

# Half a Week Before the Winter

Vanessa Carlton

Half a week before the winter  
The chill bites before it comes  
And I'm a child of the pleasure  
That he brings before he runs

He sits behind a desk of mahogany  
He whispers dreams into my ear  
And though I've given him his empire  
He delivers me my fear

The unicorns are riding high  
Powerful in coats of white  
I turn to look and burn my eyes  
I carry on, I carry all the weight of empty promise  
As I stand swallowed by the light  
Flickering above the highway  
I hold my head and know the streets are mine tonight

The vampires are growing tired  
The coats of white all turn to red  
My heart burns with desire  
I carry on, I carry on

The unicorns are riding high  
Powerful in coats of white  
We turn to look and burn our eyes  
I carry on, I carry  
The vampires are growing tired  
The coats of white all turn to red  
My heart burns with desire  
I carry on, I carry on  
I carry on  
I carry on  
We carry on