

# 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)

Here at the end, pathetic again  
But I'll hang your clothes on the line, on the line