

Half a Week Before the Winter

[Vanessa Carlton](#)

Half a week before the winter
The chill bites before it comes
I'm a child of the pleasure
Daddy brings before he runsHe sits behind a desk of mahogany
He whispers dreams into my ear
And though I've givin' him his empire
He delivers me my fearThe unicorns are riding high
Powerful in coats of white
I turn to look and burn my eyes
I carry on, I carry all the weight of empty promiseAs I stand swallowed by the light
Flickering above the highway
I hold my head and know
The streets are mine tonightThe vampires are growing tired
The coats of white all turn to red
My heart burns with desire
I carry on, I carry onThe unicorns are riding high
Powerful in coats of white
We turn to look and burn our eyes
I carry on, I carryThe vampires are growing tired
The coats of white all turn to red
My heart burns with desire
I carry on, I carry on
I carry on, I carry on
We carry on

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