

It's not the cold making my legs shake,
It's Timmy's ghost taking his place in our hearts forever.

It's not the sound keeping me from sleep,
It's what Jesus said about hell underneath.
I think I'd rather believe it's some imaginary place,
Made up to make children behave,
So our souls are safe to wander off,
Wherever they might please.
Your soul is safe wherever you might be.

Come now, sleep.
Come, now sleep.

Tell me I'm only dreaming.
Tell me he's just sleeping.
And when morning comes,
We'll both wake up to see the sun,
And love that's enough to keep our friends alive.

Phone call.
I pull my car to the side of the road.
No, it's not the cold making my legs shake,
It's someone I love being taken away.
A ghost taking his place in our hearts.

Where inside he moves from room to room.
But sometimes he climbs our spines,
To remind our grieving heads,
That in this way he hasn't left.

Tell me I'm only dreaming.
Tell me he's just sleeping.
And when morning comes,
We'll both wake up to see the sun,
And love that's enough to keep our friends alive.