

Cold Night

Yeasayer

It's been one year since you turned your
Self back into dust a temper tantrum
I'll never feel right I'm up at
Night I guess this is life you perish or
You survive

Was there something I could have told you
To carry you through the cold night
Would you hang on my every word
Was there nothing sacred you could hold onto
And carry you through the cold night
That's no way to make yourself heard

It's been five years Since you turned your-
Self back into dust, you'll never rust
Now the rest of us are perma-
Nently fucked up, I
Thought things had been
Looking up your life's
A bust

Was there something I
Could have told you
(could told you)
To carry you through the cold night
(Cold Night)
Would you hang on my every word (Hang on
My words, hang on my words on my every
Word)
Was there nothing sacred you could hold
Onto (Hold Onto)
And carry you through the cold night
(Cold Night)
That's no way to make yourself heard
(Make yourself heard that's no way to make
Yourself heard)

I regret all the times when I didn't
Respond to you, but the wires might have
Gotten
Crossed and anyway you were already
Lost, Already Lost...
To my daughter you'll be an ancient
Memory, If we even mention you at
All... Its too scary, It's too scary
It's too scary
Was there something I could have told you
(On that Cold Night) [x4]