

Matt Pond PA, Night's End

the window's down
your hair whipped my face
adjust the sound

those cigarettes
will kill you someday
not today

to reach the river before dark
the only thought was how fast you got in
the night's end

running on the rocks
i'd slip but not care
somehow were soft

there's enough here
no one has to worry
the coast is clear

lighting fires
your eyes rolled back
the day seems like it's too much to pretend
the night's end

nothing beyond the river bend
passed out in fields
the morning light will mend you

the night's end