

## South For The Winter

Park

Listen to that sound of  
something in your ear  
Pulls you sounds so  
Shakespearean Tugs you  
wish you were here We're all  
you've got till your wedding  
day Falls through the ground  
and leaves you feeling wetter  
So long to sweet goodbyes  
they never last that  
long So long to Shakespeare  
wish you were here In the  
making of your life there's a  
part of you that just won't  
seem to try Don't stop the  
red light or you might confess  
it to your life something  
irresponsible to you am  
young and going numb from  
growing up on the inside you  
believe and that I am nothing  
catch your breath.  
We like your style And we  
will confess to address until  
we collapse