Empty Space

Bears In Trees

The sofas I sleep on can't fit two people But you're just squeezed on anyway The night gets colder as we get older Don't let me walk back to my place

I feel the time weighing in my spine
Waiting for sunrise on your face
I'm not sure but I'd sleep on the floor
I know that it has more empty space

The sofas I sleep on can't fit two people But you're just squeezed on anyway