

## Dogs "Winston Smith"

Visit "[Winston Smith](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

You might see, snow drenched roof tops  
A stalagmite falls to the alley like an arrow from cupid  
intoo yo, The world has stopped  
And it's pretty as a picture

You might not notice  
How cold it gets when the gin runs out and history  
is born again  
You can't even think  
How you wanna be with her

Well here we are darling, Jam never tasted so good  
Nothing ever felt so warm as you, above this old  
world shop  
With it's old world trinkets  
But how dare we even think it

When there's a cardboard box  
With shivering feet full of distant memories and  
nearby fantasies  
Of good heels and chasmere socks  
There's a cold war on thee world

That's what i heard

I opened up  
Told her i'm lonely  
I said dont you know me  
She said who're you talking to?  
Her memory's faded  
Irradicated  
She's been infiltrated  
But oh how i waited  
Because i know there's something  
I just can't get to it  
I wasted years  
How i held you near  
I tasted fear  
But how i helf you near  
And i fought the combine  
Until they let me outside  
Where it was pretty as a picture

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.