

# Cool With You

Her's

We don't have to know  
Anyone at all  
Anyone at all  
Draw the blinds back slow  
Sun fades in the room  
Two begin to bloom

Silk skin lovers danced  
With diamonds in their hands  
Diamonds in their hands  
We could feel like them  
Rarely would we ask  
Of things we used to have

Is that cool with you?  
That I wanna call your name  
Is that cool with you?  
That I wanna call your name  
Is that news to you?  
That I wanna call your name  
Is that cool with you?  
That I wanna call

We don't have to go  
Anywhere at all  
Anywhere at all  
Bless our garden's growth  
Ivy climbs the wall  
Heather in the fall

Smoke-screen those who stand  
So righteous in our path  
That never thought to ask  
We'll define what's fair  
Oh baby they prefer  
Illusion to despair

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I see their heads against the windows  
Breathing on the glass  
Dreaming of the day that they can finally relax  
If only this normality  
Belonged to more than fantasy  
It's too much

Well they're hoping and faking  
They're curled in disdain  
The flowers too tall for the table again  
But it's alright, they called it faith

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