

Oh Ms. Believer

Twenty One Pilots

Oh, Miss Believer
My pretty sleeper
Your twisted mind
Is like snow on the road,
Your shaking shoulders
Prove that it's colder
Inside your head
Than the winter of dead I will tell you I love you
But the muffs on your ears
Will cater your fears,
My nose and feet are running
As we start to travel through snow
Together we go Together we go We get colder
As we grow older
We will walk, so much slower Oh, Miss Believer
My pretty weeper
Your twisted thoughts
Are like snow on the rooftops
Please, take my hand
We're in foreign land
As we travel through snow
Together we go Together we go We get colder
As we grow older
We will walk, so much slower

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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