

Matt Pond PA "Winter Fawn"

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Out the door at dark
Gone collecting wood for fires
Seeing by the stars
Snow, a deep, deep blue
Makes a path back to my home

The weight of winter wind
Push against my legs, my arms
A brave explorer's face
I'll pretend the distance easy
A million miles away

High above the trees
Smoke flies south through river valleys
Over where you sleep

When the sky let's go
Path is covered, all those footsteps
Memory takes hold
Mouth is moving with your eyes
It tells me where to go

Somehow through the trees
Somehow I make out to follow
The shape our eyes create

I may be wrong, I could be off
The path is dark, I could be lost
But I might've found a winter fawn
To lead me home

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