

Grown Ups

"Six More Weeks Of Winter"

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There's a sound of a rhythm that began and came and went.

There's a spirit that's escaping from my basement.

As above, so below.

First house around the corner.

She says, "I wish it were warmer, so I don't have to keep track of my coat."

And if you haven't heard by now, I'm sure you just forgot to try how.

And if you haven't heard by now, I'm sure you just forgot to get out.

Armed with one flashlight and a bag of wine,

I'll leave this night to find it's own way out,

Out of this desperation,

Out of these walls we're raising that never keep: they just surround.

And the more I try, they grow twice as high.

I could never talk them down.

And if you haven't heard by now, I'm sure you just forgot to try how.

And if you haven't heard by now, I'm sure you just forgot to get out.

I'm turning lead into gold.

Write this down, count me out.

I can't perceive.

I can't predict the storms I haven't suffered yet.

How many stones should I throw into this well

Before I can walk across this well's mouth?

You said it was a noble cause:

I ran into a lion's jaws—

A journey I wish never saw it's start.

I stumbled over teeth and tongue.

I waved goodbye to everyone.

I went to pitch a tent inside it's heart.

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