Matt Pond PA, A Part Of The Woods

i got lost in a part of the woods
far from another
cut the line between light and the good
out of color

when we breathe
we can see the stare
seems you're not quite there
and we've never done anything wrong

i've betrayed the whole concept of ground
right there for standing
understand though i can't see what's sound
got branches waving

deep in the dark woods
to stand where no one's stood

when we move
we're slow and cold
if we're led then we don't have to think about what we've done

streams come on
and give all of themselves
i'd like to lie there
that was you in a part of the woods
now we act like strangers