

## **The Civil Wars**

### **"Tracks In The Snow"**

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Whoa, I hear the quiet now  
Of paper airplanes falling down  
Whoa, the branches of every tree  
Bend like a cathedral over me

Down where the river bends, everyone's waiting  
But that's not the reason I'm making these tracks in the  
snow  
There's a box in my hands as I go  
Wrapped up in scarlet and gold  
For you

Whoa, there's a choir upon the wind  
[Sailing?] o'er familiar hands  
And my ears they're playing tricks on me  
I can almost hear harmony

Down where the river bends, that's where you're  
waiting  
You are the reason I'm making these tracks in the snow  
There's a box in my hands as I go  
Wrapped up in scarlet and gold  
For you (x2)

Down where the river bends, nobodies waiting  
But there's still a reason for making these tracks in the  
snow  
Down at the end of the road  
I'll clear a place in the snow  
Leave this box wrapped in scarlet and gold  
For you (x2)

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