The wind is cold tonight

Or so I am told

I don't really know

And as I kill my life

There's nothing left to show

How does that blow hit you?

And if I change am I denying what was said?

If I remain the same

am I creating greater problems instead?

Do you ever think you're being thought about?
Do you still believe we need to sort things out?
Does it matter now
All those things we said
I want to know can I still creep into your bed at night?
Leave your head alone

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Or so I am told
I don't really know, no
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