

## David Mead "Comfort"

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We're talking trash again like long sedated lovers  
Baby what's become of us  
A latent memory of southern springs and summers  
Maybe winter in New York

It's started raining now on all my best intentions  
I'm putting on my heavy coat  
I'll take an airplane and leave the worst unmentioned  
Blame it on a lack of time

When I was given to easy answers  
I swept you off your feet  
But now the dancing days are gone  
You sleep alone, leave the radio on

I'm high above it now the clouds a pillow for me  
I consider even more  
You have the softest eyes, the grace to wash and  
comfort  
All the kids on Jersey Shore

And I believe in easy answers  
Coming home for Christmas  
Minding manners all along  
I sleep alone, leave the radio on

Yeah I believe in easy answers  
Something permanent  
But only chances make the song  
We sleep alone with the radio on  
We sleep alone with the radio on

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