

# Small Brown Bike, Make This A Holiday

as far as this winter goes we don't feel the deep snow  
but it's cold wherever i go, it feels cold wherever i go.  
the smell of the heater core warms up the cold car as we climb the hand north.  
the sound of the northern air warns us it's too far but it's a risk,  
we must care it's a bridge we must bear.  
the sight of your face again completes the long drive one of the four reasons why it feels whole to b  
brother gone north please come home to stay brother gone north, make this a holiday.