

leaves are reminders  
the small fallen signpost  
you are going cold  
under the bleachers  
you can't hide forever  
the air has grown old  
what you wanted to say  
has now all blown away

frozen the dirt roads  
the ruts become guides and you're mind you're confined  
stumbling backwards  
to where you'll end up and it's all been defined  
it's the force of the cold and the chances you've sold  
and I'm killing this time but it's not really mine

don't give me the wide eyes and act like you don't know  
these small towns have ways of making you feel sorry  
don't tell me, i know

i'm off

pulling your hair and you don't seem to care  
you're no fun anymore  
blaming the brown of the sky and the ground  
you're so easily bored  
it's the force of the cold  
and the chances you've sold  
and i'm killing this time but it's not really mine

don't give the wide eyes and act like you don't know  
these small towns have ways of making you feel sorry  
don't tell me, i know