

Spring Standards, The "Breath & Sound"

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The bench burned through my jeans
I didn't expect to find you here on your knees
As the sun sunk down
I cannot be of naked trees
The air is made of please, please

My mouth's not medicine
And I can't be your cure anymore
I can't fill you up
The cold might phase your drowning eyes
The air is made of sobs and sighs

CHORUS
Shall I advise you?
I am no wiser than you
But it takes more than words
To make false feelings true

The evening stretches on
Submits to an unwelcome dawn
Somehow we've just begun
My dampened sleeves can't make you believe
The air is made of things we can't retrieve

CHORUS

I'm writing all this down
To later wrap my head around
For now it's breath and sound... and sound... and sound

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