

Cold Days from the Birdhouse

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'm going where you should I'll unplug your mind I see it when you lie
We all look so surprised
And, well, you come back
You come back And breath and then spoke sighs
Like a puppet told to drive
Well, you come back And your red sky at night won't follow me
It won't follow me now
And your red sky at night won't follow me
It won't follow me now And your red sky at night won't follow me
It won't follow me now
And your red sky at night won't follow me
You won't follow me now Where are your manners?
So, where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
And where are your manners? So, where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
And where are your manners? So, where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
So, where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
And where are your manners?
So, where are your manners?

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