

The Stills, She's Walking Out

Dead of winter, desolate grey
White and silver home
Climb the staircase, spiderwalk
Into my bed and bones

Can I stand the pain
Of all the things I've left behind
Caught with butterflies
We'll be regretting 'til we die

She's walking out on me

Darker early, four o'clock
We'll leave in a balloon
Thirteen crows are dragging
You and me up to the roof

Blow out all the candles
Let the wine flow to your brain
No ages, no one changes
No one's trying to