

## **Brett Anderson**

### **"Frozen Roads"**

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And the snow in February falls, painting winter hollow  
And the fields they are an empty sigh, and the hills are  
like sorrow  
And the hills are like sorrow

And your sun will rise again, and your moon will fall  
And your sun will rise again, and your moon will fall  
And your moon will fall

And I found the answer sitting there, worth more than  
money  
In the tangle of your angel hair, in your lips like honey

And we were born muddled, but it was meant to be  
And we were born muddled, but it was meant to be  
It was meant to be

And your sun will rise again, and your moon will fall  
And our sun will rise again, and our moon will fall  
And our moon will fall

And the snow in February falls, painting winter colours  
And the landscape is an empty sigh, and the hills are  
like sorrow

Through the endless rage, on the frozen roads  
On the frozen roads

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