

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

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
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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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