

Hilltop Hoods

"What The Seasons Change"

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I once knew this man who was cursed from birth
Destined to stagger through at life just to earn his
worth
In one turn of the earth this story takes its place
Upon the summer shores of nowhere the place that he
makes
His home he returns alone from a long day
Having lost his job and soon his house and fiancé
The wrong way to turn was the path that he took
He pissed his savings up the wall and on the grass he
was hooked
The path that he took for granted had messed with his
sight
See he missed the finer points such as lessons in life
It was his wed-to-be wife that brought the cool in his
heart
And by the time the autumn came, things were falling
apart

Things were falling apart (x3)

So now hes standing in the Dole queue
This girl with the face of an angel
Sees hes looking down but she has a way to sustain all
It comes in a powder form and its good for healing
scars
But healing scars comes at the cost of rolling till's and
stealing cars
Feeling far from obliged he follows her lead
Down a beaten path where the homeless wallow in seed
Swallows his need for pride he cant hold his thin weight
So finds himself in a church to control his intake
Being judged by this father for trying to pave his way
He looks him in the eyes and asks 'hows your faith
these days?'
I strive for betterment, he replies in tones with
sentiment
'But I lost all faith in this God that I once saw heaven
sent'
He never meant to destroy all the things that he came
across
Its the sour taste of defeat on the street now all aim is

lost

The pain and cost, for his mistakes

But never even really a sinner, its gonna be a long
winter

Its gonna be a long winter (x2)

His frail body shudders as the winter wind passes
through him

Thinking of all the people in his past that knew him, the
shaft has screwed him

His heart is brewin for knowing what he must do

Is seek shelter and aid from the love he once knew

One last shot for courage hits him then his eyes are
blood red

Inside he sees a man living the life he once led

Forfeits in to the anger and torture within

He decides to pay back mankind for her sins

Jumps in his stolen car, grabs a needle from the glove
box

Deciding that he never even really knew what love was

He kicks in the front door to catch em' havin' sex

Slams him to the floor then stabs her in the neck

She kicks and she screams so he beats her till shes
slack-mouthed

Realising what he's done he stands dumbfounded,
smacked out

Blacks out. Awakens in a holding cell knowing he cant
see

Hope tomorrow is Spring

Time for regrowth (x3)

So with the first light of spring an officer removes his
chains

His mood is pained as he re-enters the world his vision
true again

Takes a step and says in a divine statement

'Anything lost can be found again except for time
wasted'

He's right adjacent on a path to heal himself

Kicks the habit before he kills himself and feels his
health

Returning in the mental and physical his intention to
kick it all

Though a struggle when prevention is visable

Redemption isnt all its cracked up to be

He decides as he dreams of smackin up a key

On the brink of life or loss

Not knowing what he's holding

So before he fucks it up again somebody should have
told him
No matter your status, fact is we all been humble
No matter the foundation all solid things can crumble
No matter the strength or length something sustained
It never stays the same thats simply what the seasons
change
No matter your status, fact is we all been humble (UH)
No matter the foundation all solid things can crumble
No matter the strength or length something sustained
It never stays the same...
Thats simply what the seasons change

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