

Bodyjar, A Hazy Shade Of Winter

Time, Time, Time
See what's become of me
While I look around for my possibilities
I was so hard to please

Look around,
Leaves are brown,
And the sky is a hazy shade of winter

Hear the Salvation Army band
Down by the riverside
There's bound to be a better ride
Than what you've got planned
Carry your cup in your hand

Look around,
Leaves are brown,
And the sky is a hazy shade of winter

Hang on to your hopes, my friends
That's an easy thing to say
But if your hopes should pass away
Simply pretend that you can build them again

Look around,
The grass is high,
The fields are ripe,
It's the springtime of my life

Look around,
Leaves are brown,
And the sky is a hazy shade of winter
Look around,
Leaves are brown,
There's a patch of snow on the ground [x4]