

# Sugar in the Snow

Newton Faulkner

We're never told, we're never told when to give in.  
We never know, we never know when it will end.  
So we better go, we better go when it begins.  
The earth will shake as the mountains crack  
and all that's taken's given back,  
The golden age is coming round the bend.  
Just roll with it baby,  
let go and shake a little tail fin,  
Roll with it, just roll with it baby,  
let go.  
All the things that held us back,  
Drained us like an hour glass,  
They disappear like sugar in the snow.  
We'll never fall, we'll never fall into control.  
We'll never stop, we'll never stop shaping the mould.  
We'll rise to the top, we'll never drop out in the cold.  
The earth will shake as the mountains crack  
and all that's taken's given back,  
The golden age is coming round the bend.  
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