

Brandtson, Waking Up To Yellow

haven't had the bottom fall in such a long time
staring out this window
the outside looks a little grayer than it has been
haven't had the curtain fall in such a long time
all this time here waiting
tomorrow's another day of coming up short again

(CHORUS)

your most beautiful disguise
so clever, I should try it sometime
underneath your tired eyes
the tears you brought all dry
I wish, if only for a while
you could see things through my eyes
your most beautiful disguise
so clever, I should try it sometime

this seems like a distant success
I would fight for the chance
but I've seen them kill for less than all this
my arms are tired of throwing
my hands, this place, empty
giving up on me, giving up to you

(CHORUS)