

# Keane, Snowed Under

There's a cold voice on the air  
You've been looking everywhere  
Someone to understand your hopes and fears  
Well I've thought about that for many long years

So I walk through Mansers Shaw  
I don't see you anymore  
We love to think about the way things were  
But the time has come and I'm glad it's over

I don't know why I waste my time  
Getting hung up about the things you say  
When I open my eyes and it's a lovely day  
You know sometimes I feel like I'm getting snowed under with the things you say  
When I open my eyes and it's a lovely day

Now you think that you're alone  
So you make your way back home  
I'd love to greet the weary traveller  
But your time has gone and I'm glad it's over

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