

34 Winters

The Badlees

an end
A suburban catastrophe
It's time to start mourning the death
of a friend
Standing in front of me
And I can't stop the hatred that wells
up inside
As I look for a glimmer in his vacant
eyes
And I can't do a damn thing cause I
can't feel a damn thing
With a hole in my heart that's a thousand
miles wide
Chorus
Cause the smile has left his face
The portrait of happiness he can't retrace
Gone is the love that once lived there
It's cold as a stone
At late I performed with trembling hands
but the parts don't seem to fit
And these 34 winters haven't left him as cold
as this one conversation did
And I don't understand, eyes open wide
How you can see love so clearly but it still
leaves you blind
And I can't do a damn thing cause I can't
say a damn thing
And I can't stop this woman from pushing him
aside
Chorus
Life as we know it has come to an end
Nothing can be the same