

Hope Sandoval & The Warm Inventions, Down Th

He's my friend, don't wake him
He's asleep for sure
Look at his eyes, open stare
Warm smile on his face

Here we go up the steps
-----, no regrets
Look at his arms, hollow and cold

I'll never want to make him go
He's my friend, I know
I'll never want to make him stay
For now, he'll never go away

It's the night or the morning
-----, and nothing on him
Here or there don't mean much
Sylvia says he's cold to touch

I'll never want to make him go
He's my friend, I know
I'll never want to make him stay
But now, he'll never go away

Down the steps
Fast asleep
Wake up
Make us some tea