

Everything the dead don't know  
Piles up like magazines and overflows  
And everything that you won't see  
Just swirls around  
Comes down and buries me

Do you like this place?  
Do you like this sound?  
Do you like this taste?  
Oh yeah, you're not around  
But you are still the window we are  
Looking out  
A prism and a lens and a flood and a drought

Standing on the corner in the falling snow  
Posing for a picture in a smile that says  
Let's go  
Don't let go  
Let go

Standing on the corner in the falling snow  
Arms around each other and a look that says  
Let's go  
Don't let go  
Let go

Let's go  
Don't let go  
Let go