

Time Spent Driving, Patterson Pass

Silence steps with every moment
The blue subsides and draws me in
The windmills pass again
As does the burnt grass
Blame it on a cigarette
Soon I'll know this way by heart
It tore us apart when we couldn't visit
This river runs so dry
Still we drowned
With closed eyes
Through braided hearts the winds blow broken
The skies above are lined with the blades
The sun slows down again
Behind blackened hillsides
Where shadows fall with these regrets
This drive is drawing pictures
In the heat above
Trying to convince me
of a different kind of love.
(this drive is drawing pictures in my skies)