Girlyman, Fall Stories

On the roof, underneath the lines of planes
Their landing lights turning the sky
All red and green
Playing it cool
Not calling

It's as though I don't care for
The unbroken surface of the water
The sound of your voice
When you stop talking

(Chorus)
September's still summer, but the nights are like fall
Tell me your
Fall stories
Every time you broke your heart
Your love comes out your hands
It all comes out of your hands
Make me remember who I am

It always felt like a tunnel
Everything was so small
The angels hung around you
In the back seat of your car

Traffic and watching
My arm over you breathing
Just turn around and let me
Just turn around and let me

Chorus

Your love comes out your hands
It all comes out of your hands
Make me remember who I am