

It's cold and snow's actually on the ground
of this no-snow town,
and instead of cars
the street's trafficking in sleds.
Men become boys again

There's a war on the corner
with no guaranteed winner.
It's just a snowfall of snowballs-
evidence of the winter.

And I can feel my hands again.
We're almost home.

It's 2 PM and our snow is falling still
as our good city lay still.
And our friends are packed
around some no smoking bar
warming on alcohol.
We step into the silence,
yeah, we step slowly and quiet.

All boys come on and girls join up,
just don't grow old.
All boys come on and girls join up,
we're almost home.

This is all we want:
Time to be with us,
a home to lift the cold.

Still cold, the snow's turning into rain
and melting away.
And all these days slip by us,
so let's keep them.