

# Days That Are Over

[Sondre Lerche](#)

One hundred thousand cars  
Have passed this house  
The celebration starts with laughterCan it be that we're not clean?  
The days have turned to haze  
Tell me how we should have lied  
To keep away this spaceTo keep from snowing in  
Keep from lingering  
Keep our worlds apartWhen it come to letting go  
Let the quicksand flow  
When I write it in the sand  
There is something wrongDays that are over  
Will not continue to last  
If you try to construct the pastI leave the heat on to leave a trace  
Of all the things the air was filled with  
All the things I never knew and all the words I know  
Now they all come out too late for you to realizeSatisfy my luck this director's cut  
Doesn't spare an inch  
And I have never seen this place and no surrounding walls  
As the party turns to dust they all understandDays that are over  
Will not continue to last  
If you try to construct the past

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