

Alexis Y Fido**"Crisis"**

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YEAH!

This town is going under.

The temperature's through the floor
Your fingers are turning black
There's a crisis knocking at your door

One nine seven seven
One nine seven seven

You had better try to make it home
The snow is getting too deep to drive
Your car might be your coffin

One nine seven seven
One nine seven seven

We're never gonna see the summer,
This season is coming, long and hard.
Yeah this town is going under
This season's going to kill us all.

Catch the snowflakes little children
Count them as they bury you alive
Count them as they choke the road ways
A blizzard's coming in the year punk died

One nine seven seven

This season has left us all helpless
I can't see and even God is blind
And deaf to all your prayers

One nine seven seven
One nine seven seven

There's nothing that you can do
The weathers stronger than us all
The sky is going to crush you

One nine seven seven
One nine seven seven

This season's growing cold
I fear that this could be the end
There's no sign of hope
We've got a crisis on our hands.

The junkie is stuck indoors
Pretty soon he's gonna need a fix
But the weather's not gonna let him
He's starting to get the itch

The season's holding us all hostage
Better do whatever it demands
Nature knows that we've got a crisis
Weighing on our frost bitten hands

(One)
There's nothing that you can do
The sky is gonna crush you.

(Nine)
There's nothing that you can do
The sky is gonna crush you.

(Seven)
There's nothing that you can do
The sky is gonna crush you.

(Seven)
There's nothing that you can do
The sky is gonna crush you.

This season's growing cold
I fear that this could be the end
And there's no sign of hope
We've got a crisis on our hands.

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