

Vanessa Carlton

"Half a Week Before Winter"

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Half a week before the winter
The chill bites before it comes
And I'm a child of the pleasure
That he brings before he runs

He sits behind a desk of mahogany
He whispers dreams into my ear
Though I've given him his empire
He delivers me my fear

The unicorns are riding high
Powerful in coats of white
I turn to look, but burn my eyes
I carry on, I carry

All the weight of empty promise
As I stand, swallowed by the light
Flickering above the highway
I hold my head and know the streets are mine tonight

The vampires are growing tired
The coats of white all turn to red
My heart burns with desire
I carry on, I carry on

The unicorns are riding high
Powerful in coats of white
We turn to look and burn our eyes
I carry on, I carry

The vampires are growing tired
The coats of white all turn to red
My heart burns with desire
I carry on, I carry on
I carry on, I carry on
We carry on

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