

Jason Morant

"Warming Up To Me"

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in a certain row of a garden grove
a lady learns to sleep
while surrounded, not where all the flowers grow
on an empty orchard street
she is dreaming of her holiday
from a working glass menagerie
oh her hands are cold
unimaginable that shes warming up to me

i'm a passerby in a promise land
and i face no direction
somewhere between the towns of lost and found
in the state of confusion
sure our dreaming is pure wonderment
but our feelings are no accident
if my heart is cold it won't forever be,
cause your warming up to me

and fate is not a mission
its an unconditional high
when i saw you in the garden
you reminded me
i can see, the stars are on your shoulders now
and what the wind and your skin have in common
am i taller? Well it feels as though i'm above the
ground
you're inviting me to go down

are you warming up?
are you burning up?
warming up to love?
are you warming up tonight?

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