

## Cold Days From The Birdhouse

The Twilight Sad

Another hotel with ruined plans  
Romantic gesture with ruined plans  
And so you make it your own but this is where your arm can't go  
You make it your own  
Another phone call with ruined plans  
Romantic gesture with ruined plans  
And so you make it your own but this is where your arm can't go  
You make it your own but this is where your arm can't go

And your red sky at night won't follow me, it won't follow me n  
ow  
I won't wear your shoes and I won't clip your wings

I see it when you lied, we all look so surprised  
And will you come back? Will you come back?  
And breathing in smoke signs like a puppet told to drive  
And will you come back? Will you come back?

And your red sky at night won't follow me, it won't follow me n  
ow  
And your red sky at night won't follow me, it won't follow me n  
ow  
And your red sky at night won't follow me, it won't follow me n  
ow  
And your red sky at night won't follow me, you won't follow me  
now

And where are your manners? So where are your manners?  
And where are your manners? And where are your manners?  
So where are your manners? And where are your manners?  
And where are your manners? And where are your manners?  
So where are your manners? And where are your manners?  
So where are your manners? And where are your manners?  
And where are your manners? So where are your manners?  
So where are your manners?