

## Weatherbox "The Clearing"

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I woke in the snow with my face on the pavement and  
icicles hanging off most of my clothes  
10 picket fences for 10 perfect houses with green little  
gardens lined up in a row  
I walked past the gardens and into the trees  
And I found myself rather lost  
And I picked a nice clearing  
I dropped to my knees  
I said I will get home at any cost

But they found me in the snow  
Icicles on all my clothes  
Surrounded in the splinters of 10 picket fences for 10  
perfect houses  
There shattered and scattered all across the road  
I stand and I look at the wreckage around me  
I whistle and turn  
I start walking home

And it's back through the gardens and through the  
same trees to the clearing I passed out in before  
And I threw up my hands to admit my defeat  
When the chemicals erupted once more  
And the clearing grew and began to bend  
And all the sun light started pouring in  
And you walked up, all bathed in white  
And you stripped me naked  
You held me tight

But they found me in the snow  
Icicles on all my clothes  
Surrounded in the splinters

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