

# Colder Months

Alpha Rev

I put on my usual  
Pack a picture from my cubicle  
All I can think about is you  
I'm still bleedin'  
I'm still bleedin'

Took the L to Union Square  
Watched the pretty girls comb their hair  
They turn away as I turn and stare  
I'm still bleedin'  
I'm still bleedin'

These thoughts of pain  
Don't make a sound  
They keep us hidden  
In the lost and found  
These colder months, wincing social graces  
We keep with us, these fallen faces

Took a call from an old, old friend  
Out of money, in jail again  
I posted bail and took him in  
I'm still bleedin'  
We're both bleedin'

These thoughts of pain  
Don't make a sound  
They keep us hidden  
In the lost and found  
These colder months, wincing social graces  
We keep with us, these fallen faces  
We keep with us, these fallen faces

These thoughts of pain  
They'll make a sound  
To keep us hidden  
In the lost and found  
In these colder months, wincing social graces  
We keep with us, these fallen faces

Don't make a sound  
They keep us hidden in the lost and found  
These colder months, wincing social graces  
We keep with us  
We keep with us, these fallen faces