

## Nada

### "Blizzard Of"

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In blizzard of '77  
The cars were just lumps on the snow  
And then later  
Tripping in 7-11  
The shelves were stretching out of control  
On a plane ride  
The more it shakes  
The more i have to let go  
Now the signals  
Still getting all mixed up  
We're always doing damage control  
But in the middle of the night i worry  
It's blurry even without light  
I know i have got a negative edge  
That's why i sharpen all the others a lot  
It's like flowers or ladybugs  
Pretty weeds or red beetles with dots  
(chorus)  
I miss you more than i knew  
(repeat)

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