

# Dark Roman Wine

## Snow Patrol

I will hang on the hook of your splendor  
As the night rolls us up in its arms  
And the square of your thumbs and your fingers  
Is the blanket of sky that's so warm I know it's late but I can't help but thinking  
That the day hasn't shown all its cards  
Now it's out to the stars or the ocean  
Let's not retrace our steps to the car Picking out all the stars that we like  
Between finger and thumb  
You laugh as you pass me the night  
As if it's too fragile to hold And I hold it so close to my chest  
With your hands in my hands  
You say this is just how we'll rest  
Until land turns to sand Now your eyelids they faint and they shiver  
Like the wings of the last bird to leave  
For the south, for the heat, for no reason  
I watch as they fly for sheer joy The wind shakes the branches above us  
And the cars shake the ground at our backs  
But the dark roman wine in our bloodstreams  
Makes the cold just a word, just a sound Picking out all the stars that we like  
Between finger and thumb  
You laugh as you pass me the night  
As if it's too fragile to hold And I hold it so close to my chest  
With your hands in my hands  
You say this is just how we'll rest  
Until the land turns to sand

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