

## 34 Winters

The Badlees

an end  
A suburban catastrophe  
It's time to start mourning the death  
of a friend  
Standing in front of me  
And I can't stop the hatred that wells  
up inside  
As I look for a glimmer in his vacant  
eyes  
And I can't do a damn thing cause I  
can't feel a damn thing  
With a hole in my heart that's a thousand  
miles wide  
Chorus  
Cause the smile has left his face  
The portrait of happiness he can't retrace  
Gone is the love that once lived there  
It's cold as a stone  
At late I performed with trembling hands  
but the parts don't seem to fit  
And these 34 winters haven't left him as cold  
as this one conversation did  
And I don't understand, eyes open wide  
How you can see love so clearly but it still  
leaves you blind  
And I can't do a damn thing cause I can't  
say a damn thing  
And I can't stop this woman from pushing him  
aside  
Chorus  
Life as we know it has come to an end  
Nothing can be the same