

## Cornell Chris

### "Seasons"

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Sullen nights and long warm days  
Stolen as the old moon calls  
Mirror shows another face  
Another place to hide it all  
Another place to hide it all  
I'm lost behind the words I'll never find  
I'm left behind as the seasons roll on by  
Sleeping with a full moon blanket  
Seven feathers for my head  
Dreams have never been the answer  
Dreams have never made my bed  
Dreams have never made my bed  
I'm lost behind words I'll never find  
I'm left behind as the seasons roll on by  
Well I wanna fly above the storm  
But you clip my feathers in the rain  
And the naked floor is cold as hell  
The naked floor reminds me  
The naked floor reminds me  
The naked floor reminds me  
That I'm lost behind words I'll never find  
And I'm left behind as the seasons roll on by  
If I should be short on words and  
long on things to say,  
Could you crawl into my world,  
and take me worlds away?  
Should I be beside myself  
when I even stay?  
And I'm lost behind words I'll never find  
And I'm left behind as the seasons roll on by.

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