

January White

Sleeping at Last

So let's press undo.
Rearrange the old and call it new-
January white.

Every calendar is playing the same old trick:
A year will disappear, replaced with counterfeit
But we'll never really mind.

'cause if nothing else, we're given a little time
To change the game, a chance to redefine
Everything we are,
In our january white.

This year is a sealed envelope,
A culmination of hopes,
The lottery result that we've been crossing fingers for.

We could paint our walls a lighter shade of blue,
Or we could pack our bags and change the entire view
To january white.

If nothing else, we're given a little time
To change the heart in which we change our minds;
Our hourglasses turn.

This year is a sealed envelope;
With apprehensive hope
We brace for anything.
I swear, I understand that nothing changes that,
The past will be the past,
But the future is brighter than any flashback.

Well, we could let our guards down a little easier this time,
We could trust that when there's joy, there's nothing dark behind.
In spite of history,
Hope is january white.

This year, we're starting over again
Letter openers in hand,
A chance to take a chance.
I swear, I understand that the past will be the past,
And nothing changes that,
But the future is brighter than any flashback.