

Justin Vernon

"March"

Visit "[March](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Norwegian Coffee, Melting Mud,
And a winter that just lingers on,
I'm wondering when enough is enough,
Sleeping eating packets underneath your coughs,
And time keeps plowing on, it's a march,
and by 5 o'clock it's already dark,
I'm seeing you see everyone but me,
Watching you get drunk, makes me want to be,

Honey be my little sun,
When we aint getting none,
And cup your hands round a match,
and fasten up your last jacket latch,
stand and sway with me,
In the dark cold loneliness breeze.

Familiar death, is marking miles,
and there's a fleeting sense of restoration,
the essence snow left bruises on your knees,
and the heaters blown, but it don't blow with ease,
And months wont move, we are stuck
And the rolling quiet of this little truck
White sand bags are weighing down the back,
where the skeletons of Christmas still lay in plastic
sacks

Honey be my little sun,
When we aint getting none,
And cup your hands round a match,
and fasten up your last jacket latch,
stand and sway with me,
In the dark cold loneliness breeze.
In the dark cold loneliness breeze.

Visit [Justin Vernon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.