

# Matt Pond PA, Foreign Bedrooms

It's hard to breathe  
in foreign bedrooms  
When you can't find sleep  
You've lost your sleep

It's coming clean  
You don't like dreaming  
The way your mind should go alone

Deep in the night  
With the halos around the lights  
There's nothing to hold  
It's all letting go  
Don't you know it

I waited for  
One single phone call  
Stopping time  
Stopping time

I'll have one more  
I can't stop staring  
At these white walls  
These white walls

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With the halos around the lights  
There's nothing to hold  
It's all letting go  
Don't you know it  
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It's all letting go  
Don't you know it

When the pressure in the air is changing  
stars are coming clean  
Purity is only something people get to see in dreams  
I have far too many visions  
I need so much less to see  
The coldest air is what I need  
The shock that will help me to breathe  
Turn around your thinking comet  
Satellites are all you see  
Make a fire give up on thinking  
Address ourselves to simple needs  
I won't think of telephones  
And I won't think of growing old  
I will think complete forgiving  
I will think of you and me

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