

# Last Snowstorm Of The Year

## Low

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

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