

Sweet Pea

Doll Skin

I've written a million songs
About missing you on the road
I've sung a billion times
About how you've become my home
But my home is distant from yours
And I'm three states away from your door
I've learned to get used to room for one
Countless space for a tiny girl
A red rose floating in her world

Cover me up, kiss my cheek
Cancel your work, stay with me for a week
I will admit I talk to the skies
Cause it don't know shit about your eyes
This is just a song about how I love you

But please, could you please
Come squeeze in with me?
Who needs this much space
When I could have you in its place
Remnants of chocolate and empty plates
We'd laugh the night away
In the cold of Iowa
Only 20 degrees below
Morning wash away hope of snow

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But you tell me to fight
The proof is in our intertwined hands
We can power over Father Time
And set flame to his evil plans

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