

Civil Wars, The "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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