

## **Matt Pond PA**

# **"Locate The Pieces"**

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Locate the spaces in every branch  
For the sake of the sun  
Later flashlights make sparks in the dark  
And we'll trace them

The green glow of lightning bugs in the night  
Start the sky bending sidelong  
The hardest part is trying to hold on

I do believe that our hearts are received  
Be on the rust colored reeds, is glimpses of blueness  
Lately I can't recognize what's right from what is wrong.

The summer is spinning out of control til we're only  
ourselves  
Each season strips us down to the bone and we bare it  
I watch your shoulders feeding the deer in the  
afternoon sun  
The hardest part is shoulders that move on.  
Lately I don't know what I could want from anyone

I do believe that our hearts are received  
Through all the rust colored reeds,  
There's flashes of blueness.

Lately I can't recognize what's right from what is wrong.

And I do believe that our hearts are received  
Through all the rust colored reeds, there's flashes of  
blueness.  
While you look at me and I don't know what you see  
Maybe through rust colored reeds,  
There could be blueness

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