

Best Winter

Tom McRae

It's the best winter I remember,
it's the best winter I remember.

Chasing through the cold December nights,
one foot on the sidewalk, one foot in the sky.
Slide in through the doors of a darkened church,
cold heart beating like a hummingbird.

It's the best winter I remember,
it's the best winter I remember.

Singing with no shame in this broken choir,
songs to save you from the fire,
home before the liquor and echoes fade,
sleeping in the shadow of the Empire State.

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