

# Matt Pond PA, Snow Day

struck brightly by the winter  
when the snow falls thick and silent  
i can only hear you breathing

i will follow a set of deep tracks  
other people all stay hidden  
as the cars rest under snow drifts

so clearly the dark sky  
appears framed by cables  
so clearly your breath's white  
as you struggle to tell

that the people we have become  
still lay awake hoping to hear airwaves  
say snow day

as the day goes gray to grayer  
we don't think of all the struggle  
in our footsteps, it's behind us

so clearly your eyes framed in the light decaying  
so quiet your words stood out when you were saying  
that people we have become  
all know there's more than the setting sun  
snow day

we can want more  
we'll find out in the new morning  
we can want more  
we'll wait up to hear closings