Pretty Green

White Denim

Right before I met you things were getting pretty green,
I was on on an upswing though I could hardly hear a thing.
I was looking up looking out.
It took me several mornings with my throat in a mangled knot,
Sounding out my virtues and my vices and other thoughts.
I was struggling to remember the most recent things that I forgot
While I was looking up looking out.When you're always on you feel defeated, so you call yourself lost.
In a foreign tongue, you could hear that singin' that wouldn't wait to be sung.
You could hear that singing that won't wait to be sung.Carbon copy portraits in a box that I was shufï¬,ing through,
(it was) stuffed with paper memories that are only partially true.
I was waiting to get a feeling about someone a lot like you
Looking up looking out.
Witnessed classic meltdowns and devastating rain,
Hurried up for waiting more times than I care to say,
But it's clearer to us now that it's starting to change.
We're moving up moving out.
Moving forward moving out.When you're always on you feel defeated, so you call yourself lost.
In a foreign tongue, you could hear that singin' that wouldn't wait to be sung.
Will you hear that singing that wouldn't wait to be sung?

Songwriters
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