

# Winter Wasteland

## Make Do and Mend

The sun is coming up in the Monday sky,  
And I could toss and turn until these sheets caught fire.  
It's an eight-semester game of chance  
In this lonely room with these empty hands;  
Eight AM is the last thing on my mind.

But I, I can count the ways  
We let the minutes slip from our hands  
In this dorm room dance of days.  
And I, I think it's safe to say  
That we let the good days get away.

Where were your arms when the wind was so cold?  
Where were your hands when the time was so hard to hold?  
I'm coming undone thirty-five miles from home,  
On this winter-campus wasteland all alone.

Hum the bars to the saddest songs.  
Look in the mirror and wonder what went wrong,  
The handsome kid the pictures show is gone.  
Now Willimantic's got her cold teeth in me,  
Sucking dry the dude I used to be back then.  
I know the rules; I set the trap that snared me.  
I failed the test of time and time again.

Where were your arms when the wind was so cold?  
Where were your hands when the time was so hard to hold?  
I'm coming undone thirty-five miles from home,  
On this winter-campus wasteland all alone.

And I, I can't count the ways  
That we let the good days get away.

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