

Watching That Chair Painted Yellow

The Twilight Sad

there's a book in my hand
with pictures that I can't feel
eating at your wood with every end
because
no one ever knows
no one ever sees their name

tell me that it wasn't you pretending

screaming so they all look round

and tell me that you weren't pretending
the sea is in the other hand
and tell me that you weren't pretending
the sea is in the other hand

through pictures it won't stay
through your pictures she won't stay

there's a book in my hand
confused by all that's real

coloured with a woman that understands
because
no one ever knows
no one ever sees her name

and tell me that it wasn't you pretending

screaming so they all look round

tell me that you weren't pretending
the sea is in the other hand
tell me that you weren't pretending
the sea is in the other hand

through pictures it won't stay
through your pictures she won't stay

screaming so they all look round

so tell me that you weren't pretending
the sea is in the other hand
so tell me that you weren't pretending
the sea is in the other hand
screaming so they all look round
so tell me that you weren't pretending