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