

Twilight Sad

"Cold Days From The Birdhouse"

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Another hotel
With ruined plans
Romantic gesture
With ruined plans

And so you make it your own
But this is where your arm can't go
You make it your own

Another phone call
With ruined plans
Romantic gesture
With ruined plans

And so you make it your own
But this is where your arm can't go
You make it your own
But this is where your arm can't go

And your red sky at night won't follow me
It won't follow me now
I'm going where you should

I'll unplug your mind

I see it when you lie
We all look so surprised
And, well, you come back
You come back

And breath and then spoke sighs
Like a puppet told to drive
Well, you come back

And your red sky at night won't follow me
It won't follow me now
And your red sky at night won't follow me
It won't follow me now

And your red sky at night won't follow me
It won't follow me now

And your red sky at night won't follow me
You won't follow me now

Where are your manners?
So, where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
And where are your manners?

So, where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
And where are your manners?

So, where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
So, where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
So, where are your manners?

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