

Badlees, 34 Winters

an end

A suburban catastrophe

It's time to start mourning the death

of a friend

Standing in front of me

And I can't stop the hatred that wells

up inside

As I look for a glimmer in his vacant

eyes

And I can't do a damn thing cause I

can't feel a damn thing

With a hole in my heart that's a thousand

miles wide

Chorus

Cause the smile has left his face

The portrait of happiness he can't retrace

Gone is the love that once lived there

It's cold as a stone

At late I performed with trembling hands

but the parts don't seem to fit

And these 34 winters haven't left him as cold

as this one conversation did

And I don't understand, eyes open wide

How you can see love so clearly but it still

leaves you blind

And I can't do a damn thing cause I can't

say a damn thing

And I can't stop this woman from pushing him

aside

Chorus

Life as we know it has come to an end

Nothing can be the same