

Trey Anastasio

"Frost"

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The mistress of the dawn strides along
With her solitary pawn
Who lingers on, then is gone
With no word and no one heard
Where he went to this day
Maybe he will sail away

The children of the sun having fun
Didn't realize they were done
Because the pawn chanced to wander through the
camp
Just like a tramp
He left his stamp there to this day
Maybe he will sail away

Gone are silent summer rains
Wind is rolling off the plains
Bringing ice upon the breeze
Making flowing water freeze

The minstrel of the land made a stand
In a castle made of sand
Watched it fall in the frost
And the message was lost
With one last word to deliver
Under ice upon the river
It lies frozen to this day
Maybe it will sail away
Sail away
Frozen to this day
Maybe it will sail away
Maybe it will sail away
Maybe it will sail away
Maybe it will sail away...

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