

## The Blizzard of '96

The Walkmen

Windows close just like my eyelids as I'm sleeping, Lift  
the blinds up slowly, let the night in. We've begun to  
work things out again. There's no other way around it.  
Windows close just like your ear drum, as I'm saying,  
Lets forget those things I did this winter. We've begun  
to work things out again, There's no other way around it.