

## Squirtgun "Frederick's Frost"

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He's sitting frozen with mud on his feet in Indiana  
And his blue skin plays a January song  
His mind a-wanders to the sunshine he's been missing  
in the white room.

She stared at his brisket eyes so long  
A lonely snowman, he figures and he calculates her  
body  
And life's brevity assures him that it won't last long.

He's got days  
Days and says  
Iceman fight in my head  
Frederick's Frost

He thinks about her lovely nametag as he shivers by  
the birdbath  
Bromide poison concentrated dull  
He's got lots of pictures of her he could show you,  
But he has concroid pitches in his skull

Turned loose from the cage.  
He's a lion with an illness  
And every rose he touches folds and turns to glass.

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