

Hawksley Workman, General January

The snow came late
but who am I to say?
You're tough as nails
General January

With your lovely calvaries
so many beauties to behold
Let the enemy trudge on through
My nearly everything belongs to you

You're hideous
and misunderstood
which really shakes you up
Hahhhhhh

Strange, you're so upset
that I wished us all for dead
Our lips froze to our rifles
runny noses all turned red

Your love of Autumn leaves
A language that you stole
Let the enemy bludgeon through
I've given everything I have to you

You're hideous
and misunderstood
which really freaks you out
Ahhhh

You're hideous,
A God that no one knew
fell for what you said was true
Ahhhhh

You're hideous
and misunderstood
which really fucks you up