

Pocket (montreal)

EDEN

The zipper broke
Now I can't open up my pocket
Your guard is up
So we just shadowboxing
They called it lost
But I still feel it in there somewhere
But my hands are cold
You said, "Then get out the snow, it's not difficult" (yeah)

She said do I believe in angels?
(Can't call it right now)
"Can't rely on what I can't see" (Too far to turn back)
(Can't see the night out)
"So why can't you tell me something?" (In this car there's no fighting)
(And no cares for missed timing)
"That doesn't feel like you're lying" (There's no blood, just psilocybin)
(We peace signing)

But my zipper broke
And I can't open up my pocket
I can't open up I know
It's all
Snow
Snow
That's all