

Untitled

Snail Mail

I had a dream it was on my ceiling
I had a feeling it was in my head
If I walk outside every time it's freezing
I have to wonder if it wants me dead again

And it's not something I can run my hands over
It's not something I can run my hands over
It's not something I can run my hands over
It's not something I can run my hands over

I'm not afraid to walk without a way
If I close my eyes I'm scared I'll never get to leave the grey
I wanna sleep and never leave my bed
And then I won't hesitate to call it my friend again

And it's not something I can run my hands over
It's not something I can run my hands over
It's not something I can run my hands over
It's not something I can run my hands over

Oh, never sleep again
Oh, never sleep again