

# Rejects in the Attic

The Avett Brothers

I've been hanging out with the rejects in the attic  
Can't get out of my head the way you left  
I got a sense of belonging but what does it matter  
The winter's on its way here to collect  
The colors we thought were ours to protect

I was born on the outskirts of a dream  
My daddy was a miner of almost anything  
And I've been busting stones  
Too proud to go back home  
Admit that all my digging was in vain

But don't we talk different than we did?  
Am I more quiet than I've been?  
Don't you look brighter than the moon?  
Don't I look different without you?  
Don't I look different without you?

I'm taking rain like an Appaloosa hoofprint  
And you know I'm drinking sunlight all day long  
I'm opened up just like a dogwood flower  
And winter's on its way here to collect

But don't we talk different than we did?  
Am I more quiet than I've been?  
And don't you look brighter than the moon?  
Don't I look different without you?  
Don't I look different without you?

I was taken on the outskirts of a dream  
I had a been a miner of almost everything  
Well I stopped busting stones  
I'll have to go back home  
Admit that all my digging was in vain

But don't we talk different than we did?  
Am I more quiet than I've been?  
And don't you look brighter than the moon?  
Don't I look different without you?  
Don't I look different?

Winter's on its way here to collect  
Don't I look? Don't I look?  
Winter's on its way here to collect  
Don't I look? Don't I look?  
Winter's on its way here to collect  
Don't I look? Don't I look?  
Winter's on its way here to collect  
Don't I look? Don't I look?  
Winter's on its way here without you  
Winter's on its way here without you