

## Let Me

Widowspeak

Up North, November, and you're playing pool  
And leaning into it but playing it cool  
All the shaking hands, spilling after hours wine  
I'm thinking I could get to you in time

It's too loud in here and it's too cold outside  
I'm not sure I'm reading the writing on the walls just right  
Tracing the high streets to the high road  
Take this with me on my way home

Could be, would you let me?  
Could be, would you let me?

You wanted to say something, I could tell  
It's all this driving, and the bars and the hotels  
And all the late nights and the leaning in  
The calm before the storm begins

Being here could be the sign of a bad start  
Maybe this love will tear us apart  
Maybe it'll just end  
Or we'll never not be together again

Could be, would you let me?  
Could be, would you let me?  
Could be, would you let me?