

# Cold Days From The Birdhouse

## The Twilight Sad

Another hotel  
With ruined plans  
Romantic gesture  
Withruined plansAnd so you make it your own  
But this is where your arm can't go  
You make it your ownAnother phone call  
With ruined plans  
Romantic gesture  
With ruined plansAnd 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 goAnd your red sky at night won't follow me  
It won't follow me nowI won't wear your shoes  
And I won't clip your wingsI see it when you lied  
We all look so surprised  
And will you come back?  
You come backAnd breathing in smoke signs  
Like a puppet told to drive  
And will you come back?  
You come backAnd your red sky at night won't follow me  
It won't follow me now (x3)  
And your red sky at night won't follow me  
You won't follow me nowSo where are your manners? (repeat until end)

Songwriters

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