Unsalted Butter

The Long Winters

You're so cold, right
You've been cold all night
Now you're holding on like you're holding a child

Your eyes are shining
But it's dark outside
Do you feel alright?

Making dinner dates?
What, are you blind?
I hold down two jobs just to keep one from flying

It was late, my mistake
A whole two hour left of daylight
My dinner date was hung-up on sun

If you think you're gonna to be here long
I'm gonna miss you so much when you're gone

All that wasted time
They call it: Murdering your own apartment
Daylight glows
The patterning is desolate

Now it's breakfast time
You're holding Hollywood above my head
Unsalted butter is my punishment

I'm gonna miss you so much when you're gone

My dinner date was hung-up on sun

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