

Frozen Roads

Brett Anderson

And the snow in February falls, painting winter hollow
And the fields they are an empty sigh, and the hills are like sorrow
And the hills are like sorrow And your sun will rise again, and your moon will fall
And your sun will rise again, and your moon will fall
And your moon will fall And I found the answer sitting there, worth more than money
In the tangle of your angel hair, in your lips like honey And we were born muddled, but it was meant to be
And we were born muddled, but it was meant to be
It was meant to be And your sun will rise again, and your moon will fall
And our sun will rise again, and our moon will fall
And our moon will fall And the snow in February falls, painting winter colours
And the landscape is an empty sigh, and the hills are like sorrow Through the endless rage, on the frozen roads
On the frozen roads

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