

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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