

Cold Days From The Birdhouse (Live At Lime)

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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