

Honeycut, Butter Room

On the clouds so pretty
Yeah I know sometimes
You just have to cry

Above a neon city
A sunless day And a birdless sky
I wanna spend the night in your butter room
Wake up laughing in the afternoon

And all those pictures on the wall
They don't have to fall
But they do
Sometimes they just do

We both see the same moon
On the phone again
Will it be the last time
We'll be rainbow chasing
And I guess that's fine
I used to be a lazy lover by design
I used to spend the night in your butter room
Wake up laughing in the afternoon

And all those pictures on the wall
They don't have to fall
But they do
Yeah sometimes they just do

Leaving it up to you
Leaving it up to you
Leaving it up to you
Leaving it up to you

I feel like the off white step child
Singin the blues rhythm for the first time
Seeing the ghost of the light
And wondering where are you

Where are you
La la la la la la