

Birdland

Afghan Whigs

I was a child
An open letter
To be read aloud to the throne
Caught in the spell of stormy weather
Mnemonic lies to behold

Whatever it is that's kept us together
I look to the sky and it's gone
Save one for me and I'll never forget you
Comin' alive in the cold
Comin' alive in the cold
Comin' alive in the cold
(And I say...)

So in a haze of feverish lights
Satyr arrives to the throne
We'll come together when the feeling's right
Comin' alive in the cold
Comin' alive in the cold
We're comin' alive in the cold