# Boreas

**The Oh Hellos**

With my back on the floor
Cold linoleum icing my growing pains
Watch the ceiling fan turn it's shape again
My threads are coming loose

Yeah, I'm one spoon away
From setting the ends of my hair on fire
If I'm kindling for a little while
At least I'd feel of use

Maybe then my breath could embody
A wildfire starting
I'd sweep up the forest floor
And my body breathe life into the corners
Be a darker soil

Making lists, folding laundry
Keeping tidy with my radio show
I'd be lying if I told you
I'm keeping tidy anymore

Yeah, I swing from believing
That maybe my working will all pay off
To considering drinking with Molotov
I'm halfway out the door

Maybe then my breath could embody
A wildfire starting
I'd sweep up the forest floor
And my body breathe life into the corners
Be a darker soil

Promise me that you'll start
Where I end
And I promise to give you everything
That I am
We'll go on and on and on again

In the end, all I hope for
Is to be a bit of warmth for you
When there's not a lot warm left
To go around


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