

Oh Ms. Believer

twenty one pilots

Oh, Ms. Believer, my pretty sleeper
Your twisted mind is like snow on the road
Your shaking shoulders prove that it's colder
Inside your head than the winter of dead
I will tell you I love you
But the muffs on your ears will cater your fears
My nose and feet are running as we start
To travel through snow
Together we go
(Together we go)
We get colder
As we grow older
We will walk
So much slower
Oh, Ms. Believer, my pretty weeper
Your twisted thoughts are like snow on the rooftops
Please, take my hand, we're in foreign land
As we travel through snow
Together we go
(Together we go)
We get colder
As we grow older
We will walk
So much slower

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>