

Cartel "Luckie Street"

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Let's count the days till winter comes our way
And 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 keeps us warm inside.
So all your fashion sense aware, the sweaters unfold
themselves.

We are all alone, but we're better off by ourselves.

Well 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 away.

Let's think about all the nights on Luckie Street

We stayed up till 3 am.

With all the gossip and the latest girls.

There's a bitter cold chill in the air.

It's haunting every breath take.

The hint of alcohol and nicotine, it keeps us warm
inside.

So all your fashion sense aware, the sweaters unfold
themselves.

We are all alone, but we're better off by ourselves.

Well 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.

We are heading out of town and not a thing can stop us
now.

Get carried away

Get carried away

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