

The Blizzard of '96

The Walkmen

Windows close just like my eyelids as I'm sleeping, Lift
the blinds up slowly, let the night in. We've begun to
work things out again. There's no other way around it.
Windows close just like your ear drum, as I'm saying,
Lets forget those things I did this winter. We've begun
to work things out again, There's no other way around it.