

The Staves, Winter Trees

White winter trees
Covered in snow
I don't mind
I don't mind
I think of you now
Here in the cold
You won't mind
You won't know
But I never meant to say
Any of those things
Oh I never meant to tell you how
To be or how to think
Oh I was wrong
Heavy of heart
Weary of soul
You won't mind
You won't mind
I think of him now
Fathoms below
You won't mind
You won't know
But I never meant to say
Any of those things
Words can sound so cruel
When you speak before you think
Oh I was wrong
But you didn't understand
That my heart was in your hands
You were so blind
Blind
I promised you that I'd never let you down
Oh but I couldn't love you any less than now
And I promised you that I'd never let you down
Oh but I couldn't love you any less than I do now
And I lost myself on that November night
White winter trees
Covered in snow
I don't mind