Permafrost

Magazine

Thunder shook loose hail on the outhouse again
Today I bumped into you again
I have no idea what you want
But there was something I meant to sayAs the day stops dead
At the place where we're lost
I will drug you and fuck you
On the permafrostThere's not much that I miss
I'm far too forgetful for that
Sugar's sweet some of the time
It's hard to keep some things in mindAs the day stops dead
At the place where we're lost
I will drug you and fuck you
On the permafrost

Songwriters
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