Dark Roman Wine

Snow Patrol

I will hang on the hook of your splendor
As the night rolls us up in its arms
And the square of your thumbs and your fingers
Is the blanket of sky that's so warm
I know it's late but I can't help but think it
That the day hasn't shown all its cards
Now it's out to the stars or the ocean
Let's not retrace our steps to the car
Picking out all the stars that we like
Between finger and thumb
You laugh as you pass me the night
As if it's too fragile to hold
And I hold it so close to my chest
With your hands in my hands
You say this is just how we'll rest
Until light turns to sound
Now your eyelids they faint and they shiver
Like the wings of the last bird to leave
For the south, for the heat, for no reason
I watch as they fly for sheer joy
The wind shakes the branches above us
And the cars shake the ground that are box
But the dark roman wine in our bloodstreams
Makes the cold just a word, just a sound
Picking out all the stars that we like
Between finger and thumb
You laugh as you pass me the night
As if it's too fragile to hold
And I hold it so close to my chest
With your hands in my hands
You say this is just how we'll rest
Until the light turns to sound

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