

Jonas Friedman**"Avalanche"**

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So what's the point of getting so excited?
This will all be over so soon
The lips and looks that you have so much pride in
Will be the first to go
I'm gonna hate to see you
With a face like slate wiped clean
But make no mistake, this is no fresh start
I know this hard
This is the way it's always been
This is the way it always has to be
But what's the point of getting so excited?

I know you're waiting
But what are you waiting on?
I won't keep secrets
I'll write them all in songs
So you keep waiting
As restless as an avalanche

Skin drips from cheekbones
Dry lips smile and crack
Miracles are made in white rooms so
A mended spine can lift a broken back
But what's the point of getting so excited?

I know you're waiting,
But what are you waiting on?
I won't keep secrets
I'll write them all in songs
So you keep waiting
As restless as an avalanche

Everyone writes songs about California
They're singing for the summer
And staying young
I'm singing about Carolina
Because I write songs for you

I know you're waiting,
But what are you waiting on?
I won't keep secrets

I'll write them all in songs
So you keep waiting
As restless as an avalanche

So we keep waiting (So we keep waiting)
So we keep waiting (So we keep waiting)
As restless as an avalanche

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