

# Warm In Winter

Josh Pyke

I had a dream  
Where you were both  
Queen and crisis  
And yellow birds sang  
And warned me  
That you would be gone from me And I found my fear  
And fear became  
Something of an island  
To dwell upon  
In the breaking day So I would have run  
And I would have stolen your car  
And driven it round and round And I would have gone  
And gilded your name to my door  
To mark out where you belong And I'd make you come  
Come to your senses  
And I'd be  
I'd be the one to warm you in winter Well I had a drum  
And I hit it with  
Beauty and abandon  
And I travelled your land  
To settle my score with the masses And you were my queen  
And to me you were the herald  
Of a gilded age  
To dwell in  
Upon the breaking day And I would have run  
And I would have stolen your car  
And driven it round and round And I would have gone  
And gilded your name to my door  
To mark out where you belong And I'd make you come  
Come to your senses  
And I'd be  
I'd be the one to warm you in winter One for the mirror and one for the mind  
Our reflections are never the same  
In the morning or in the corner of your eye  
And your reflections will never be mine So I would have run  
And I would have stolen your car  
And driven it round and round And I would have gone  
And gilded your name to my door  
To mark out where you belong And I'd make you come

Come to your senses  
And I'd be the one to warm you in winter  
And I'd make you come  
Come to your senses  
And I'd be  
I'd be the one to warm you in winter  
I'd be the one to warm you in winter

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