

Cartel **"Luckie St."**

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Let's count the days
Until winter comes our way
We're all tired and ready to breathe
And there's a rumor

That there's a bitter cold chill in the air
It's haunting every breath we take
The hint of alcohol and nicotine
It keeps us warm inside

So all your fashion sense aware
The sweaters unfold themselves
And we are all alone
But we're better off by ourselves

It's time to roll the windows down
And feel the cold air all around
And we are heading out of town
And not a thing can stop us now
Get carried away

Let's think about
All those nights on Luckie Street
We stayed up 'til 3 am
With all the gossip and the latest girls

There's a bitter cold chill in the air
It's haunting every breath we take
The hint of alcohol and nicotine
It keeps us warm inside

So all your fashion sense aware
The sweaters unfold themselves
And we are all alone
But we're better off by ourselves

It's time to roll the windows down
And feel the cold air all around
We are heading out of town
And not a thing can stop us now
Get carried a

This winter is much like all the rest
This season's changed
Since we've been away
This winter is much like all the rest

It's time to roll the windows down
And feel the cold air all around
And we are heading out of town
And not a thing can stop us now

Get carried away
(It's time to roll the windows down)
Get carried away
(And feel the cold air all around)

Get carried away
(And we are heading out of town)
Get carried away
(And not a thing can stop us now)

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