

Days That Are Over

[Sondre Lerche](#)

One hundred thousand cars
Have passed this house
The celebration starts with laughterCan it be that we're not clean?
The days have turned to haze
Tell me how we should have lied
To keep away this spaceTo keep from snowing in
Keep from lingering
Keep our worlds apartWhen it come to letting go
Let the quicksand flow
When I write it in the sand
There is something wrongDays that are over
Will not continue to last
If you try to construct the pastI leave the heat on to leave a trace
Of all the things the air was filled with
All the things I never knew and all the words I know
Now they all come out too late for you to realizeSatisfy my luck this director's cut
Doesn't spare an inch
And I have never seen this place and no surrounding walls
As the party turns to dust they all understandDays that are over
Will not continue to last
If you try to construct the past

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