

Under The Blanket

Smoking Popes

I try to hold on, hold on, hold on to you
You keep turning away
And when you turn back, turn back, turn back to me
You never seem to be the same
You say things are looking better already
But I can't see a thing
Underneath the blanket
You say things are looking better
Let's spend the night together
We can share the blanket
But I don't want to
You look outside and decide to get back into bed
Cover up your head
You should be reaching for something to pull you out
You reach for the blanket instead
I don't have to
I don't have to