

Walking outside the gates of winter cemetery.
I wonder when my time will be spent beneath the dirt and leaves
. . .
As uplifting as that sounds, I'm not about to lay down and die.
Still my heart beats to the tune of my uncertainty.
So I try to make the most of my short time here.
These run down side streets are dead ends of my insecurities.
So I try to make the most my short time here.
Our headstones won't tell the story.
They'll just engrave the ending.
(The end of you and me)
What difference will it make.
(Still my heart beats.)
What will become of us.
(Still my heart beats.)
What difference will it make.
(Still my heart beats.)
What will come of us.
Walking outside of the gates of winter cemetery.
I wonder when my time will be to sleep beneath the dirt and leaves.
As uplifting as that sounds, I'm not about to lay down and die.
Just keep your eyes on the door.
I'll have an ear to the ground.
(I'm not about to lay down and die.)
(I'm not about to settle now.)
Just keep your eyes on the door.
I'll have an ear to the ground and
We'll be gone before the dust can settle.