

## If These Sheets Were States

All Time Low

I'm lost in empty pillow talk again  
I'm lost in empty pillow talk again

This bed's an island made of feather down, and I'm  
stuck here alone  
With little else but memories of you, on memory foam  
Visions of a brighter love, I'd kill for one more day  
To pool my thoughts, and find the words to say

If these sheets were the states, and you were miles  
away,  
I'd fold them end over end to bring you closer to me.  
Because I don't sleep at all without you pressed up  
against me.  
I settle for long distance calls, I'm lost in empty  
pillow talk again.  
I'm lost in empty pillow talk again

This room's become a mausoleum, filled with relics of  
regret  
Paying dues to every moment wasted, on words left  
unsaid  
Collisions of a finer love, I'd kill for one more way  
To tell you how you make me better every day

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(Lost in empty pillow talk again)  
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