

Half a Week Before the Winter

Vanessa Carlton

Half a week before the winter
The chill bites before it comes
And I'm a child of the pleasure
That he brings before he runs

He sits behind a desk of mahogany
He whispers dreams into my ear
And though I've given him his empire
He delivers me my fear

The unicorns are riding high
Powerful in coats of white
I turn to look and burn my eyes
I carry on, I carry all the weight of empty promise
As I stand swallowed by the light
Flickering above the highway
I hold my head and know the streets are mine tonight

The vampires are growing tired
The coats of white all turn to red
My heart burns with desire
I carry on, I carry on

The unicorns are riding high
Powerful in coats of white
We turn to look and burn our eyes
I carry on, I carry
The vampires are growing tired
The coats of white all turn to red
My heart burns with desire
I carry on, I carry on
I carry on
I carry on
We carry on