

Jason Lytle

"Matterhorn"

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10 o'clock and her life quick going
Wasn't long till it started snowing
In the end southern wind will be blowing around

Lone bird on a perch nearby
Saw something and it come untied
Then shivered just to pick that she aimed toward the
Sky

Rip down that matterhorn
What's wrong with the safe and warm
What's wrong with the perking tea at night
Up high in the friendless wind
Tears frozen upon decem
Rip down that matterhorn again

There's a hand written no hero
And the pocket of a cold down cold
On the body of the one who has left our world

And in the note there is a love protest
And some apology about some mess
But she won't be reading those words too soon

Rip down that matterhorn
What's wrong with the safe and warm
What's wrong with the perking tea at night
Up high in the friendless wind
Tears frozen upon decem
Rip down that matterhorn again

Up high in the frightening sky
What's wrong with a quiet night
Rip down that matterhorn again

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