

# The Chills

Peter Bjorn and John

Your tongue is sharp  
But I miss the taste of it  
You said time heals  
There's not enough of it The lessons are too cruel to keep  
To lock the door, to hide the key  
To hear you cast a spell sweet  
To still have hours left to sleep Your fear is crowdin'  
And there is still  
No place for someone  
Like me to fill Don't know about luck  
But I know the lack of it  
Don't know about luck  
But I'm losing track of it The lessons are too cruel to keep  
To lock the door, to go to sleep  
I know that time until it kills  
You're giving me the chills Your fear is crowdin'  
And there is still  
No place for someone  
Like me to fill The lessons are too cruel to keep  
To lock the door, to hide the key  
(Your fear is crowdin'  
(And there is still)  
To hear you cast a spell so sweet  
And still have hours left to sleep  
(No place for someone)  
(Like me to fill) The lessons are too cruel to keep  
To lock the door to go to sleep  
(You're giving me the chills)  
I know that time until it kills  
You're giving me the chills  
(You're giving me the chills) You're giving me the chills  
(You're giving me the chills)  
You're giving me the chills

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