

Minus

"Hooray!"

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Its cold and snow's actually on the ground of this no-
snow town.
And instead of cars, street's trafficking in sleds.
Men become boys again.
And there's a war on the corner with no guaranteed
winner.
Its just a snow fall of snow balls, evidence of the winter.

And i can feel my hands again.
We're almost home.

It's 2 pm and our snow is falling still as our good city
lay still.
And our friends are packed around some no smoking
bar
Warming on alcohol.
We step into the silence, yeah, AND we step slowly and
quiet.

All boys come on and girls join up
Just don't grow old.
All boys come on and girls join up
We're almost home

This is all we want:
Time to be with us,
A home to lift the cold.

Still cold, the snow's turning into rain and melting away
and
All these days slip by us
So let's keep them.

All boys come on and girls join up
Just don't grow old.
All boys come on and girls join up
We're almost home

All boys come on and girls join up
Just don't grow old.
All boys come on and girls join up

We're almost home

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