

Lights

"February Air"

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If you don't believe me,
If you don't like my plans,
You mustn't tell me,
How I know your face like the back of my hand.
We walk the city,
I talk to you, understand
So won't you tell me,
How I know this place like the back of my hand.

My arms get cold,
In February air.
Please don't lose hold of me, out there.

And I know you're near me.
I know you understand.
Say that you're with me.
Say you know my face like the back of your ha-a-a-a-
and.

My arms get cold,
In February air.
Please don't lose hold of me out there.

My arms get cold,
In February air.
Please don't lose hold of me, out there.

(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Out there...
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
(Hey, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
(Hey, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

My arms get cold
In February air
Please don't lose hold of me out there.

My arms get cold
In February air
Please don't lose hold of me out there...

There...

There...
February air
Air...
And I know this place like the back of my hand.

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