

# Howie Day, Numbness For Sound

Cold in the Sun  
My feet on the ground  
A pale windless city  
A numbness for sound

I'll wait, back here  
or will you notice  
A moment in time  
A photograph lost here  
Since you were mine  
I'll wait back here  
or should I start pushing my way back  
Yeah...  
Should I start pushing my way back

I walk past your room  
A deep silhouette  
You're tired of racing  
I dont understand

I'll wait, back here  
Cold and beneath me

A soaked cigarette  
I'm asleep on a shoulder that I've never met  
I'll wait back here  
Or should I, start pushing my way back  
Yeah...  
Should I start pushing my way  
home

And I'm with all these women  
And I'm on the edge of my breath  
Ohh...  
And I'm thinking of leaving  
I could just lay down  
Lay down and freeze to death.  
Yeah.....Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
Ohhh....

Cold in the Sun  
My feet on the ground  
A pale windless city  
A numbness for sound