

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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