

Jump Little Children, Matchbox Whistler

Bring in the light wood, the sun is all dry
The matchbox whistler is all cheeks and smiles
From a walk in the snow with smoke in the sky.

Hand over hand with ears in the wool
Quick, close the door 'cause the winter is cruel
I saved your life once, now don't you be a fool.

Remember the ashes
Remember the black
Remember the oak walking stick in your back
Remember the knife and the blue steel stars
He ran away cold and left you at the bar.

The oven is hot and your supper is free
So take off your boots and I'll put on the tea
'Cause it's no easy hike through those city streets.

Hat on the nail, the old dusty black
Is saved for your brother if he ever comes back
But he's gone, and he's gone down his lonely track.

Remember the cold, the snow, and the moon
The crowds inside with liquor in their tune
Remember his breath and the hatred it kept
He ran away cold and left you on the step.

Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you.

He'd wait in the trees as a boy yea high
With peace and quiet as a cloud in the sky
And he'd wait for the sparrows until the sun was dry.

Remember the dark, remember the light
The cold of the snow, the heat of the flight
I remember it all and I'm really quiet sure
He ran away cold and left you at the door.

Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you.

Bring in the light wood, the sun is all dry
Whistle a tune as you light up the fire
'Cause the snow's on the ground
And the smoke's in the sky.