I would rather be with you
Sitting with you, sitting with me)