

To The Winter

Brett Anderson

Called you on your private number
Left a message on your mobile phone
Even tried the operator
When I call, no one's home
Trying just so hard to reach you
Try to keep this thing alive
You are the woman I need to speak to
Didn't you know there's a monster inside

If you're gonna carry on then deep inside
I'll give my heart to the winter
If you leave I'll take this blade to carve your name into my ugliness

So I went and sat in the Crystal Palace
By the plastic dinosaurs
In my pocket was a piece of paper
And the writing look like yours
Starting picking thru' our conversations
Kicking thru' the rotten leaves
Never realize the implication
Didn't you know there's a monster in me

If you're gonna carry on then deep inside
I'll give my heart to the winter
If you leave I'll take this blade to carve your name into my ugliness

Summer's gone and there's no sun what have I done
I lost my love to the winter
Now my heart is cold and dark what have I done I've given our love away