

# Low, The 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