

East Coast Winters

Anthony Green

Well anyone who walks down my path
Oooh, oooh
Well anyone who walks down my path
After it snows and cover up their footprints

And every time you shut me in
I shiver in the cold
And every day I stay in bed
I get a little worse

Well anyone who walks through my door
Is already done. Is already done for...
And if you walked a mile in my shoes
You'd never choose, you'd never come back here

And every time you shut me in
I shiver in the cold
And every day I stay in bed
I get a little worse

As far as I can tell you never got it right... (oooh)
And everyone I know has all been turned away, scattered in the
dark. (oooh)
I've seen this place a dozen times before but not as empty, as
empty as it is. (oooh)

Well anyone who walks down my path...
Oooh, oooh