

Winter, Winter

Winter, oh Winter, I had plans that you construed
Full of warmth, packed with fate, past the cloudy blues
Winter, oh Winter, your iciness concludes,
that I can't run and rant, past this aching feud.

I'll follow you to the heavens, I'll follow you, cause I need it.
I'll spread the news that were even, so we can feel alive like we used to.

Summer, oh summer, I'm so tired of seeing you,
holding hands, acting grand, celebrating news.
When your summer, when your summer, your so high you see the truth
Then you land, and the sand isn't saving you.

I'll follow you to the heavens, I'll follow you, cause I need it.
I'll spread the news that were even, so we can feel alive like we used to.

Members, oh Members, of the class of 82
Please regard me as the man who will sing to you
With this timbre, to remember, I'm so tired being used
but were all swimming fast, towards this great deluge