

Cribs, The "Last Year's Snow"

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Oh Glass Beach, you know nothing of me
And I sense no curiosity
Amuse yourself with feelings of how
Like Libra you're growing fainter now

Like yesterday's bouquet
Looks a little sad today

Confusion I'll greet like an old friend
As tonight they set me right
In the end I will be forgotten
As tonight they set me right

So here's one for all the cynics then:
Hate me for what I've done, not for my idiot children

I want to think you won't
Remember me like last year's snow

Confusion I'll greet like an old friend
As tonight they set me right
In the end I will be forgotten
As tonight they set me right

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