

Wintersleep, Listen (Listen, Listen)

And even if the words don't sound right,
I will love you till the day my heart dies,
Till the day my heart dies.

And even if this ain't the right light,
You're prettier than anything,
You're prettier than anything that I'd
Prettier than anything that I'd write.

There's something in the way our lips touch,
There's something in the way we're stuck together
They don't build love like that no more.

You said you'd like it when the thunderstorms came,
Said you'd like if the thunderstorm just
Pulled you piece by piece away