

Comfort

David Mead

We're talking trash again like long sedated lovers
Baby what's become of us
A latent memory of southern springs and summers
Maybe winter in New YorkIt's started raining now on all my best intentions
I'm putting on my heavy coat
I'll take an airplane and leave the worst unmentioned
Blame it on a lack of timeWhen I was given to easy answers
I swept you off your feet
But now the dancing days are gone
You sleep alone, leave the radio onI'm high above it now the clouds a pillow for me
I consider even more
You have the softest eyes, the grace to wash and comfort
All the kids on Jersey ShoreAnd I believe in easy answers
Coming home for Christmas
Minding manners all along
I sleep alone, leave the radio onYeah I believe in easy answers
Something permanent
But only chances make the song
We sleep alone with the radio on
We sleep alone with the radio on

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