**AFTERGLOW**

Stop the clocks, it's amazing  
You should see the way the light dances off your head  
A million colours of hazel, golden and red

Saturday morning is fading  
The sun's reflected by the coffee in your hand  
My eyes are caught in your gaze all over again

We were love drunk, waiting on a miracle  
Tryna find ourselves in the winter snow  
So alone in love like the world had disappeared

Oh, I won't be silent and I won't let go  
I will hold on tighter 'til the afterglow  
And we'll burn so bright 'til the darkness softly clears

Oh, I will hold on to the afterglow  
Oh, I will hold on to the afterglow

The weather outside's changing  
The leaves are buried under six inches of white  
The radio is playing, Iron & Wine

This is a new dimension  
This is a level where we're losing track of time  
I'm holding nothing against it, except you and I

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