

# Matt Pond PA, Flying Through The Scenery

the orange of the fire - the catch of the barbed wire  
running through the woods can cost - across your chest your breath you've lost

we got here by back roads - the turns the breaks the hills that roll  
seconds i would realize I never want to close my eyes  
and here we are - we're flying through the scenery

i hope you turn your head - to see the moon has set  
miss it every time it goes - the further on the less i know