

Jack Blanchard & Misty Morgan "There Must Be More To Life"

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Sky full of factory smoke stacks hot cinders paint the
snow black
Turn up my callar to the cold
My old boots're wet and dirty missed my bus at 7:30
Ah there must be more to life than growing old
Each day seems like the last one each year just like the
past one
As if they're stamped on from the mold
Somehow it seems to be the only change is you and me
There must be more to life than growing old
There must be more to life than growing old
What happened to the dreams we used to hold

We never asked for cities paved with gold there must
be more to life than growing old
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be more to life than growing old
There must be more to life than growing old

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