

## **The Twilight Sad "Cold Days from the Birdhouse"**

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Another hotel  
With ruined plans  
Romantic gesture  
With ruined plans

And so you make it your own  
But this is where your arm can't go  
You make it your own

Another phone call  
With ruined plans  
Romantic gesture  
With ruined plans

And so you make it your own  
But this is where your arm can't go  
You make it your own  
But this is where your arm can't go

And your red sky at night won't follow me  
It won't follow me now  
I'm going where you should

I'll unplug your mind

I see it when you lie  
We all look so surprised  
And, well, you come back  
You come back

And breath and then spoke sighs  
Like a puppet told to drive  
Well, you come back

And your red sky at night won't follow me  
It won't follow me now  
And your red sky at night won't follow me  
It won't follow me now

And your red sky at night won't follow me  
It won't follow me now  
And your red sky at night won't follow me

You won't follow me now

Where are your manners?  
So, where are your manners?  
And where are your manners?  
And where are your manners?

So, where are your manners?  
And where are your manners?  
And where are your manners?  
And where are your manners?

So, where are your manners?  
And where are your manners?  
So, where are your manners?  
And where are your manners?  
And where are your manners?  
So, where are your manners?

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