

## If Winter Ends

Bright Eyes

i dreamt of a fever,  
one that would cure me of this cold, winter set heart.  
with heat to melt these frozen tears  
and burned with reasons as to carry on.

into these twisted months  
ill plunge without a light to follow  
but i swear that i would follow anything  
if it would just get me out of here.

and so you get six months to adapt  
and you get two more to leave town  
and in the event that you do adapt  
we still might not want you around.

but I fell for the promise  
of a life with a purpose  
but I know thats impossible now  
and so I drink to stay warm  
and to kill selectred memories  
cause I just cant think anymore about that  
or about her tonight.

and I give myself three days to feel better  
or else I swear am driving off a fucking cliff  
because if I cant learn to make myself feel better  
how can I expect anyone else to give a shiiiiit

and I scream for the sunlight  
or a car to take me anywhere  
just get me past this dead and eternal snow  
cause i swear that im dying  
slowly but its happening  
and if the perfect spring is waiting somewhere  
just take me there  
just take me there  
just take me there  
and lie to me and say  
and lie to me and say  
it's going to be alright  
its going to be alright  
yeah you worry too much kid,  
its going to be alright.