

Kidbrother, Wintertime Waltz

Never seen no Dixie moon. No yellow taxi-cars and no old movie-stars.
Never road with lady luck or seen no piano-bars.
Never slept out in the cold. I never drove to Reno on the wrong side of the road.
The circus never stops in town. There's no films and there's no freak-shows.

There are places I've never seen that feels more like home.
With clear blue skies and with grass so green.
Where the winds keep on blowing strong.
Where the winds keep on blowing songs.

Here the winds keep on blowing through the endless wintertime.
Where the night holds no magic and you're blinded by no light.
Nothing is a-changing here, for the better anyhow.
Only one thing I can do to find consolation, to find me something new.
Vinyl stores sell distant shores and I think that I'll make it through.

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