

New Florence

This Time Next Year

New florence, can you get more cold?
It's days this still
When it doesn't feel like home
To hell with five more gravestones
In this ghost run town
In my dreams it snowed the ashes
As it all burned down
What's this? Is it luck?
The song is proof that it's not
Hey! Hey!
Hurry Baltimore, put my mind at ease
Let me sleep until the sun or cold awakens me
Stuck streets
Looking from the second story
Of our home out east
There are days too low
And thoughts grow cold
And days I fear we'll end up alone
And I don't know how to leave