

Cold Spell

Orleans

Signs are in the air
We spent it all too quickly
No one seems to care
Until there cup is empty

We fought and we survived
To find we are too many
And now there's no more
Left to pour
From the horn of plenty

Well the summer lulled us
Into dreams
And we didn't plan ahead
Too well
Now it looks like were in
For a long
Cold spell

Tell me what you see
Underneath your microscope
Tell me what you hear
In your giant telescope
I would like to know
If there's something to my fear
That we'll be fossil fuel
In another million years

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