

# She's Walking Out

## The Stills

Dead of winter, desolate grey  
White and silver home  
Climb the staircase, spiderwalk  
Into my bed and bones Can I stand the pain  
Of all the things I've left behind  
Caught with butterflies  
We'll be regretting 'til we die She's walking out on me  
Darker early, four o'clock  
We'll leave in a balloon  
Thirteen crows are dragging  
You and me up to the roof Blow out all the candles  
Let the wine flow to your brain  
No ages, no one changes  
No one's trying to

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