

## Upper Class Trash "Winter's Over"

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It was her last words, as she walked out.  
His hope soon did start to fall.  
Another damn break-up, like the last one.  
He can't seem to see it's his fault.

It's the weekend but it still feels like it's Monday.  
You've been gone out on your own,  
You've forgotten everything you were.  
I remember, last December when you said,  
It's meant to be, the winter air cooled us so easily.  
Joined with shadows, were outside,  
And everything is fine.  
Until I get that note from your hand.  
I take in a deep breathe and wish for us the best.  
As we depart, we were close,  
But now it's gone just too far... too far...

No decking halls, no Christmas at all this year.  
And no hand for mine, no-one by my side.  
I'm cold this year.

"Our fires dieing, were expired,"  
That's exactly what she said to me,  
As we walked into the snow that night.  
Last I heard, she's doing well,  
This winters cold as hell without your touch.  
Nothing can keep me warm like your smile.  
I'm drowning in my room, there's nothing I can do.  
Cuz' when I reach out my hand,  
Your not there... not there...

No decking halls, no Christmas at all this year.  
And no hand for mine, no-one by my side.  
I'm cold this year.

Winter's over now.

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