

Things That Make It Warm

Cavetown

My feathers seem to have taken the brunt of the storm
They are feeling pretty worn
We finally found shelter tucked away inside a wall
Though for now it's pretty small

You and me
We can make this hole a home
We can fill it up with grass and all the things that make it warm
When you leave
To go fly across the sea
I'll be waiting here with Junior and the flowers that we've grown

Collecting clumps of sticks and leaves has left me pretty tired
Can I rest with you a while?
We snuggle up between the stones, wind blows peacefully
There's no place I'd rather be

You and me
We can make this hole a home
We can fill it up with grass and all the things that make it warm
When you leave
To go fly across the sea
I'll be waiting here with Junior and the flowers that we've grown