

# 20 Years of Snow

Regina Spektor

He's a wounded animal  
He lives in a matchbox  
He's a wounded animal  
And he's been coming around here  
He's a dying breed  
He's a dying breed  
His daughter is 20 years of snow falling  
She's 20 years of strangers looking into each other's eyes  
She's 20 years of clean  
She never truly hated anyone or anything  
She's a dying breed  
She's a dying breed  
She says I'd prefer the moss  
I'd prefer the mouth  
A baby of the swamps  
A baby of the south  
I'm 20 years of clean  
And I never truly hated anyone or anything  
20 years of clean  
20 years of clean  
But I got to get me out of here  
This place is full of dirty old men  
And the navigators with their mappy maps  
And moldy heads and pissing on sugarcubes  
I got to get me out of here  
This place is full of dirty old men  
And the navigators with their mappy maps  
And moldy heads and pissing on sugarcubes  
While you stare at your boots  
And the words float out like holograms  
And the words float out like holograms  
And the words float out like holograms  
They say, feel the waltz, feel the waltz  
Come on, baby, baby, now feel the waltz  
Feel the waltz, feel the waltz  
Come on, baby, baby, now feel the waltz

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