

February Air (EP Version)

Lights

If you don't believe me,
If you don't like my plans,
You mustn't tell me,
How I know your face like the back of my hands.
We walk the city,
I talk to you, understand
So won't you tell me.
How I know this place like the back of my hand. My arms get cold,
In February air.
Please don't lose hold of me, out there. And I know you're near me.
I know you understand.
Say that you're with me.
Say you know my face like the back of your hands. My arms get cold,
In February air.
Please don't lose hold of me out there. My arms get cold,
In February air.
Please don't lose hold of me, out there. Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Out there
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Hey yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Hey yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah My arms get cold,
In February air.
Please don't lose hold of me out there. My arms get cold,
In February air.
Please don't lose hold of me out there. There, there
February air, air
And I know this place like the back of my hands

Songwriters

DAVID THOMSON, VALERIE POXLEITNER Published by
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