

Snowed Under

Keane

There's a cold voice on the air,
You've been looking everywhere,
Someone to understand your hopes and fears,
Well I've thought about that for many long years. So I walk through Manser's Shaw
I don't see you anymore,
We love to think about the way things were,
But the time has come and I'm glad it's over. I don't know why I waste my time,
Getting hung up about the things you say
When I open my eyes and it's a lovely day,
You know sometimes I feel like I'm,
Getting snowed under with the things you say,
When I open my eyes and it's a lovely day. Now you think that you're alone,
So you make your way back home,
I'd love to greet the weary traveller,
But your time has gone and I'm glad it's over. I don't know why I waste my time,
Getting hung up about the things you say
When I open my eyes and it's a lovely day,
You know sometimes I feel like I'm,
Getting snowed under with the things you say,
When I open my eyes and it's a lovely day. I don't know why I waste my time,
Getting hung up about the things you say
When I open my eyes and it's a lovely day,
You know sometimes I feel like I'm,
Getting snowed under with the things you say,
When I open my eyes and it's a lovely day.

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