

THOMAS DYBDAHL**"This Year"**

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Here comes wintertime
Like a long and dark night
Man, I feel so unprepared this time
No stored heat, just the smell of deceit and defeat
Rolled into one and then put on repeat
I really need to get a hold of myself
If I'm to get back on my feet

Cause this year I got my heart broken
My fears awoken
My beliefs shaken
And my dignity taken
But am I wrong to assume that the world is absurd
When religion comes first and knowledge comes third
And there's a fast river
That's a slow killer
And cause for bonuses at Pfizer
But advice that she won't get her pills if we don't pay
her bills
And it's a sad story but greed is our top skill

So far so good
Except for a vague feeling that I should not expect calls
Family dinners, long vacations or pictures on bedroom
walls
These are things I really don't need at all
I just hope she's a

Heartbreaker
A soulshaker
And a lovmaker
Or a damn good faker
Cause I really don't care about these little things
That make a household work
Or make her things ring

And it's a long story with no glory
Just mistaken for an undertaking that doesn't need
replicating
Oh, these are things I really don't need at all

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