

# Cartel, Luckie St.

Let's count the days until winter comes our way  
We're all tired and ready to breathe  
And there's a rumor that  
There's a bitter cold chill in the air.  
It's haunting every breath take.  
The hint of alcohol and nicotine it keeps us warm inside.  
So all your fashion sense aware, the sweaters unfold themselves.  
We are all alone, but we're better off by ourselves.  
It's time to roll the windows down and  
Feel the cold air all around.  
We are heading out of town and  
Not a thing can stop us now.  
Get carried away.  
Let's think about all those nights on Luckie St.  
We stayed up til 3 am, with all the gossip and the latest girls.  
There's a bitter cold chill in the air.  
It's haunting every breath take.  
The hint of alcohol and nicotine it keeps us warm inside.  
So all your fashion sense aware, the sweaters unfold themselves.  
We are all alone, but we're better off by ourselves.  
It's time to roll the windows down and  
Feel the cold air all around.  
We are heading out of town and  
Not a thing can stop us now.  
Get carried away.  
This winter is much like all the rest.  
This season's changed since we've been away.  
This winter is much like all the rest.  
It's time to roll the windows down and  
Feel the cold air all around.  
We are heading out of town and  
Not a thing can stop us now.  
Get carried away.