

Angus Stone

"Cold And Mean"

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you are listening
to the phone ring
like a church bell
sounding out the hours

and the ringing
cuts the silence like a knife
leaving little pieces
left of your life

you are watching
the night shadows grown tall
swallowing you in peril
like a bird on the wall

shake me down to the soil of the dream
make me whole and take me clean
take me from this reality cold and and mean
cold and mean

i can't answer
i can't speak to anyone
not until i witness
the next rise of the sun

in this darkness
it's like a lead weight in my shoed
i i could rise to answer
even if i wanetd to

shake me down to the soil of the dream
take me home and take me clean
take me from this reality cold and and mean

shake me down to the soil of the dream
take me home and take me clean
take me from this reality cold and and mean

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