

Found Weekend

Winterpills

Familiar light
Pillow's wet
Much confided and cried and repaid Too much room
In this room
All the furniture's taken away Found weekend
You will live forever Apple's still
Crisp on the shelf
Pack of duck sauce
A glimpse of a self Light goes off
Underground
We won't surface
Until we are found Found weekend
You will live forever
You will live forever
You will live forever
You will live forever

Songwriters

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