## **Canyon Inn Room 16**

## **Murder By Death**

Your hourglass shape in the light half covered in cloth the rest untouched Thinking I don't feel like being a sentimentalist today and whispering wake up wake up the rain is slowing Touching a hand to a head the static of the radio humming someone humming something pretty off where the antenna just can't reach.

Lyrics provided by <a href="https://damnlyrics.com/">https://damnlyrics.com/</a>