

# Crawlers, That Time Of Year Always

Can you take me from the ghosts  
That reside in this house?  
They're wearing your clothes  
And they're starting to get loud  
It's just that time of year always (Always, always)  
I feel it in my collarbone  
It's where I start to ache  
There's comfort in the sadness  
And the mess I seem to make  
But I can't explain  
It's just that time of year again

No one's gonna miss you like I do  
But it's too late to know now  
No one's gonna know you like I do  
You're always on my mind  
My mind

Sold my morals for a smoke  
Somewhere in LA  
Asking strangers for their star signs  
And they think that it's foreplay  
But it's hard to explain  
Has it been this way always? (Always, always)  
You know my body more than most  
But we only talk in tongues  
I need a conversation but you  
Suck the air from my lungs  
No leaves under my feet  
It's that time of year always (Always, always, always)

No one's gonna miss you like I do  
But it's too late to know now  
No one's gonna miss me like I do  
You're always on my mind  
My mind

My mind  
My mind

It's you, you, you  
You're on my mind  
It's you, you, you  
All the time  
It's you, you, you  
You're on my mind  
It's you (You), you (You), you (You)  
You're on my mind  
You (You), you (You), you (You)  
All the time  
You (You), you (You), you (You)  
On my mind

Laying in my childhood bedroom  
When it's getting warm again  
I'll keep on the heating  
So it stays back like then  
(Always)