

The Army Of Freshmen, Shackle The Wind

Here at the end, pathetic again
But I'll hang your clothes on the line, on the line
Curse all the soldiers, I swear that I'll hold ya
When gentle days pass through my mind, through my mind

Shackle the wind and I'll see you again
When I ain't got nothing to prove.
Shackle the wind and I'll see you again
When I ain't got nothing to prove.

Indian dreams and debutante summers
I stammered and stuttered through lies, through lies
You took advantage of a splintered filled victory
While weakness held on in my eyes, in my eyes

(Chorus)

Cedar chest letters, tears in a dorm
A rain dog alone in the storm, in the storm
Victim of alleyways, cancer torn families
Victim of alleyways born, still born

(Chorus x2)

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