

A Better Place

The dB's

It won't snow at fifteen below
What do you know
That looks like
Winter moving faster this year
Fall disappeared
Leaving me to fend off winter myself
I know where I'd rather be
But no one asked me

There must be a better place
There must be a better way
I can't stand to hear you say
These are the good old days

Cards and letters postmarked from you
And your ocean view
Summer where you are
And I'm not and patently so
Snowshoes are slow
Plus I've got no great desire to
Catch a jet and get there quite yet
With my shoes soaking wet

There must be a better place
There must be a better way
I can't stand to hear you say
These are the good old days

Take me with you, I'm beggin' please
Take me with you before I freeze

I know where it's warmest to be
Undoubtedly
In your arms

It beats hell out of flapping my own
When I'm chilled to the bone

There must be a better place
There must be a better way
God I hate to hear you say
These are the good old days

There must be a better place
There must be a better way
There must be a better
There must be a better