

Aztec Camera, Walk Out To Winter

Words and music by Roddy Frame

We met in the summer and walked 'til the fall
And breathless we talked, it was tongues.
Despite what they'll say, it wasn't youth, we hit the truth
Faces of Strummer that fell from your wall
And was left were they hung
So sweet and bitter, they're what we found
So drink them down and

Chorus

Walk out to winter, swear I'll be there.
Chill will wake you, high and dry
You'll wonder why.
Walk out to winter, swear I'll be there.
Chance is buried just below the blinding snow.
You burn in the breadline and ribbons and all
So walk to winter
You won't be late, you always wait
This generation, the walk to wall
But I'm not angry, get your gear
Get out of here and
Chorus