

If These Sheets Were States

All Time Low

I'm lost in empty pillow talk again
I'm lost in empty pillow talk again This bed's an island made of feather-down, and I'm stuck here alone
With little else but memories of you, on memory foam
Visions of a brighter love, I'd kill for one more day
To pool my thoughts, and find the words to say If these sheets were the states, and you were miles away,
I'd fold them end-over-end to bring you closer to me.
Because I don't sleep at all without you pressed up against me.
I settle for long distance calls, I'm lost in empty pillow talk again.
I'm lost in empty pillow talk again This room's become a mausoleum, filled with relics of regret
Paying dues to every moment wasted, on words left unsaid
Collisions of a finer love, I'd kill for one more way
To tell you how you make me better every day If these sheets were the states, and you were miles away,
I'd fold them end-over-end to bring you closer to me.
Because I don't sleep at all without you pressed up against me.
I settle for long distance calls, I'm lost in empty pillow talk again.
(Lost in empty pillow talk again)
(Lost in empty pillow talk again) If these sheets were the states, and you were miles away,
I'd fold them end-over-end to bring you closer to me.
Because I don't sleep at all without you pressed up against me.
I settle for long distance calls, I'm lost in empty pillow talk
I settle for long distance calls, I'm lost in empty pillow talk again.
I'm lost in empty pillow talk again.

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