

## 20 Years of Snow

Regina Spektor

He's a wounded animal  
He lives in a matchbox  
He's a wounded animal  
And he's been coming around here

He's a dying breed  
He's a dying breed

His daughter is twenty years of snow falling  
She's twenty years of strangers looking into each other's eyes  
She's twenty years of clean  
She never truly hated anyone or anything

She's a dying breed  
She's a dying breed

She says I'd prefer the moss  
I'd prefer the mouth  
A baby of the swamps  
A baby of the south  
I'm twenty years of clean  
And I never truly hated anyone or anything  
Twenty years of clean  
Twenty years of clean

But I got to get me out of here  
This place is full of dirty old men  
And the navigators with their mappy maps  
And moldy heads and pissing on sugarcubes

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While you stare at your boots  
And the words float out like holograms  
And the words float out like holograms  
And the words float out like holograms  
They say, feel the waltz, feel the waltz  
Come on, baby, baby, now feel the waltz  
Feel the waltz, feel the waltz  
Come on, baby, baby, now feel the waltz