

# Jack Blanchard & Misty Morgan, There Must Be More

Sky full of factory smoke stacks hot cinders paint the snow black  
Turn up my collar to the cold  
My old boots're wet and dirty missed my bus at 7:30  
Ah there must be more to life than growing old  
Each day seems like the last one each year just like the past one  
As if they're stamped on from the mold  
Somehow it seems to be the only change is you and me  
There must be more to life than growing old  
There must be more to life than growing old  
What happened to the dreams we used to hold  
We never asked for cities paved with gold there must be more to life than growing old  
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There must be more to life than growing old