

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)