

Low Season

Bob Mould

The coldest wind rushes through the broken window
Leaves they scatter in the breeze
Winter come so soon, time to gather for the freeze

I brace my back, waiting for the fall
When I slip up and spill it all
Kite so high, sink so low
Down the drain the magic goes

Low season turn the sunlight down
No reason left to stay around
Low season in the frozen ground

Pull the poison out, drink the pain away
Chances that I wasted in my unforgiving days
You were always there to bleed my spirit dry

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I couldn't tell what life was for
Getting high doesn't do it anymore
Welcome to the end of the show that never ends

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