

## Long Winters, The "The Sound Of Coming Down"

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Quit hiding that you're trying to get close to me  
I believe it's the one thing you said without smiling  
It's dubious or it's cruel  
I'm losing my homemade cool  
Are you fueling the loose ends?  
Are you colling your jets?  
You hide in my bed and I'm hiding in my bed  
I can't face the cold grey cold  
You can't play nursemaid and be the crazy patient

Hey, you know nobody's chasing us  
This is the honest sound of coming down

Press your lips against the cool glass of my face  
Bear down on the lost art of having skin  
One false move came too late  
To save your favorite place from the silent sin  
Are you needling me for not knowing the date?  
Can you see me better for all this finger-tracing  
At least we have blankets in our cage  
The last time you remembered to put out your fire  
You said: Hey!

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