

Lucksmiths, The

"What You'll Miss"

Visit "[What You'll Miss](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the morning it felt like the world had stopped
And clenched like a giant fist up tight
But then you noticed the dust still dropped
And danced through the bedroom window light

It's the woodsmoke smell of winter
It's the sad things that you'll miss
Like the woodsmoke smell of winter
And the sad things like this

Let it all come down like fog on a cold field
Let it all come down like frost on the lawn
Let it all come down like leaves in a teacup
Let it all come down like trees in a storm

There'll be cars on the street soon enough
And someone will come and collect the bins
Everyone will return to their everyday stuff
And you'll sleep through the mess that you're in

It's the woodsmoke smell of winter
It's the sad things that you'll miss
Like the woodsmoke smell of winter
And the sad things like this

Let it all come down like fog on a cold field
Let it all come down like frost on the lawn
Let it all come down like leaves in a teacup
Let it all come down like trees in a storm
Let it all come down like sleep on your eyelids
Let it all come down softly as snow onto snow
Let it all come down seeing the river below you
Let it all come down feeling your fingers let go

It's the woodsmoke smell of winter

Visit [Lucksmiths, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.