

# Cold Days From the Birdhouse (Alternate Version)

## The Twilight Sad

Another hotel  
With ruined plans  
Romantic gesture  
With ruined plans And so you make it your own  
But this is where your arm can't go  
You make it your own Another phone call  
With ruined plans  
Romantic gesture  
With ruined plans And so you make it your own  
But this is where your arm can't go  
You make it your own  
But this is where your arm can't go And your red sky at night won't follow me  
It won't follow me now I won't wear your shoes  
And I won't clip your wings I see it when you lied  
We all look so surprised  
And will you come back?  
You come back And breathing in smoke signs  
Like a puppet told to drive  
And will you come back?  
You come back And your red sky at night won't follow me  
It won't follow me now (x3)  
And your red sky at night won't follow me  
You won't follow me now So where are your manners? (repeat until end)

### Songwriters

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