

Fireside, Let Rasputin Do It

The course with its grey lanes
My body feels so tense
From the lake to the mountaintop
Takes forever on icy roads

We aint saying nothing
Were staring at the clouds
With tired eyes

Too many hours like these
Messes up everything
And her picture before my eyes
Stuck somewhere inbetween

Were not doing nothing
But staring at the clouds

Trapped with eachother
And the car sound
Were shutting eachother out
With tired eyes

The landscape is beautiful
Hours are pitiful
And her picture before my eyes
Wont let go no matter how i try

And i aint doing nothing
But staring at the clouds
So lonesome
In this crowd
Were shutting each other out