

Paulson, Window Frames

Given in to this feeling that I'm on the verge of something.
It's an inch, it's a lift, it's just the way it is.
I should've chained the doors to save us from the walk-ins.
Now it's too late to turn the lights off and hide.

Last night you were next to me when the fire alarm went off.
We held each other on the feather bed quiet and calm.
But it was not the same, the names were changed,
and the window frames were in the wrong place
in my dreams where I didn't mess everything up.

I imagined a son and this not my imagination.
Honey, you're too sweet for my teeth and you're giving me cavities.
If you never run too fast, you'll never get winded.
No relationships are ever finished, just abandoned.

In this light, you're a silhouette and I'm gauged by what I'm told.
All I can see were the seventeen inches of snow.
It was not the same, the names were changed
And the window frames were in the wrong place
in my dreams where I didn't mess everything up.

Look what you did to me and my wisdom teeth.
Your lips were too sweet and they left me with cavities