

# Archie Star, We Could Live Without The Snowflakes

An empty hotel room, aren't you happy that you left it?  
Or maybe i'm just so sick of how i fit this suitcase life inside the overhead compartment.  
Turbulence shakes my hand as i introduce myself but i think we've met before.  
A key for every moment in my heart that's wrapped in black and white for every drunken summer night  
These are just words you can read because you know we'll never speak again...  
Not with this life you've started living in.  
I'm just another beat inside a song  
I'm just the storm that rained too long.  
You've got us drowning in our bad luck. Maybe it's time i walk away..  
What's a month mean anyway when i'm still lost inside the summer?  
I could never stand the fall  
Sweatshirts and Christmas...I need short skirts and kisses.