

She's Walking Out

The Stills

Dead of winter, desolate grey
White and silver home
Climb the staircase, spiderwalk
Into my bed and bones Can I stand the pain
Of all the things I've left behind
Caught with butterflies
We'll be regretting 'til we die She's walking out on me Darker early, four o'clock
We'll leave in a balloon
Thirteen crows are dragging
You and me up to the roof

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