

Backseat

Palehound

Oh the snake that wriggles in your walls
Dreams of an orchard it could quietly slip their arms
Oh the hills, it would come 'till its scales are soft
And the sun that would greet it with every dawn

Oh, it's cold
But it's only getting colder
I drove
While you were sleeping in the backseat

Oh the breeze that whispers in your walls
Dreams of an ocean it can violently scream upon
Oh the waves that would mold to its every call
And the sand that would rustle with every yawn

Oh, it's cold
And it's only getting colder
I drove while you were sleeping in the backseat
Sleeping in the backseat
Oh, it's cold
And it's only getting colder
I drove while you were sleeping in the backseat
Sleeping in the backseat