

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'll end
So we better go, we better go when it begins

The earth will shake as the mountains crack
And all that's taken is given back
The Golden Age is coming round the bend
Just roll with it baby
Let go and shake a little tail feather
Go with it, just roll with it baby
Let go

And all the things that held us back
That drained us like an hourglass
Will 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 mold
We'll rise to the top, we'll never drop, out in the cold

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