

Matt Pond PA, New Fall

leaves are reminders
the small fallen signpost
you are going cold
under the bleachers
you can't hide forever
the air has grown old
what you wanted to say
has now all blown away

frozen the dirt roads
the ruts become guides and you're mind you're confined
stumbling backwards
to where you'll end up and it's all been defined
it's the force of the cold and the chances you've sold
and I'm killing this time but it's not really mine

don't give me the wide eyes and act like you don't know
these small towns have ways of making you feel sorry
don't tell me, i know

i'm off

pulling your hair and you don't seem to care
you're no fun anymore
blaming the brown of the sky and the ground
you're so easily bored
it's the force of the cold
and the chances you've sold
and i'm killing this time but it's not really mine

don't give the wide eyes and act like you don't know
these small towns have ways of making you feel sorry
don't tell me, i know