

# Pink Clouds (Acoustic Version)

## Superchunk

Well, it's late, the clouds are turning pink  
And I don't think these skies will clear  
But you're tired; you're leaning on the sink  
I think you want me out of here And I could leave right now  
Well, I could leave right now But it was you who asked me here this time  
Breathless and hardly forgiving  
And you lined up the bottles of wine  
Disaster in the wings just laughing And I could leave right now  
Well, I could leave right now But there's snow on your cheek  
And the light's getting weak  
Don't you think we should turn around?  
Yeah, the moon's coming up  
And I know that you're tough  
It's a long way into town Yeah, there's snow on your cheek  
and the light's getting weak  
Don't you think we should turn around?  
Don't you think we should turn around? When the sun and the mercury sunk  
I picture quite a different scene  
Slowly and methodically drunk  
And it's clear we're skating to the end of the stream And I should leave right now  
Well I should leave right now Hands on the table throwing dice  
Hands on your knee folding tight  
Well, this black ice and lover shivers  
And all your windows look outlines in the night  
I won't leave right now  
I won't leave right now But there's snow on your cheek  
And the light's getting weak  
Don't you think we should turn around? Yeah, the moon's bright enough  
and I know that you're tough  
It's a long way into town Well, there's snow on your cheek  
And the light's getting weak  
Don't you think we should turn around?  
Don't you think we should turn around?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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