

# 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)