

The Walkmen

"Brandy Alexander"

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You finally close the door
You've left open wide
Lock it from the inside
You lay me down and count me out

Watch out, it's all on you
There's worse ways to see it, baby
Set fire and watch it burning
Come here, sit next me
I'll tell you about a dream

I'm looking out on the world
I see it through your eyes
Burn you down, bury you

I tried to see it plain
There's worse ways of getting here
You don't hear me complaining
I'll tell you of every dream
I'm holding for you and me

Look out now, it's all on you
Those colors are all faded
Outside the wind is howling
Stop talking, listen to me
I'll tell you of every dream

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