

# Days That Are Over

Sondre Lerche

One hundred thousand cars have passed this house  
The celebration starts with laughter

Can it be that we're not clean?  
The days have turned to haze  
Tell me how we should have lied  
to keep away this space  
To keep from snowing in  
Keep from lingering  
Keep our worlds apart

When it come to letting go  
Let the quicksand flow  
When I write it in the sand  
There is something wrong

Days that are over  
Will not continue to last  
If you try to construct the past

I leave the heat on to leave a trace  
of all the things the air was filled with

All the things I never knew and all the words I know  
Now they all come out too late for you to realize  
Satisfy my luck  
This director's cut  
doesn't spare an inch

I have never seen this place and no surrounding walls  
As the party turns to dust they all understand

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