

# Joy Electric, Write Your Last Paragraph

Where do minutes of the past go  
When the hands of clocks have passed?  
You ask Are you troubled much?  
I say It's like when we were young

Write your last paragraph  
Memories of life  
Oh oh oh  
oh oh oh  
Oh oh

I've resolved not to insist  
On whether I can weather this  
Winter aged us like the paint  
That gathers by the window pane