

Slowride, Winter

winter's comin' on
can't you feel it in your bones now
laid to rest
with the very best
i did the best that i could

send me on my way
with disaster on the brain
with blackened lungs
still my song is sung
i did the best that i could

so tie me up
and turn me loose
tell me 'bout abuse
the things i know
i learned on my own
i wrote this book for fun

tell me what you think you should
sell me what you think is good
tell me