

# Sober and Unkissed

[Sia](#)

Like a new winter's coat  
I'm wearing your last embrace  
Like a cold quenching glass of water  
I hold a clear picture of your face When are you coming around  
Oh when are you coming around  
Cos soon I'll be cold and thirsty I'm hearing your last telephone call  
Ringing louder and clearer than  
The rest  
I hear your invitation to see it all  
Better written I am smitten no  
Protest So when are you coming around  
Oh when are you coming around  
Cos soon I'll be bored and lonely I'm tasting the last glass of your wine  
The sweet taste linger left on lips  
I'm tasting your sweet kisses with mine  
The sweet taste lingers left on lips So when are you coming around  
Oh when are you coming around  
Cos soon I'll be sober and unkissed.

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