

## He Comes Galloping

Lady Lamb

I'll keep to your ribcage if you keep to the nape of my neck  
Because the bitter winter, he comes galloping back  
Let's rip these guns, poised and ready  
And the cold wrapped around his wrists

Aaah, aaah  
Aaah, aaah

I'll keep my lips to your cheek  
Swindle each bone 'round where we stand  
For it's all this wild, it can't  
'Til the green stone's purple and the sun  
Lurks in corners like it's gone too soon  
And knows it can't return for a little while longer, oh  
Won't you stay a while longer  
Won't you stay a while longer  
Won't you stay a while  
(Longer)

(Hey, let's go to Milwaukee!  
Okay!  
Wait...)