Avalanche

Chris Trapper

Starting to feel better
Bring on the weather
I feel we're prepared for anything

Boatloads of lightning
Fire-fighting
Electric cinema in the air

We are the ones who are never afraid
We need no rehearsal to dance
We're well aware this may be our last chance
So bring on the avalanche, bring on the avalanche

Soon to be forgotten
Old and running
A box of bones buried underground

Like numbers on a racecar
Rusted in the junkyard
With weeds in the wheels that say "Superstar"

We are the ones who are never afraid
We need no rehearsal to dance
We're well aware this may be our last chance
So bring on the avalanche, bring on the avalanche

We are the ones, it seems, everyone comes to
To find a direction to go
The over-and-under as our work is done here
But we'll be the last ones to know

Sat in a small town
Lost in a big town
And the in-between isn't anything

TV's and traffic jams
A slick traveling salesmen
Says "What is disposable?" Everything

We are the ones who are never afraid
We need no rehearsal to dance
We're well aware this may be our last chance
So bring on the avalanche, bring on the avalanche
Bring on the avalanche, bring on the avalanche

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