

# The Army Of Freshmen, Maybe In The Midwest

they're calling for snow  
it's 40 below the weather when she had it together  
steering wheel's cold, she knows she's not old  
to be feeling fairy tales have a ceiling  
land locked and alone, she picks up the phone that keeps ringing  
The Beach Boys keep singing  
"God Only Knows", here comes the snow  
she feels like the weather just keeps her forever

somewhere maybe in the Midwest, she sits waiting in a prom dress  
snowstorms and cold dorms and frozen boys who  
melt like snow in December, she can't help to remember  
map on the wall that somebody else calls home

land locked and alone, she hangs up the phone  
a wrong number in search of the summer  
that someone else lives in, she's starting to give in  
to habits like splitting she just isn't fitting  
in the with the crowd or the oncoming clouds  
that tear through the winter, slowly they splinter  
the dreams that she had, she wanted so bad  
before the weather kept her forever

the forecast is calling for outcasts

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as the snow globe on the dashboard crashes down against the ground  
the ballerina that was trapped inside is free forever now

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