

## **This Time Next Year**

### **"New Florence"**

Visit "[New Florence](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

New florence, can you get more cold?  
It's days this still  
When it doesn't feel like home  
To hell with five more gravestones  
In this ghost run town  
In my dreams it snowed the ashes  
As it all burned down  
What's this? Is it luck?  
The song is proof that it's not  
Hey! Hey!  
Hurry Baltimore, put my mind at ease  
Let me sleep until the sun or cold awakens me  
Stuck streets  
Looking from the second story  
Of our home out east  
There are days too low  
And thoughts grow cold  
And days I fear we'll end up alone  
And I don't know how to leave

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