

Audio Learning Center, Winter

She wastes her days away
She sinks her teeth into
her dead end job
Long since had given up
on Childhood dreams
All the things that she
could have become

Muttering to herself
Underneath her breath
She says
I hope I can make it
through winter
Winter

And she tries
To pretend
To believe
That she can

He barely gets out these days
His body ruined by a dead end job
Let go after forty years
He was replaced
When younger faster
workers came along

Now sitting in his room
With the shades pulled shut
He barely realizes that it's winter

A winner

And he tries
To pretend
To believe
That his life
Turned out good

Trying to
Pretend they took the
right road the path to
Doors shut along
And failures that
have taken too long