January

Newfoundman

There is no snow in December
We spent Christmas frozen to the couches dreaming
of weathermen quitting their day jobs for sunnier towns

And my friends up north are all forgotten
It seems like yesterday's a life you lost and found
and the birds are whispering lies of springtime sounds

Was I ever part of the great big plan?
Confined to longings, daydreaming for days on end
Save yourself the embarrassment, my good friend

There are no fathers left on our street
Was there ever a model of the right man to be?
Dreaming of a day job on radio waves

Youâ€™re the spitting image of your motherâ€™s will
a dream, delayed to find your way back someday
goodbyes from car windows under new years skies

Why would you drown in your complacency
When there are bigger lakes to cross

There are no tears in January
for once, you know the darker side of these months
illuminate the love Iâ€™d thought Iâ€™d lost

Were you ever loved as I have been?
surrendered to whispers in the smoke on the den
goodbyes to plans for this to end

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