

# A Benediction

## Winterpills

All the sad boys come home with you  
Drape you in garlands and sing their sad songs to you  
Pour all their stories like rain through you  
All the sad boys come home with you. All the green children pine for you  
They learned all your secrets and made up your mind for you  
Although they were unkind to you  
All the green children pine for you. All the pale grey stars shine through you  
Your body fell prey to the transparent mind of you  
All blue ghosts search for signs of you  
All the pale grey stars shine through you.

Songwriters

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