

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...)