

Matt Pond PA "From Debris"

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Your feet upon the snow dear
i knew you could not believe it
there was no time to put shoes on
you were woken to alarms ring
you barely left your blankets
to see your neighbors house on fire

they were standing right beside it
it's difficult believing
when you can't tell what you're seeing.

from debris you and me could start something
from backseats behind the trees won't know one thing
from debris, you and me...

your feet upon the road dear
run between the houses
your arms were filled with water
without the hesitation
to know what your were doing
i think people can be perfect
when they do not think about it
i think people can be perfect

from debris you and me could start something
from backseats behind the trees we'll know thing
from debris you and me
staring at nothing
for hours and hours
run from the evening
run with the water
from debris, you and me...

you're not above it...
you're not below it...

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