

Brandy alexander

The Walkmen

You finally close the door
Youve left open wide
Lock it from the inside
You lay me down and count me out Watch out, it's all on you
Theres worse ways to see it, baby
Set fire and watch it burning
Come here, sit next me
Ill tell you about a dream Im 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 dont hear me complaining
Ill tell you of every dream
Im holding for you and me Look out now, its all on you
Those colors are all faded
Outside the wind is howling
Stop talking, listen to me
Ill tell you of every dream

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