

Sondre Lerche, Days That Are Over

One hundred thousand cars have passed this house
The celebration starts with laughter

Can it be that we're not clean?
The days have turned to haze
Tell me how we should have lied
to keep away this space
To keep from snowing in
Keep from lingering
Keep our worlds apart

When it come to letting go
Let the quicksand flow
When I write it in the sand
There is something wrong

Days that are over
Will not continue to last
If you try to construct the past

I leave the heat on to leave a trace
of all the things the air was filled with

All the things I never knew and all the words I know
Now they all come out too late for you to realize
Satisfy my luck
This director's cut
doesn't spare an inch

I have never seen this place and no surrounding walls
As the party turns to dust they all understand

Days that are over
Will not continue to last
If you try to construct the past