

# TWENTY ONE PILOTS, Midwest Indigo

Reaching out on my way home,  
You can be so cold, I'll try again,  
You make me sad and second-guess myself,  
You can be so cold, midwest indigo.

Running late so I didn't have the time,  
To scrape the frosted windshield,  
Like we're barely scraping by,  
Concentrate on the little gap in the ice,  
That seems to be about as wide as our chances.

Did you pull up yet?  
Not yet.  
Did you forget we're tight on time?

Cloud coverage matched my outfit to a knife,  
I requested counsel with the counselor,  
And he canceled twice,  
It's a different blue, it's deeper than it's been,  
I'll be pulling into the parking lot before the heat kicks in.

What's your ETA?  
Two minutes.  
Chill out man, we're right on time.

And I want love and sunny days,  
I'm a bit too old to run away,  
You make me sad and second-guess myself,  
You can be so cold... midwest indigo.