

Longpigs, In The Snow

So don't strike hard at my door
So don't strike hard anymore
It's taken you nothing
To wash it clean away
It's taken you nothing
To beat us

So don't strike out of control
Are you minding your business
Or is it all you care about

Every minute that you go
I hope you never know
Like a razor in the snow

In your eyes is a dead and blue little nerve
Is it minding its business
Or is it all you care about

Every minute that you go
I hope you never know
Like a razor in the snow
Always my secret and jump from it always