

Difference

Covey

I hate this part
In the conversation
On a blood stained floor
Filled with worn out information

So play it safe
In desperation
With our best days gone
And sweet denial in our eyes

It's cold
It's twisted
And it won't stop for you or me

Just like time
Like death
It's twisted
And it won't stop for you or me

I like the thought if moving north
Somewhere cold I can get away
Somewhere snow might fall
And eat the sound on a cozy Sunday

But you don't like the cold
I guess not many people do
I guess I'll head up there alone
With sweet denial in my eyes

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