

## A Better Place

The dB's

It won't snow at fifteen below  
What do you know  
That looks like  
Winter moving faster this year  
Fall disappeared  
Leaving me to fend off winter myself  
I know where I'd rather be  
But no one asked me

There must be a better place  
There must be a better way  
I can't stand to hear you say  
These are the good old days

Cards and letters postmarked from you  
And your ocean view  
Summer where you are  
And I'm not and patently so  
Snowshoes are slow  
Plus I've got no great desire to  
Catch a jet and get there quite yet  
With my shoes soaking wet

There must be a better place  
There must be a better way  
I can't stand to hear you say  
These are the good old days

Take me with you, I'm beggin' please  
Take me with you before I freeze

I know where it's warmest to be  
Undoubtedly  
In your arms

It beats hell out of flapping my own  
When I'm chilled to the bone

There must be a better place  
There must be a better way  
God I hate to hear you say  
These are the good old days

There must be a better place  
There must be a better way  
There must be a better  
There must be a better