Drew

Goldfrapp

Pull up the blinds Open the door wide Feel the cold arrive In my bones Put on my face The way I dressed today Feel like you tonight On my day Falling little more You bumped and crashed in dirty snow Up to our sin, I might as well Melt into Sunday Remember the time We stood there by the lake Watching boats and planes Pretty white clouds The sun will sweat In fact the song begins Trees are your skin On my tongue Falling little more You bumped and crashed in dirty snow Up to our sin, I might as well Melt into Sunday Pull up the blinds Open the door wide Feel the cold arrive In my bones You, me and more We bumped and crashed in dirty snow Up to our sin, we might as well Melt into Sunday La We know you're, you're not how it seems Don't have a point You're not there for the stay When I will wish you could Wish that you were there You could You're dying in here You could be here soon You stumble on a river