

## The Stills

# "She's Walking Out"

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Dead of winter, desolate grey  
White and silver home  
Climb the staircase, spiderwalk  
Into my bed and bones

Can I stand the pain  
Of all the things I've left behind  
Caught with butterflies  
We'll be regretting 'til we die

She's walking out on me

Darker early, four o'clock

We'll leave in a balloon  
Thirteen crows are dragging  
You and me up to the roof

Blow out all the candles  
Let the wine flow to your brain  
No ages, no one changes  
No one's trying to

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