Low, Last Snowstorm Of The Year

when we were young
we wanted to die
but the sound of a drum
and the words of a child
brought different light
now no one can tell
the winter was nice
but the summer is hell

the ground was so hard
the nights were so long
but we suffered the dark
and we wrote all those songs
still i was a fool
i covered my ears
no i would not face the last snowstorm of the year
no i would not face the last snowstorm of the year