

Rem "Let Me In"

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(Berry/Buck/Mills/Stipe)

Yeah, all those stars drip down like butter,
And promises are sweet,
We hold out our pans with our hands to catch them
We eat them up, drink them up, up, up, up

Hey, let me in
Hey, let me in

I only wish that I could hear you whisper down,
Mister fisher moved to a less peculiar ground
He gathered up his loved ones and he brought them all
around
To say goodbye, nice try

Hey, let me in. Yeah, yeah, yeah
Hey, let me in, let me in

I had a mind to try to stop you. Let me in, let me in
But I've got tar on my feet and I can't see
All the birds look down and laugh at me
Clumsy, crawling out of my skin

Hey, let me in. Yeah, yeah, yeah
Hey, let me in
Hey, let me in. Yeah, yeah, yeah
Hey, let me in

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