

## Low Season

Bob Mould

The coldest wind rushes through the broken window  
Leaves they scatter in the breeze  
Winter come so soon, time to gather for the freeze

I brace my back, waiting for the fall  
When I slip up and spill it all  
Kite so high, sink so low  
Down the drain the magic goes

Low season turn the sunlight down  
No reason left to stay around  
Low season in the frozen ground

Pull the poison out, drink the pain away  
Chances that I wasted in my unforgiving days  
You were always there to bleed my spirit dry

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I couldn't tell what life was for  
Getting high doesn't do it anymore  
Welcome to the end of the show that never ends

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