

# Winter Passing

## Kids In The Way

She says, I'd like you to leave  
Between the cigarettes and dirty sheets  
I'd hate to make you watch me bleed she's out of control, lying on the floor  
You can't hold it all together  
With bruised fists and dresser drawers Wake up, the cold is here, it's finally coming  
Wake up, the cold is here, you can't keep running  
Wake up, the cold is here, you won't see morning  
You've got to let go She dreams I'll never be free  
Between the makeup streaks and dead end streets  
There's nothing pretty left in me she's wasting away, forgotten yesterday  
There's a bullet in the chamber  
And you'll never win the game you play Wake up, the cold is here, it's finally coming  
Wake up, the cold is here, you can't keep running  
Wake up, the cold is here, you won't see morning  
You've got to let go Wake up, the cold is here, it's finally coming  
Wake up, the cold is here, you can't keep running  
Wake up, the cold is here, you won't see morning  
You've got to let go It's in your blood, it's in your bones  
The winter's passing, white walls collapsing  
It's time to make your way back home It's in your blood, it's fighting for your soul  
The door is closing, you've got to let go Wake up, the cold is here, it's finally coming  
Wake up, the cold is here, you can't keep running  
Wake up, the cold is here, you won't see morning  
You've got to let go Wake up, the cold is here, it's finally coming  
Wake up, the cold is here, you can't keep running  
Wake up, the cold is here, you won't see morning  
You've got to let go Just walk away, it's in the cocaine  
Just walk away, it's stealing your pain  
Just walk away, it's in the cocaine

Songwriters

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