

# Brandy Alexander

## The Walkmen

You finally close the door  
Youve left open wide  
Lock it from the inside  
You lay me down and count me out Watch out, it's all on you  
Theres worse ways to see it, baby  
Set fire and watch it burning  
Come here, sit next me  
Ill tell you about a dream Im looking out on the world  
I see it through your eyes  
Burn you down, bury you I tried to see it plain  
There's worse ways of getting here  
You dont hear me complaining  
Ill tell you of every dream  
Im holding for you and me

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