

Mayfield

Augustana

Remember back when seasons don't change
Late December winds bringin pain, back to me...
and I've been closing these doors for days
the sky is fallin down on my grave...

oh are we gonna make it?

South Pacific's whiskey and sin, now honey,
these angels got me talking again, jump slowly
gently as the breakin waves, I'm flying,
the tide closing in on my face...