

January

Thurston Moore

The cold that burns
The tide that drift away
No more talks about tomorrow
The past is gone and all that was today
I cant forget the cold
That fell January day
Seasons change for the rain he washed away
All the smiles and the tears
What's in between and all one's hopes and fears
I feel that January's cold shall never disappear

Empty sky the bitterness unfolds
Its hard to hold a memory
When there's nothing left to hold
Rain rain rain
The desert kills what's left inside
Its hard to live when all you wanna do is die
The book is done
No more pages left to turn
No more letters left to write
nothings left for whom it may concern
January's cold shall forever live on

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