

Whiskey Saints

"With The Lights On"

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Just give me the news or hand me my shoes
I'm sure I won't go blind
I'm always aware that you'll never go bare
With knowing what's on my mind
But it always scares, feels it somewhere every time

Assume that you're clear and I'll barely adhere
It's all in my design
Assume I suppose 'cause everyone knows
I never have much so say
But it always fears, feels it somewhere every day
But it always fears, yeah, it always fears

Write our ages for the past
From the brightness of our laughs
You worry about being a bore
Guess our ages on a bet
Light another cigarette
'Cause you say I'm always bored

Can't take a fight so spare me a night
Abandoned you're benign
You wrote me a letter and named yourself Heather
Then asked me to resign
But it always scares, feels it somewhere every time

I can't see in the dark so point me somewhere
Without a small delay
You always want the lights on every single night
Worried I'll run away?
But it always fears, feels it somewhere every day
But it always fears, yeah, it always fears

Write our ages for the past
From the brightness of our laughs
You worry about being a bore
Guess our ages on a bet
Light another cigarette
'Cause you say I'm always bored

Every other day I was just okay
But every single night I couldn't sleep all day

I woke up in your bedroom at three in the morning
Thinking about it raining
But it don't rain in LA

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