Warm in Winter

Josh Pyke

I had a dream
Where you were both
Queen and crisis
And yellow birds sang
And warned me
That you would be gone from meAnd I found my fear
And fear became
Something of an island
To dwell upon
In the breaking daySo I would have run
And I would have stolen your car
And driven it round and roundAnd I would have gone
And gilded your name to my door
To mark out where you belongAnd I'd make you come
Come to your senses
And I'd be
I'd be the one to warm you in winterWell I had a drum
And I hit it with
Beauty and abandon
And I travelled your land
To settle my score with the massesAnd you were my queen
And to me you were the herald
Of a gilded age
To dwell in
Upon the breaking dayAnd I would have run
And I would have stolen your car
And driven it round and roundAnd I would have gone
And gilded your name to my door
To mark out where you belongAnd I'd make you come
Come to your senses
And I'd be
I'd be the one to warm you in winterOne for the mirror and one for the mind
Our reflections are never the same
In the morning or in the corner of your eye
And your reflections will never be mineSo I would have run
And I would have stolen your car
And driven it round and roundAnd I would have gone
And gilded your name to my door
To mark out where you belongAnd I'd make you come

Come to your senses
And I'd be the one to warm you in winterAnd I'd make you come
Come to your senses
And I'd be
I'd be the one to warm you in winter
I'd be the one to warm you in winter

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