

# Jack Frost, Ramble

The very second time I walked in this room  
You knew that I was gone  
And just the way the sun slanted in  
Made it all seem wrong  
I know you say you love me  
And somewhere I think that you do  
I love all the tricks you've shown me  
I'll cut myself in two  
It's coming on again  
So I saw the newspaper that had burnt in the fire  
The headlines were rain  
Go walk outside and clear my head  
Down on Albion Lane  
I know you live around here somewhere  
As I scan the sky  
I know that you sleep around here somewhere  
Where it's warm and dry  
On Saturday afternoon the crowds rolled in clouds  
Ignored the rumors of war  
We drink a toast to auld lang syne  
Stretched out on the floor  
I know you'll never remember  
And it's better that way  
Let this wine take your memory  
Of everything before today