

Matt Pond PA, New Hampshire

i saw a modest dream
the kind that cant speak up
and lost before its let out
in the north we hold our tongues

but down here i believe
when you pull your hair back its so easy to see
this has not been thought through
there are things that weve done that we cannot undo
there are things i cant hear when were telling the truth

at a table out in bethel
when i was thirteen
the criminals were saying
liked how i was silent

the cold was the container
for the sparseness of our speech
the expression in our hands
was all that wed need

but down here i believe
that i made a big deal with a girl that cant bleed
now I see red and black
and evening that kills i want to take it back
an evening that kills and i cant take it back

im going home back to new hampshire
im so determined
to lay in lakes and see my sisters
i will hit my brother and hold my mother

this probably wont work out
we might not live forever
while theres nothing to confess
please pay attention

and i know that its brief
theres not nearly enough in one night to have seen
what you had in your hand
was much more than the gold that i let go to grab
so much more than the gold that i let go to grab