

100 Years

Typhoon

I call my name in the summer
Two-thousand and two
To the trunk of a great tree I lay down under
And soon I fell asleep
For a hundred years
Next thing I knew
I awoke in the future

Entire cities of old folks homes
In every household a hospital bed for everyone
They laid me down and they stripped my clothes
They gave me a shirt that says
"I survived my own life."

It was cold
It was cold
It was cold

It was cold
It was cold
It was cold

They found our limbs caused us too much pain
Oh, so they cut off my arms
And they cut off my legs
Now I'm wanderin' around and I feel out of place
I would like to go back to

I told you
I told you
I have nothing left with which to hold you
I lean up against you
We need heat where we're gonna go

I have been there
I should know that

It was cold
It was cold
It was cold

It was cold
It was cold
It was cold

We were old
We were old
We were shedding our skins
Like some cold blooded animals
All looking for love in the mirror but you know

That you're on your own
You keep yourself
You live alone

It was cold
It was cold

It was cold