

Cool For August

"Big Nights"

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Big nights are black and blue, they get cold and they
get wet
they calling out for you, like no one you've ever met
no one dreams in the hours around me
the more I lose, the more you'll find me
I lose track with every kiss, we shouldn't be isolated by
this

Yeah, you're my friend, and when we're lost I'll still
Hold your hand
Revealing white when the shadows fail
And any shadow that you can name
I'll be the shadow of your name...

Hold the prize close to your heart
Prizes made for those who fail
Hold the prize away from you, so maybe you can hold
me as well
Time peels off your statued skin, I'll still be fooled by
what remains
And whatever's left of you, you'll be my dream

Yeah, you're my friend, and when we're drunk I'll still
Hold your hand
Revealing white when the shadows fail
And any shadow that you can name
I'll be the shadow of your name...

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