20 Years of Snow

Regina Spektor

He's a wounded animal
He lives in a matchbox
He's a wounded animal
And he's been coming around hereHe's a dying breed
He's a dying breedHis daughter is 20 years of snow falling
She's 20 years of strangers looking into each other's eyes
She's 20 years of clean
She never truly hated anyone or anythingShe's a dying breed
She's a dying breedShe says I'd prefer the moss
I'd prefer the mouth
A baby of the swamps
A baby of the south
I'm 20 years of clean
And I never truly hated anyone or anything
20 years of clean
20 years of cleanBut I got to get me out of here
This place is full of dirty old men
And the navigators with their mappy maps
And moldy heads and pissing on sugarcubesI got to get me out of here
This place is full of dirty old men
And the navigators with their mappy maps
And moldy heads and pissing on sugarcubesWhile you stare at your boots
And the words float out like holograms
And the words float out like holograms
And the words float out like holograms
They say, feel the waltz, feel the waltz
Come on, baby, baby, now feel the waltz
Feel the waltz, feel the waltz
Come on, baby, baby, now feel the waltz
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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