

# Sorry

## The Tiny

Outside your window, the snow turns to gold,  
Right here beneath you, Ill never get cold.

Outside your window, the rain never dries.  
Close to your doorstep, I cant tell no lies.

Eyelashes cut me away, just like a curtain draws.  
Now you can see me for real, thats what I'm certain of.

Inside your hallway, I'm almost disarmed.  
Close to the break in; can I be this calm?

Sorry, you say, I have nothing to lose,  
So if you manage to reach me, its you Id like to choose.  
Sorry, you say, I feel nothing at all,  
But if you manage to reach me, Ill try to catch your fall.

And the snow will turn to gold.