

The Last Of The Melting Snow

The Leisure Society

Wait all year for the parting shot for the epilogue
For the moment when it stops and the days fade away

In no doubt that as i leave this town, i will not return
for i haven't got the room in my head for these things.

And America seems an awful long way to go
as we hide ourselves in the last of the melting snow

So we find in the fading light of the winter time that
there's nothing left to try, all is best left unsaid

And America seems an awful long way to go, as we hide
ourselves in the last of the melting snow

In the last of the melting snow,
In the last of the melting snow,