

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Thieves In Blue"

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Forever
An escapade escaping
A senseless winter's weeping
Whiteless whispers keeping
A frozen stare

I fear
It doesn't end here with a grin
Her eyes to stir from a dreamless sleep

Her silver
Fingers of December
Sting on the skinless waters
To ebb the sound of laughter

Another day

I fear
It doesn't end here with a grin
She sleeps forevermore

Under cover of the fallen snow
Filigree and pale, ashen scent
Frost and chill as the breath to slow
(And crimson bells)
The wind it quells winter's sad lament

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