

## Under The Blanket

Smoking Popes

I try to hold on, hold on, hold on to you  
You keep turning away  
And when you turn back, turn back, turn back to me  
You never seem to be the same  
You say things are looking better already  
But I can't see a thing  
Underneath the blanket  
You say things are looking better  
Let's spend the night together  
We can share the blanket  
But I don't want to  
You look outside and decide to get back into bed  
Cover up your head  
You should be reaching for something to pull you out  
You reach for the blanket instead  
I don't have to  
I don't have to