

# The Morning Of, Diagnosis: Cold Weather

I can't believe I fell for that,  
your act with me would get an Emmy in romantic tragedies  
I pretend you're my blanket at night and I hold you so tight  
And for that little moment where I believe it's you  
It's like the sunrise came early and decided to stay (stay for a day)  
And the beautiful pink that comes about is so reminiscent of you (so ugly compared to you)  
I wish I was the scarf around your neck, I'd tie myself so tight,  
And watch your lungs drain to blue, how does  
it feel to have the breath knocked out of you  
I guess I'll be it and I'll count to a 100 or if you want more time  
I'll count the times that you hurt me, and you can make your getaway  
isn't this the chance you've been waiting for? (I'm sick of your games),  
the moment where I take my eyes off you, so as to not peek,  
the coast is clear and it's clear it's not only little kids that cheat  
I wish I was the scarf around your neck, I'd tie myself so tight,  
And watch your lungs drain to blue,  
how does it feel to have the breath knocked out of you  
I watch your lungs turn drain to blue,  
how does it feel to have the breath knocked out of you