

Through Your Windows

White Denim

Been looking through your windows
I see a myriad of things
I can't work when I'm breathing
Heart tends to get in the way
I've been dreaming the funniest talks
I can't wait to see what I say when
Oh, you wouldn't believe it
It's a thing you couldn't believe in
They got us walking on, walking on light
They got us walking on, walking on light

Making plans to stay legal
Get a call, get even
Keeping time with another
Faceless another
Double checking the numbers
I don't know how to be alone
Breathing fast
Another missed connection
No one I know is worried anymore
I'm just saying about being
It needs the paper
With voices like a spear

Calling for the old you
No one can seem to reach you
Calling for the old you

Oh you wouldn't believe it
It's not something you'd want to believe in
It's got us walking on, walking on light (oh you wouldn't believe it)...

With voices like a spear
Calling for the old you
No one can seem to reach you
Calling for the old you